

Early Vancouver

Volume One

By: Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

2011 Edition (Originally Published 1932)

Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1931-1932.

*A Collection of Historical Data, Maps, and Plans Made with the Assistance of
Pioneers of Vancouver Between March and December 1931.*

About the 2011 Edition

The 2011 edition is a transcription of the original work collected and published by Major Matthews. Handwritten marginalia and corrections Matthews made to his text over the years have been incorporated and some typographical errors have been corrected, but no other editorial work has been undertaken. The edition and its online presentation was produced by the City of Vancouver Archives to celebrate the 125th anniversary of the City's founding. The project was made possible by funding from the Vancouver Historical Society.

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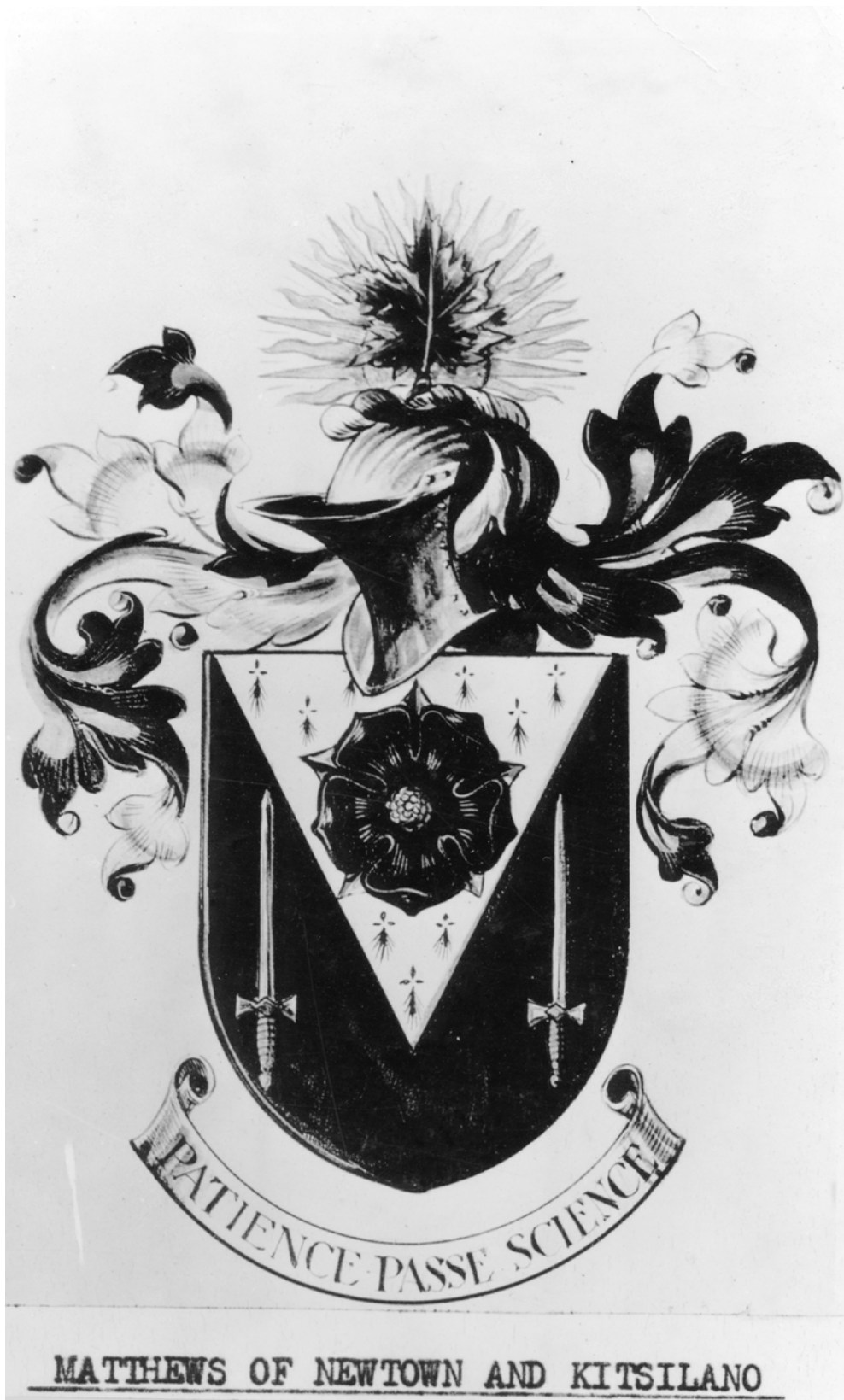
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Contact Information

City of Vancouver Archives
1150 Chestnut Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6J 3J9
604.736.8561
archives@vancouver.ca
vancouver.ca/archives





Item # EarlyVan_v1_001

EARLY VANCOUVER

A collection of historical data, maps, and plans made with the assistance of pioneers of Vancouver between March and December 1931.

By Major J.S. Matthews, V.D.

1932

INTRODUCTION

The story of the beginning of Vancouver is relatively modern. Less than fifty years ago, our city came into being and only a few years before that, were the first dwellings built by white men anywhere on Burrard Inlet. In the light of these facts, there are some who might say that Vancouver has no history worth preserving. On the other hand, those who are engaged in gathering historical data realise the extreme difficulty amounting almost to an impossibility of securing reliable, first-hand information regarding any place or event even after fifty years have elapsed.

We are now in this interesting period in Vancouver where there are still surviving a few of the early settlers who were here before the fire in June 1886. The next decade or two will see them gone. It will then be too late to secure these first-hand personal accounts of events which transpired in the early days.

Realising this, the author of this volume of notes set about the almost insuperable task of preserving all that seems worthwhile concerning the early years of the city's existence. Insuperable, not so much because of the task, or because of the difficulty of obtaining material, but chiefly because of the apathy and indifference which our city now exhibits toward such things. In spite of this, the following pages tell a story of enthusiasm, insistence and persistence on the part of Major Matthews without which they could not have been created. No sum of money, however great, could have bought these notes, because they did not exist; and no amount of energy could have created them without that uncanny instinct which their author displayed in their collection. Vancouver is under perpetual obligation to Major Matthews for what he has done and is doing, and I am proud of having this opportunity of writing these few words of introduction to this volume of notes which it is hoped is but the first of many more of a similar nature.

E.S. Robinson

Vancouver, B.C.

31 March 1932

VANCOUVER

In the chronicle of human endeavour there is no story more inspiring, no tale more romantic, than that of the resourceful, courageous people whose initiative and energy, peacefully, and in the briefest period of time, created out of the silent emptiness of dark primeval forests, a monumental city of beauty and of culture; an achievement in world history which must forever interest the peoples of all nations.

With jealous care alone should this splendid record be preserved.

J.S. Matthews

Kitsilano Beach

March 1932

Vancouver.

4

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With jealous care alone should this splendid record be preserved.

W. S. Matthews
Kitsilano Beach
March 1932.

PREFACE.

Scene.--The winding stairs, Vancouver Public Library. May 1931.

Personae.--Two gentlemen, one ascending, the other descending. They greet each other, halt, engage in earnest conversation, and part again, one continuing downwards, the other upwards.

The First.--(turning and calling upwards from below) "I suppose you haven't some place where it could be started."

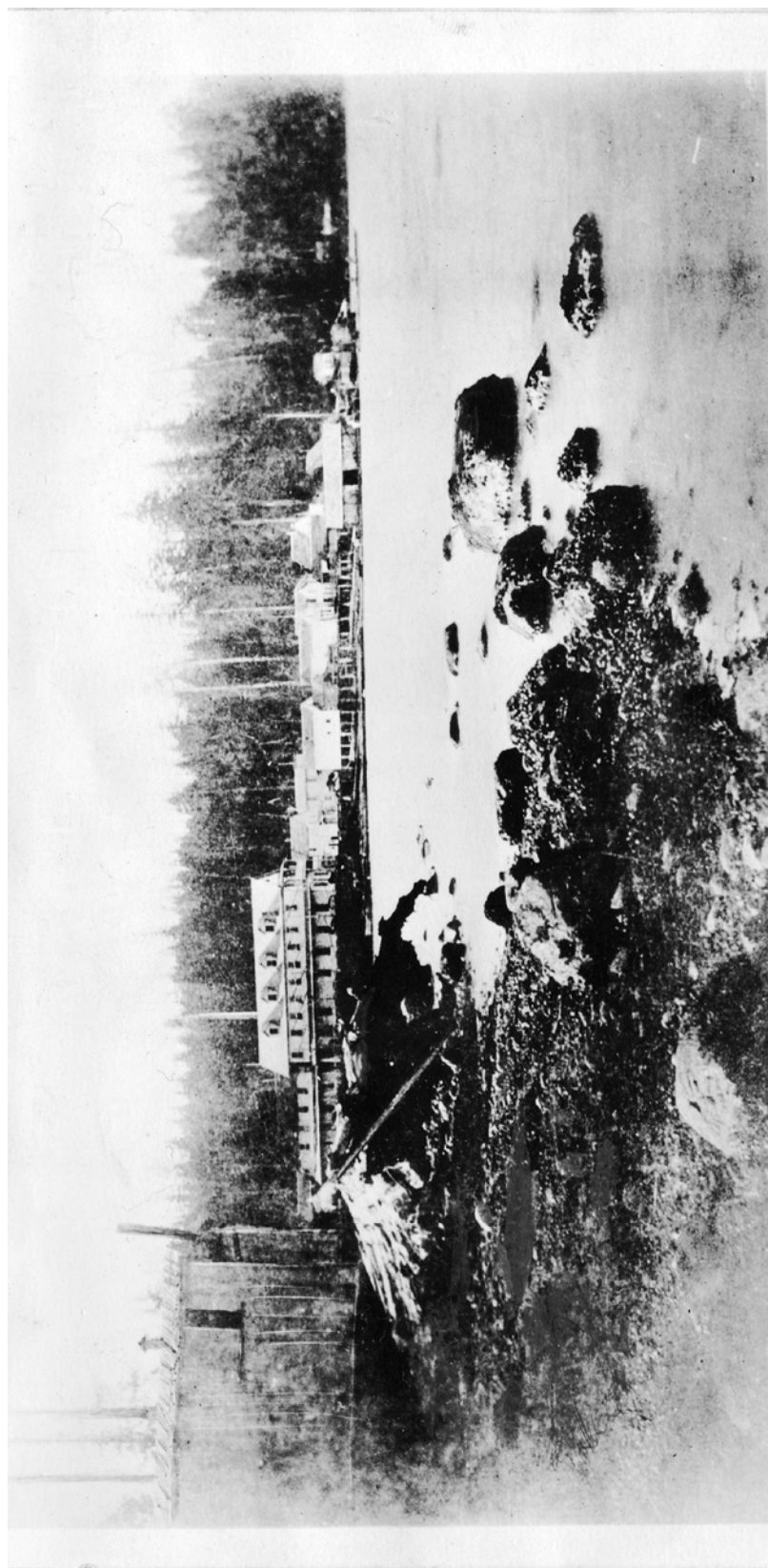
The Second.--(looking down from landing above) "I believe I have; come back."

Thus was instituted an endeavour to establish in Vancouver an orderly record of the city and its events, its people and their achievements.

Difficulties were many; so were the expedients. The "place" was a disused room beneath the tower of the old City Hall on Main Street, where falling wallpaper entwined with cobwebs hung from a ceiling, part of which bent downwards, and part lay on the floor.

Two old chairs and a half broken desk were brought in as furniture; a cardboard box served for filing. Of artificial light and heat there was none. The first archive preserved was the Roll of Honour of soldiers of South Vancouver who served in the Great War; the second, a Voters List, City of Vancouver, 1886.

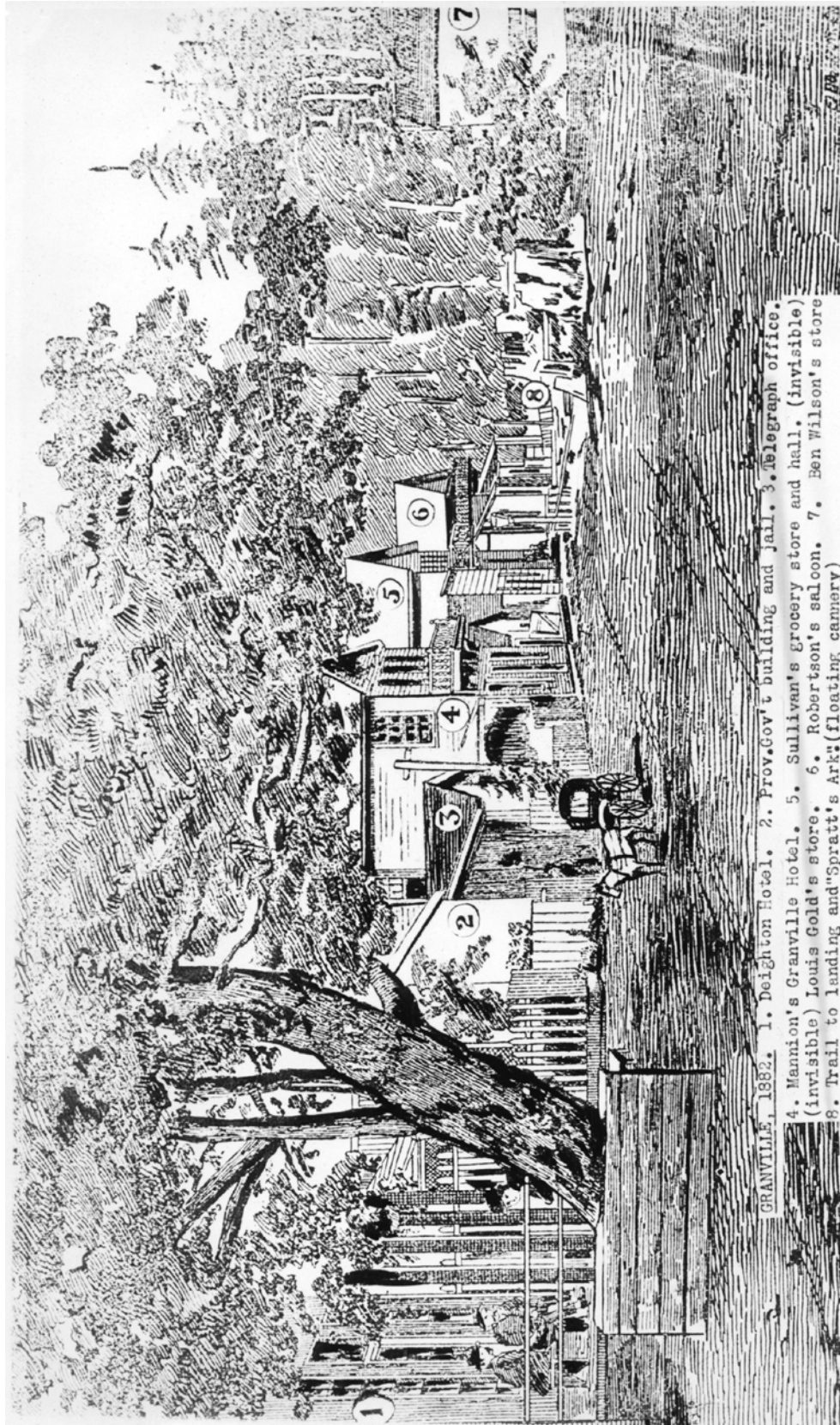
Some days later (23 May 1931), the Vancouver Library Board approved of their Librarian's initiative (E.S. Robinson, Esq.), and placed at his disposal one hundred dollars for small purchases of archives. In November the Board recommended to the City Council that \$2,550 be appropriated from city funds during 1932 for the establishment of a public archives in Vancouver.



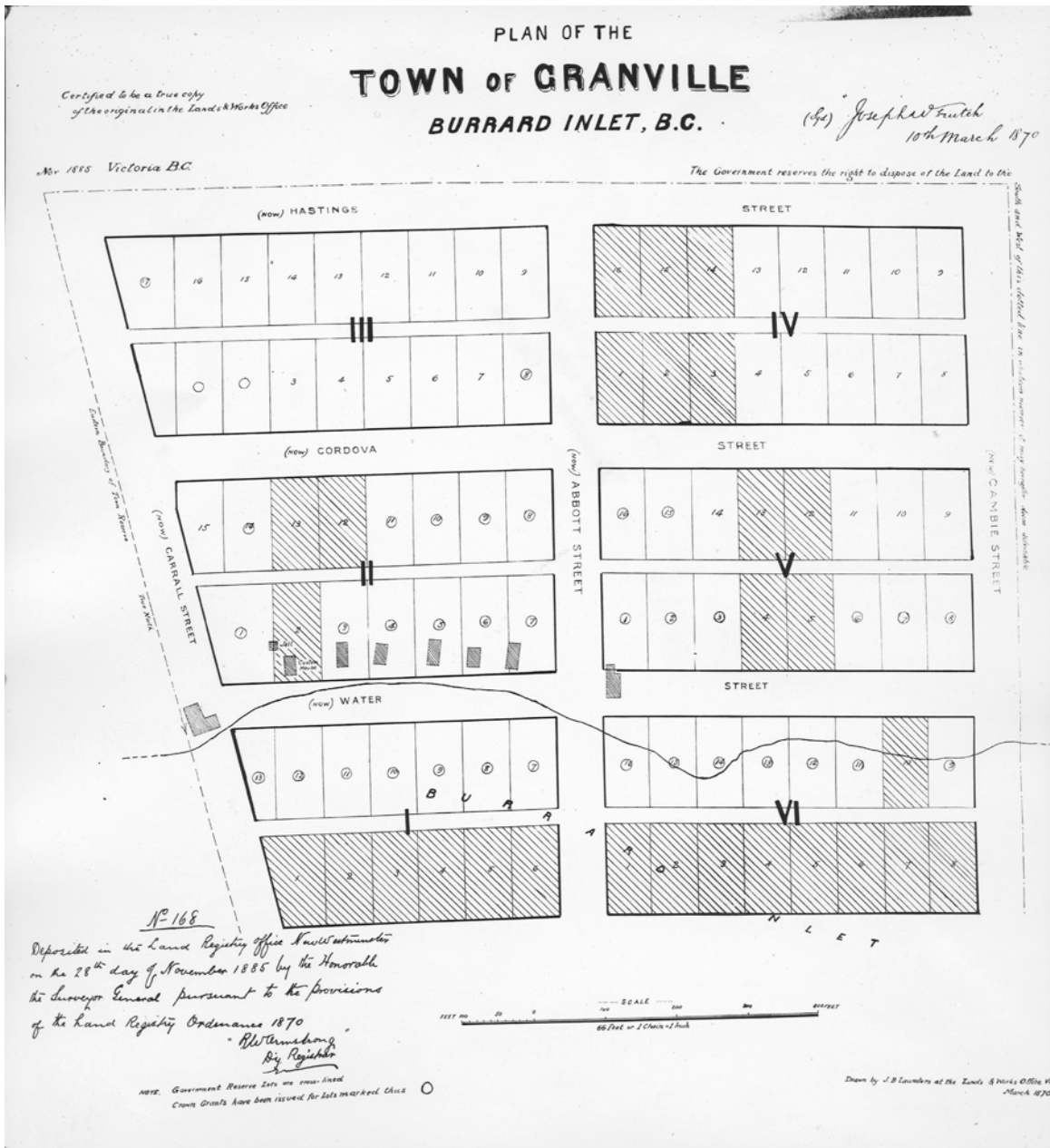
Copyright. NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF B.C. Post No I Vancouver. Moore Photo

GRANVILLE. JANUARY 1886.

Copy of original photograph taken by Hall and Winnipeg, and presented about 1920 to Vancouver Pioneers Assn, by Mr A.W. Ross, Winnipeg, who writes on it, "Taken when we lived there, Jan, 1886". Trees are along Cambie St. Summyside Hotel in centre, logging engine shed on left J.S.M. 1932



Item # EarlyVan_v1_004



Item # EarlyVan_v1_006



INDIAN SURGERY, MARPOLE, B.C.
Trepanning at least 1000 years ago.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_008



Item # EarlyVan_v1_009



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0010



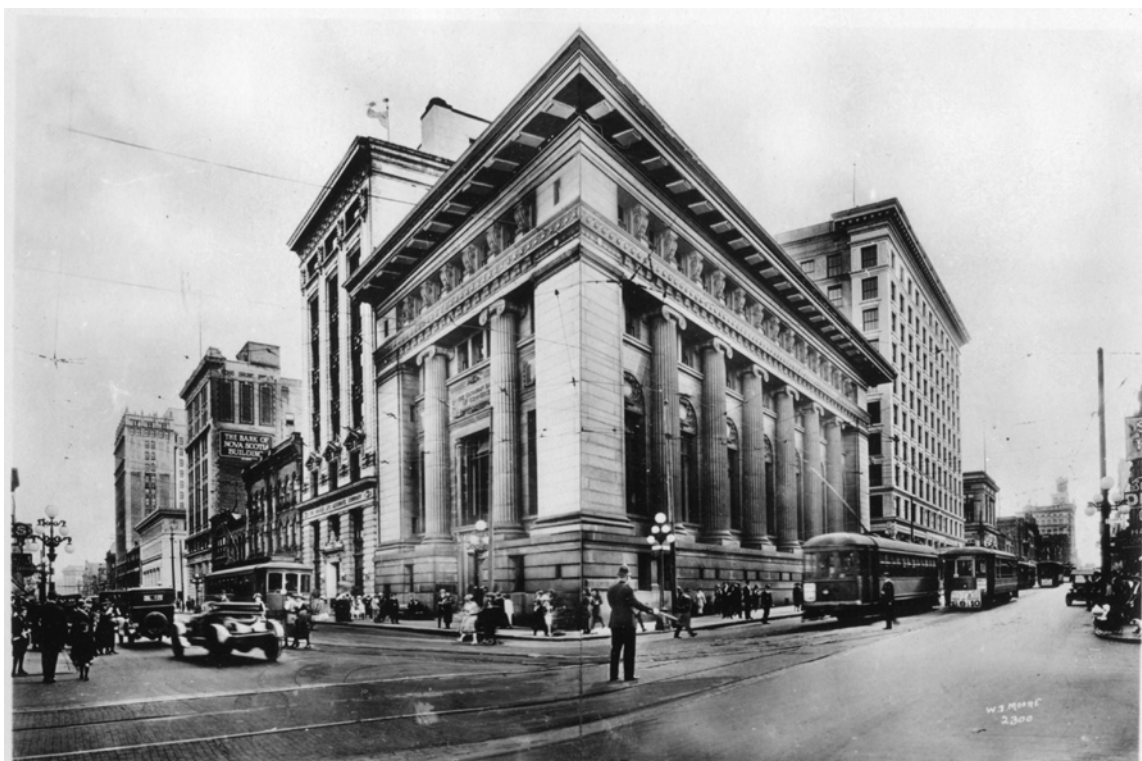
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GRANVILLE and Sunnyside Hotel at
foot of Carrall St. December 1895.



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Item # EarlyVan_v1_0012



Granville and Hastings streets
about 1920.

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0013

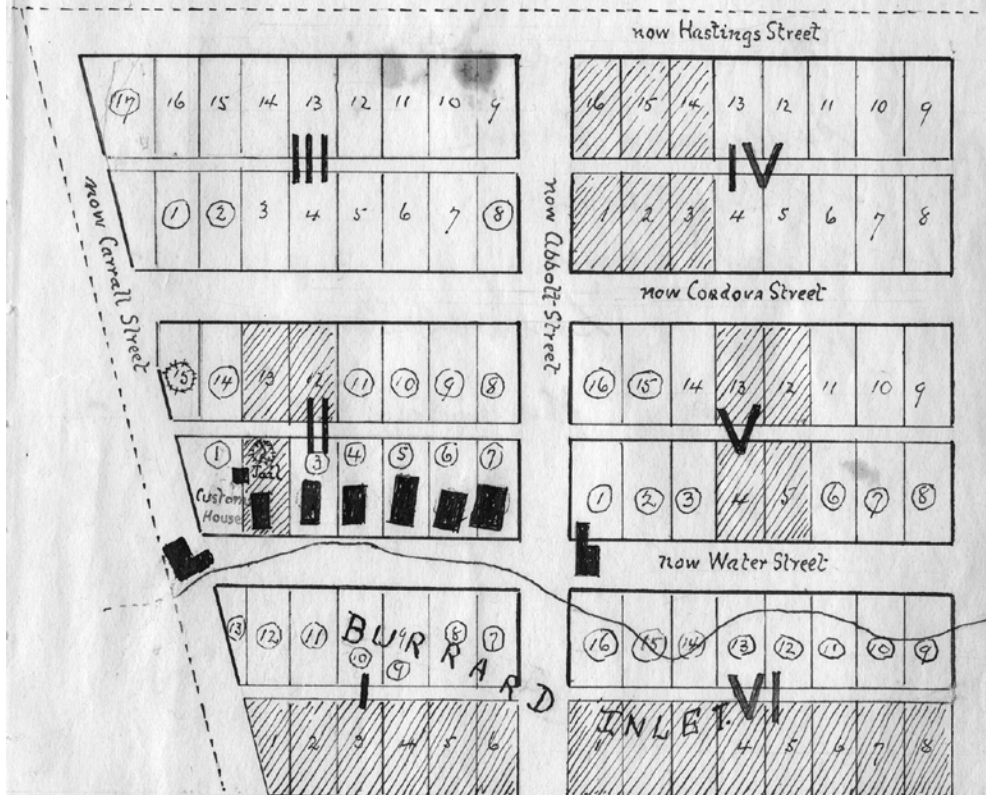
TOWN of GRANVILLE.

1870

The government reserves the right to dispose of the lands to south and west of this dotted line in whatever manner it may hereafter deem advisable.

Nov. 1885, Victoria, B.C.

signed Joseph W. Trutch
10 March 1870 10



Crown grants have been issued for lots marked O.

Scale. 66 feet one inch, (reduced to 66 feet one quarter inch)

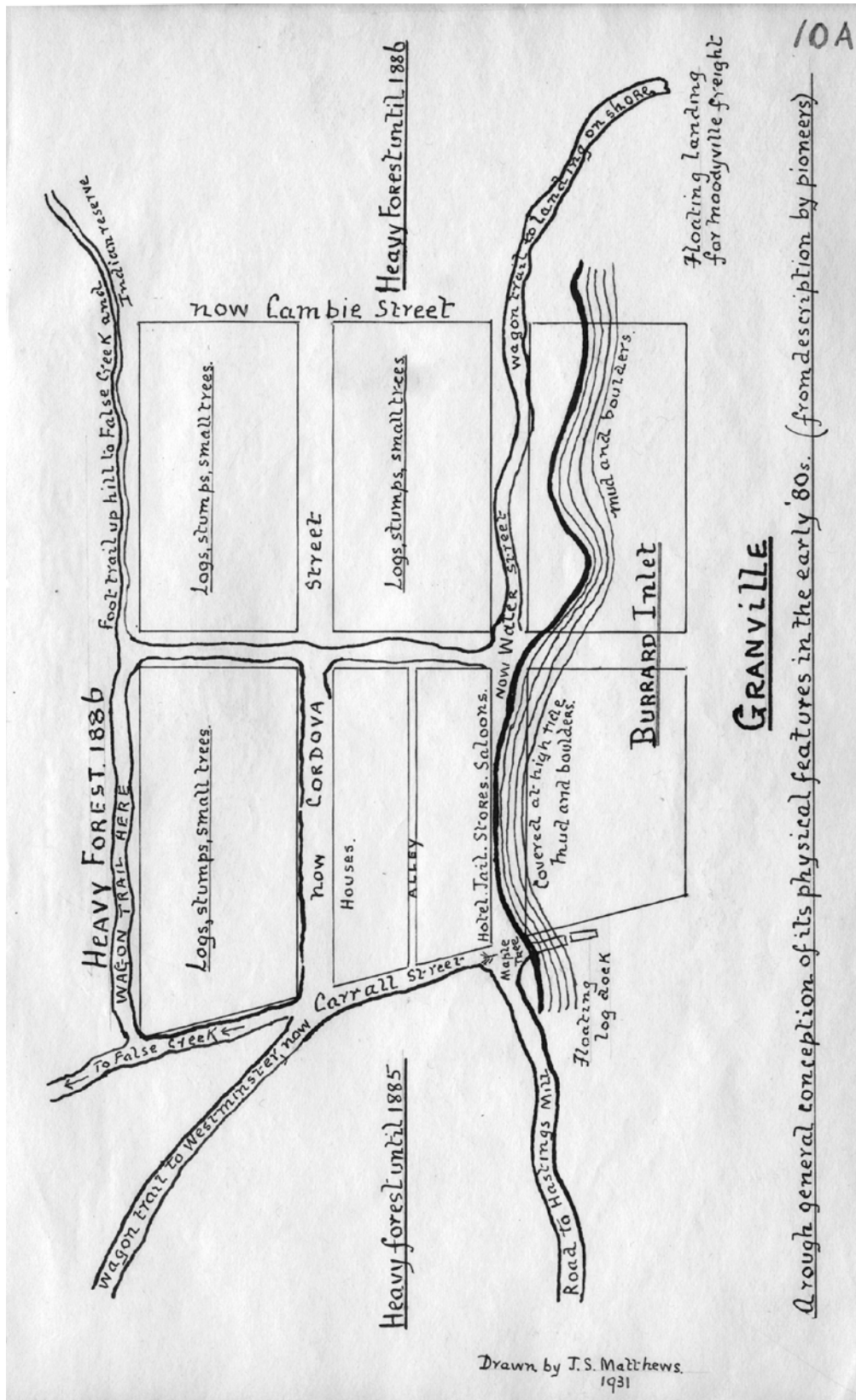
No. 168. Deposited in the Land Registry Office, New Westminster, on the 28th day of November, 1885 by the Honorable the Surveyor-General pursuant to provisions of Land Registry Ordinance, 1870.

"R. W. Armstrong," Dy Registrar.

Note: Buildings shown in this small sketch out of proportion - too large.
Cross lined lots are reserved.

J.S.M.

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0014



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0015

GRANVILLE, 1882.

In explanation of the map of the *Town of GRANVILLE, 1870* (Trutch.)

There is extant a somewhat crude sketch of the shorefront, now Water Street, of Granville in 1882, showing the buildings at that time in very much the same position as they appear in the above map, save and except that which is shown as being located in the middle of Carrall Street. What this building was, what became of it, and whether or not it was the Deighton Hotel, and was moved onto Lot 1, Block 2, O.G.T., where the Deighton House afterwards stood, has not so far been established.

An article which appeared in the *Vancouver Daily Province* of 9 September 1929, written by Mr. Carter-Cotton (son of the Hon. F.L. Carter-Cotton, of the *News-Advertiser*), and an early Vancouver newspaper reporter—he died in about 1930—states the buildings in the sketch, which is reproduced, are as follows:

- 1-Deighton Hotel, Bill Blair, proprietor.
- 2-Provincial Government Building and Jail, residence of Jonathan Miller, policeman and tax collector.
- 3-Telegraph office.
- 4-Mannion's Hotel.
- 5-Sullivan's Grocery store, hall above, where fraternal societies met.
- 6-In this location was Louis Gold's general store, which seems to be out of focus (?)
- 7-Robertson's Saloon.
- 8-Ben Wilson's store, afterwards conducted by Mrs. Wilson.
- 9-Trail leading to Spratt's Wharf.
- 10-On the other side of Wilson's store was Methodist Hall where Rev. C.P. Thompson preached.
- 11-On the other side of Deighton Hotel, out of sight, was McKendry's shoe store.

3 MARCH 1931 - KITSILANO BEACH. SMELTS. SALMON. ELK.

"About the smelts at Kitsilano Beach?" responded Mr. William (Bill) Hunt of 2158 Seventh Avenue West, "At one time the smelts used to come into the beach, Greer's Beach, in millions. When we were camping, about an hour after high tide, somebody would be watching, and would halloo out, 'Here they are,' and all hands would turn out with all the dish pans they could get, and scoop them out onto the beach. At that time they were so thick that I have stood on the beach, in the edge of the water, and after getting all I wanted, and would see how many I could pick up in each hand before they would go back in the wave. I have picked up seven or eight in each hand. This would be from about 1897 or earlier to about 1904 or 1905.

"It is a matter of anybody's idea of what caused them to quit; whether it was too much trawling, or too much traffic, or gill netting. They still come now at Second Beach in Stanley Park, but not so many as formerly. They used to be just as thick at what is now Locarno Beach, but when I was there last year there were none. In the days I speak of, you could get them in any part of Greer's Beach, and it was 'solid' with them, all along. Nowadays there are a few come at the end of the beach, now called Greer's Point.

"It was quite a sight to see them at night; just after the tide had turned; you could go down there at night, in the dark, and see them shooting around like balls of fire. They have a peculiar little rattle when their tails are wiggling, and when you 'get onto it,' you can hear them; you can tell it

from the swell. When it is calm, then water is full of phosphorus, and, as soon as they see you, they shoot off like balls of fire.

"When we came back from the Yukon we bought 150 feet on the south side of Second Avenue in the 2200 block; that was in 1899. At that time we were the farthest west occupied block on Second Avenue. There was with us Murchie, the tea man, Coe or Miller and Coe, the china people, and his father, and, I think, afterwards, H.H. Williams, a retired man, came on First Avenue."

J.S.M.

3 MARCH 1931 - CITY HALLS. POLICE STATION. WATER STREET. GASTOWN.

H.P. McCraney, one of our first park commissioners, says that before the fire, the Police Station was on the south side of Water Street, just west of Carrall, and that it was there that the City Council first met. As he had much to do with Council affairs he ought to have knowledge.

Immediately after the fire, he says, they went to the famous tent, which stood on the northeast corner of Carrall and Alexander streets, almost over the water, and across from where the Sunnyside Hotel stood. From there they went to the Oppenheimer Building, a single storey brick building on the east side of the lane corner on Powell Street, between the C.P.R. English Bay line and Carrall Street, still standing, and now occupied by Henry Darling and Sons, Paints and Stains, 28 Powell Street. The City Offices were located there while the new City Hall on Powell Street was being built. A peculiarity of both Oppenheimer buildings—one on southeast corner Powell and Columbia—is that they were fitted with iron shutters and fastenings; the only building so fitted, so far as is known; evidently in fear of another fire such as 1886.

Alderman L.A. Hamilton, says Mr. McCraney, tells a story about this building, and the new City Hall on Powell Street. It is explained that the Oppenheimers were most influential men, and much of what they desired to be done was effected; for instance, the original very crooked street car line was built to suit them as property owners; they were large landowners, had a large wholesale grocery business, and two of them were on the City Council. The single storey brick building had a sign, their business name, "OPPENHEIMER BROS" over it, left untouched during the few months used as a City Hall.

Hamilton was walking east on Powell Street one day when a man stopped him; a notorious wag. The man asked him where he was going. Hamilton replied, "Up to the new City Hall," pointing up the street. The wag looked up at the big sign and said, "Why didn't you take your sign with you when you moved?"

J.S.M.

3 MARCH 1931 - KITSILANO BEACH. GREER'S BEACH. ELK. SALMON.

"As I was telling," continued Mr. Hunt, "one day, it must have been about 1900, I went for a stroll along Greer's Beach, towards the 'Hotel Site.' At that time I was living in the 2200 block on Second Avenue, and came down what was left of the old skid road. Whether this road was connected with the log dump I do not recall, but the old log dump was on the beach in front of what is now Tatlow Park. (It was not connected.) All the timber from what is now Kitsilano came down into that dump." (Not quite correct.)

"To get along the beach I had to go when the tide was low, because when the tide was in, the water backed up the sloughs which ran in a southeasterly direction as far as Maple Street or farther. On reaching a point at what is now the foot of McNicholl Avenue, I turned into the swamp to examine the standing timber, and noticed that the wind had blown down a tree, about eighteen inches in diameter. It was on the edge of the swamp, and to its roots still clung about eighteen inches of moss and earth which had come clean off the hardpan, bringing with it about six inches of elk dung, well preserved, and not broken up. The upturned root would be probably ten feet high by fifteen wide, and the whole bottom of it was covered with this elk dung.

“At that time there was a large creek which came down the hill from the direction of Broadway, and crossed Third Avenue at Cedar Street and Third Avenue, and entered the bay at the foot of Yew Street—about ten yards to the west of the foot. There was another stream which entered the bay about the middle of the beach, and I think it must have been connected with the other, but am not sure, at about the Henry Hudson School. It ran through the muskeg.

“The salmon used to go up both streams when the tide was high, and go up as far as Third Avenue, where the creek ran in a ditch on the roadside. When the Australian boat first came in, the one which inaugurated the All-Red Line, the *Warrimoo* or *Miowera*, the sailors used to come up to see us at -Greer’s Beach, and they were greatly surprised to see the salmon swimming in the ditch under the electric light. At that time Third Avenue was a principal street, and had one or two electric lights; it was the only street which was open north of Seventh, and was open only as far as Vine, where it ran into the forest.

“Between the two streams I have spoken of there was a high strip of land which ran along the beach from about the foot of Yew to half way between Whyte and Creelman streets produced. It was quite narrow, wider at the base than at the point, covered with grass, and with some small bushes, green and luxuriant, very convenient for bathers to dress or undress behind. We used to come down False Creek by canoe, and camp on this high strip of land for a couple of months; others came too, some from Westminster. It would be about 1896 to 1898. It soon got noised abroad, more came, and finally the city authorities stopped it on account of sanitary conditions.”

J.S.M.

KITSILANO BEACH.

The high strip of land—it was not more than two or three feet about the surrounding swamp, though much higher, say ten feet, than the lake which once existed between Maple Street and Laburnum Street—was the old site of Mr. Sam Greer’s home, almost immediately behind the present bathhouse (1931). Ultimately the campers became so numerous, probably about 1904 to 1906, that they formed themselves in streets, and spread half way along the beach. When the Hon. and Mrs. J.W. De B. Farris, afterwards attorney-general of B.C., were first married, and not possessed of the worldly goods they afterwards acquired, they camped on the beach at the foot of McNicholl Avenue, one or more summers.

J.S.M.

KITSILANO.

A gentleman, who has lived many years at 1912 York Street (opposite Henry Hudson School) told me recently, that when he went there first he caught trout, to amuse his little daughter, in a small creek which ran through his garden.

J.S.M.

NEWSPAPERS.

Vancouver Herald

Vancouver News

Vancouver Daily Advertiser

News-Advertiser

On 30 March 1887, the *Vancouver News* publishes its last issue, and on Thursday morning, 31 March 1887, the title becomes

THE VANCOUVER NEWS

AND Daily Advertiser.

The editorial of 31 March announces that the *Vancouver News* and the *Vancouver Daily Advertiser* have been transferred to a new proprietary.

Vol. 1, No. 3 of the *Vancouver Daily Advertiser* is dated 11 May 1886. Vol. 1, No. 104 of the *Vancouver News* is dated 23 October 1886. (Both in U.B.C. Library.)

The Voters List, City of Vancouver, April 1886, contains an advertisement, as follows in part:

The VANCOUVER HERALD

Best Weekly Paper in B.C.

14 APRIL 1931 - FALLING THE TREES. THE FIRE BRIGADE, 1887 – GEO. L. SCHETKY.

"When I first came to Vancouver in February 1886, before the railway, I lived as a boarder at the home of the Reverend Joseph Hall, Methodist minister, who had a little house, almost over the inlet, on the north side of Water Street, just west of the foot of Abbott Street—the shore stuck out a bit there," said Mr. Geo. L. Schetky, financial agent, Royal Trust Building, Pender Street West, and still a very active "young" man.

"The room in which we had our breakfast faced west, and often, when we were at breakfast, in the spring of 1886, we would watch the trees falling on the C.P.R. Townsite; as the 'West End' was known. The men were cutting down the trees, and quite close to us, too. It would be hard to say just exactly where I first saw them, but it would be about where Spencer Department store is now; quite close. We used to watch, and call each other's attention when a big one went down.

"The picture you have of the procession on Cordova Street, Dominion Day, 1887 (the military parade) reminds me that it was just after that parade that we had a fire which frightened us; up here, just about the corner of Pender and Howe. They were clearing the land, and the fire got away from them, much as it did a year previously at the big fire. You know what [it is] like; a lot of dry debris of clearing, and it burned some houses; we had quite a scare for a while."

J.S.M.

8 MAY 1931 - KITSILANO, HOW NAMED – PROFESSOR CHAS. HILL-TOUT.

Kitsilano was named by Professor Hill-Tout. He writes as follows (8 May 1931).

The manner in which that part of the city we know as Kitsilano got its name, and also the significance of the word in the Indian tongue from which it is drawn.

To the best of my knowledge it came about in the following manner.

The name by which the Kitsilano district was first known was "Greer's Beach," so called because a squatter by the name of Greer had erected a dwelling there, near the beach.

The land was afterwards in control of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and when they opened it up for settlement, (*note, about 1910*) they desired to give the district a more suitable name than Greer's Beach, and, knowing that Mr. Jonathan Miller, who was then postmaster of Vancouver, was on friendly terms with the Indians, they requested him to find an appropriate name for the settlement.

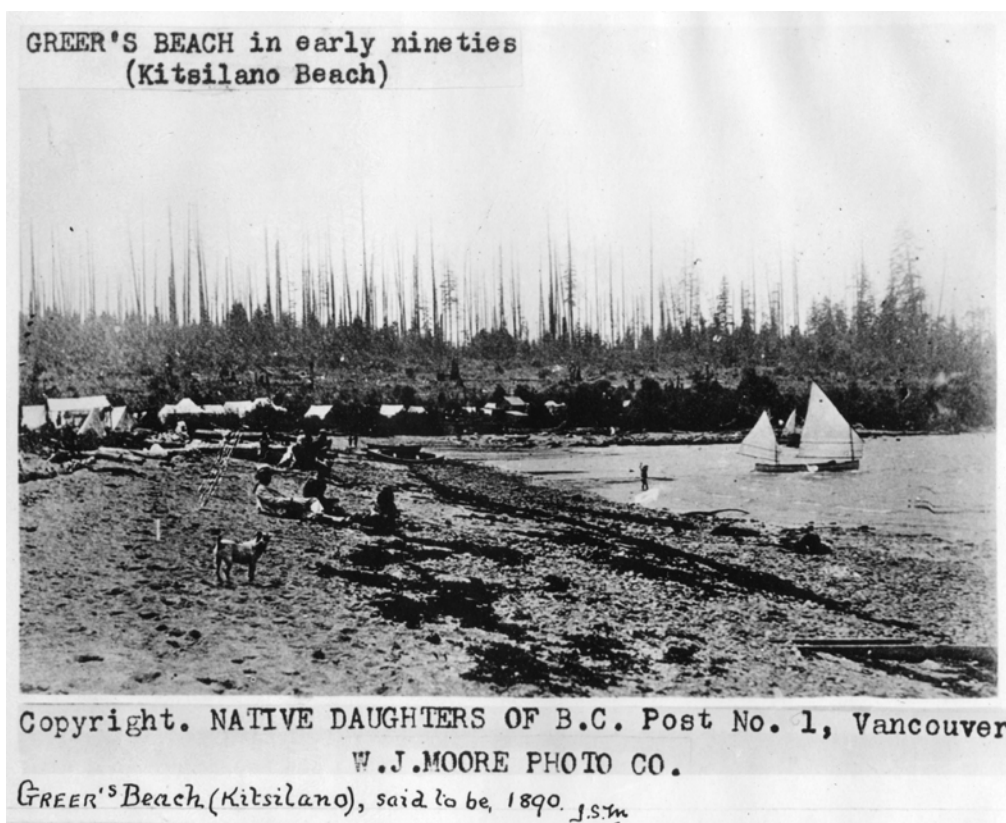
Mr. Miller referred the request to me; knowing that I had given considerable time and study to the customs, habits and place names of the local tribe. After some little consideration, I chose the hereditary name of one of the chiefs of the

Squamish people, namely *Kates-ee-lan-ogh*, and modified it after the manner in which *Kapilano* has been modified by dropping the final guttural. We thus got the word *Kates-ee-lano*. This Mr. Miller or the C.P.R. authorities further modified by changing the long "a" in the first syllable into an "i," and thus we have *Kitsilano*.

You may be interested to know that the Indian pronunciation of *Kapilano* was *Kee-ap-ee-lan-ogh*. This also was an heredity name (*not quite correct; hardly "hereditary," but conferred much as the title of a Royal Duke is*) of the chief who lived near the mouth of the river which we know by this name. Both names have the same ending, *lanogh*. This suffix signifies *man*. We find it also in another of their names; thus, *Kalanogh*, meaning the *first man*.

I could not learn what the significance of the first part of the other two hereditary names was; the Indians did not appear to know it themselves. The terms are very ancient.

(Signed) Chas. Hill-Tout



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0016



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0017

17 MAY 1931 - GREER'S BEACH. KITSILANO. MRS. J.Z. HALL OF "KILLARNEY."

"The house which I lived in as a girl was not the first one on the site," said Mrs. J.Z. Hall of "Killarney," Point Grey Road, and a daughter of Mr. Sam Greer of Greer's Beach, the first settler of Kitsilano. "They told me there had been one there previously. I don't know what happened to it, but they told me it was just the same as the one we lived in.

"Our home was just a small affair, I should think about thirty feet wide by twenty, no, eighteen, no, not more than fifteen feet deep, bedrooms on both sides and living room in the middle. There were two windows in the front, the door was just a plain door, old style, no glass in it. There was a nice little verandah, very comfortable; the roof was shakes, cedar shakes. On the south side next where is now the track there was a log milk house, dirt floor, white washed inside, and at the back, a lean-to, full length of house, thirty feet, part woodshed, part kitchen. The house was painted; no, I do not remember what colour. There were posts to hold the verandah up.

"In front was a nice garden, lots of flowers, and some fruit trees, protected by a shake fence, cedar shakes with points, and a nice little gate to the beach. I remember it very well; the path from the front door went straight to the gate, and the path from the gate went straight to the beach.

"I think we moved it" (the house) "once, when they put the C.P.R. track down. They moved the stable from the creek when they put the track down, and I think they must have moved the house too sometime or other; it seemed to me that we were always moving.

"At the back there was a nice kitchen garden, and an orchard, and a path curved off from the back door into the swamp, southeast, leading up to the C.P.R. track after that came in. It was out of the bedroom window that my father shot the wolf that night; and, in the morning, we found him dead in the garden. We had two cows and a horse, and some chickens. The house was papered

inside; I think it must have been over the shiplap; it was built of boards. Tom Greer, now living at Central Park, helped to build it. He was father's half brother. Foster, of Tom Foster Fur Store, I think he helped too. We very nearly lived in the boats.

"Of course, all around at the back there were very few trees; too much swamp. Along the beach, and behind, there was small bushes, and small hemlocks. Once or twice the skunks came in," and here she laughed, "and we had to get out. There was a little creek along the beach—about half way." (See Map of Vancouver 1886 in Archives.) "Another small stable, which also had spring water, and a small one, a creek, over by the present 'hotel site.' All flowed over the beach. The whole place was very pretty.

"We wanted for nothing. If we wanted any trout, we just took a boat, and came along the shore for a quarter of an hour. There were lots in the sea and streams," and Mrs. Hall pointed in the direction of Tatlow Park, through which runs a small stream, once much larger, before the sewers were put in; another was still larger, a little farther west, now entirely disappeared.

"The smelts, oh, the smelts? We did not bother with them. The smelts were there in shiploads, yes, shiploads, you could fill a boat in fifteen minutes. As a girl, I have myself filled three or four sacks; potato sacks, and towed them behind the boat. You could almost tip a boat over, and fill it with smelts. But they have all gone now. Now, where do you suppose they went to?" (See conversation with William Hunt.)

"Of course, when we went to live on the hill on Nelson Street we used to cut right through the clearing and climb the hill. We cut right across from where the Hotel Vancouver is built. We could see everywhere, and we used to watch the ships coming in; crawling in. Sometimes warships; one a Russian warship. The C.P.R. steamships were the *Parthia*, *Batavia*, and *Abyssinia*. Funny boats they were. No cabins or such on deck. I remember the first time we went over them we walked all over, and went into all the little cubby holes; everything was below deck.

"Of course, the sidewalks on Granville Street were three planks, and you had to watch out. At the Hotel Vancouver they were four or five feet above ground, and we had to be careful when wheeling the baby carriages—we wheeled our babies then—or you would tip baby and all, over. We used to hide our things under the sidewalks. Go to church on Sunday, and leave all your stuff under the sidewalk, and pick it up when you came out. You could not do that now; it would be gone.

"The race track was on Howe Street; it must have started about Nelson Street and ended about the Hotel Vancouver; I think the grandstand must have been where the hotel stands; it was a long affair. Everybody went to the races. When there was a procession, everyone who had anything put it in. You see, Victoria had the Queen's Birthday; the big day at New Westminster was May Day; we had Dominion Day. We had great times Dominion Day. The celebrations used to last two or three days sometimes. We had a wonderful fire brigade. At first they had only the hose reel; but afterwards they got an electric (?) engine. Electric (?) engines were just coming out, and we got the best; we were one of the first." (Steam engine is probably what was meant, or electric light was meant.)

"Mr. Hall" (J.Z.) "used to board with the Reverend Joseph Hall of the Methodist Church; same place Mr. Geo. Schetky of the fire brigade boarded. The Halls kept boarders; they used to sell milk, too. I forget just what they used to call his church; it was down on Water Street, north side, just west of Abbott Street, afterwards used as a feed store; what was that man's name? He was Frank Wright's uncle" (perhaps Arkell.) "Allan had a feed store there long after.

"My husband told me he has going to Sunday school—he used to teach in Sunday school—and was carrying his bible, but went back, and said to Mrs. Hall, Reverend Hall's wife, 'I think I will just go and take a look at the fire first,' and put his bible on the table. When he came back the place was afire, and nothing could be done. I said to him, 'how long were you gone?' He replied, 'only a few minutes. It all happened so quick.' So quick they could not get the cows out, the two cows, they were both burned. Mr. Hall helped Mrs. Ben Wilson to get her sewing machine out; he hauled or dragged it out into the harbour for her, and she went with it and him; afterwards, a boat

came and took her to Moodyville. But the most people went off in the direction of Hastings—up the road; and they had to get out quick.

“Another wonderful thing was the canoe parades; they never have them now. It was the prettiest thing you ever saw. The Indians used to come from everywhere; the Tsimpsons and all of them; that was for Dominion Day. And at night the illuminations were simply wonderful. They used to have lanterns in their canoes, and go ‘sailing’ up and down the harbour; it was really beautiful.” (See A.E. Beck, etc.)

“It seems to me that you must be wrong about the parade on Dominion Day, 1887, coming up Granville Street; I don’t think Granville Street was open then.” (Note: Granville Street was graded in the early summer of 1887.) “It might have been.” (A newspaper account of the parade says it was.) “I thought Water Street came as far as about Seymour Street, and we went up that way to Hastings Street. It might have been though. You see, the town was away down towards Carrall Street, and it seems to me that we went some way—just how I cannot remember—from the C.P.R. Depot along the bottom.” (See H.P. McCraney, and the Great Fire.) “Of course, in those days there was nothing on Hastings Street.

“My daughter has a photograph of Mr. Hall, my husband, in the uniform of the New Westminster Rifles. He used to walk over from Vancouver to New Westminster to drill, and come back after drill. Used to get home early in the morning. I don’t think Captain Scoullar was his captain. It must have been before Captain Scoullar’s time, perhaps Captain Pittendigh.”

J.S.M.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0018

28 MAY 1931.

Went over to request Mrs. Hall's criticism of an article, which subsequently appeared in the *Vancouver Daily Province* on 28 June 1931, on the Dominion Day Celebrations, 1887, and then read to her the narrative above.

"It was out of the bedroom window that my father shot the wolf, not out of the milk house," said Mrs. Hall. "The little window in the milk house was facing the sea, and it was high up, too high for shooting.

"Tom Foster was on the C.P.R. construction gang, and he told me, and he laughed" (and she laughed too, as she told it) "that fast as the gang would lay the tracks in the day, father would pull it up at night." (See *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach*.)

"Oh, yes, that's true about the smelts; I used to take them to the city; that was what I gathered them in sacks for. No, never sold them, used to give them away.

"About the trout. You could get all you wanted. It cannot be explained to anyone now what it was like; they would not believe you. I do not think there was any place in B.C. where there were so many; I suppose there are still some places, but I doubt it. Every one of the little creeks along the shore here were just full of trout.

"The only people who passed by were the people who lived at Jericho; they used to pass in a boat. I must find out who used to live at Jericho before the Frasers. We did everything by boat. When we went to town we went up False Creek and landed somewhere. I don't know just where it was; it must have been somewhere between Cambie Street and Westminster Avenue."

(Note: it was probably the southern end of Carrall Street where there was, at least in 1886, perhaps earlier, a small wharf. Mr. DesBrisay, who came to Vancouver in August 1887, told me that when they went to Jericho for a picnic they used to land on the Royal City Planing Mills log boom at the foot of Carrall Street. Or it may have been at the foot of Granville Street, and thence by an old Indian trail to about Abbott Street.)

"The Reverend Mr. Hall" (Joseph Hall) "married a Miss Pollard, one of the pioneer families of Victoria. She went to the Cariboo and taught school, and he was minister there. He was minister in the Cariboo when I was born there.

"The canoe parades on Dominion Day were really beautiful. We used to sit on the waterfront, and watch them, down on Water Street. They had their lanterns in festoons and pretty shapes, and it looked as though the canoes were linked together; the whole inlet was illuminated" (a descriptive exaggeration). "I think they must have had torches." (They had Chinese lanterns of many colours, and perhaps torches also.)

"No, it was not Captain Peele; it must have been Captain Pittendrigh under whom my husband served in the New Westminster Rifles." (His uniform is B.C. Garrison Artillery. See photo.)

"Our first home in the city? Oh, that was up on Nelson Street. We had the first well on Nelson Street; the neighbours used to come and get water from our well."

Query: Did Granville Street ever exist as a forest road, or was Granville Street just cut out of the trees?

"I am not sure. Did you ever hear about the tree which fell on the sleigh. It must have been about New Year's or Christmas. It killed two. They were driving out Granville Street South, a young fireman—one of the city firemen. I think his name was Simpson, or it may have been; I think her name was MacClure. It was long before the train came." (C.P.R.)

"And, mind you, out on the River Road" (Marine Drive) "was 'away out' in those days. They were driving out Granville Street South when the tree fell on the sleigh, killed two and left two, brother and his sister's sweetheart were killed. They were out near Magee's farm, well Magee's farm ran right up to Granville Street. Mashiter, I think that's the way they spell his name, fine old gent, one

of the real old-timers, a great churchman, had a store up at Squamish now; he would tell you a lot.

"Did you ever hear the story of Christ Church, now the cathedral," said Mrs. Hall, continuing. "I think the C.P.R. gave us those lots;" (incorrect) "the place was called the 'Root House.' The people who formed Christ Church were the descendants of St. James Church down on Cordova Street, and they came over to a little store, where Birks the jewellers are now, opposite the Hotel Vancouver. The first year we were there the See House in New Westminster was opened, and we hired all the rigs and buggies in town and went over to Bishop Sillitoe's. We had a very happy time. Then we went and built the basement of Christ Church, the 'root house,' and some did not want the clergyman, and some did, Reverend Mr. Hobson; some wanted him to go, some did not; he could not be got out, so they starved him out. So finally, they put the sheriff in, and we went to the church one morning, and found a notice on the door. He stayed on three or four months. I used to take food and put it on the doorstep; there was no food in their house. He went to Boston, and I am told that twenty years afterwards he was at the same church. Fine woman, his wife; he was a coachman, and he ran away with her, or she with him.

"About our old home on Greer's Beach. There was a little path of two planks from the front door to the gate, and from the gate to the beach. There was a big log near the gate which we used to jump off—into the water. On the north side of the house there was nothing, just some bushes, some small trees; hemlocks, perhaps a foot through, with wind blown limbs; no orchard. The trees in the front garden were apples and plums; not very large, four or five years old, about eight of them. The garden at the back was beautiful; we had all the vegetables we wanted. And over towards Cornwall Street there was the *densest* forest! The trees were a tremendous size; right down to the water. There was a spring over by where the track is now." (Foot of Yew Street.)

"The house had a sort of peak roof, fairly steep, like they put on barns. When the C.P.R. came they went through the stable, and the spring was near that. The fence around the house enclosed quite a bit of ground. The cows used to just wander out in the swamp," concluded Mrs. Hall.

J.S.M.

A typewritten record, in book form, entitled *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach, The Celebrated Greer Case*, by Major J.S. Matthews, has been prepared from many of Mr. Sam Greer's original papers, loaned by his daughter, Mrs. J.Z. Hall.

Sketches of the old site, plan of house, etc., have also been collected and at the present moment, the well-known historical scenic painter, John Innes, Esq., has prepared a small drawing of Greer's Beach in 1884 or 1885. [He never completed it.]

Hastings St at Seymour St - looking East (approx 1890)



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0019



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0020

28 MAY 1931 - HASTINGS STREET IN 1887. FALLING THE FOREST. PERCY DESBRISAY.

"Hastings Street was just a sort of rough trail when I came here in August 1887," said Mr. Percy DesBrisay, now of the Marina Apartments (owner), 1206 Maple Street, Kitsilano Beach. "There used to be a two-plank sidewalk, and you had to be careful when you walked on it, for the planks used to spring up and down when you walked on them. The posts underneath were too far apart, or else the ground was too soft. I have walked them a good many times, and I know how they used to, the planks, used to jump up and down.

"The first time I came over from Westminster I came by the Douglas Road; it seems to me that it ran right into Hastings Hill.

"They were clearing the West End at that time; falling the trees; about south and west of the Hotel Vancouver.

"Once in a while we went to Jericho for a picnic. We went from the Royal City Planing Mills at the end of Carrall Street, and rowed over, and came back the same way."

J.S.M.

HASTINGS STREET. MRS. J. HAMPTON BOLE, NÉE MCALLISTER.

"I was born within a stone's throw of the old Imperial Opera House, afterwards the Drill Shed, in 1892, and I can distinctly remember that Hastings Street, between Cambie and Carrall Street, was just a sort of trail with stumps on both sides; they tell me I can do nothing of the sort, but I know I can." – Mrs. J. Hampton Bole, daughter of John McAllister, member of first fire brigade.

(Mrs. Bole's statement is not as incorrect as on the surface it would appear. Hastings Street was not a main street of Vancouver until after 1899, perhaps 1900, and there were probably stumps on lots much later.)



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0021

10 JUNE 1931 - BIG TREES. GRANVILLE STREET. GEORGIA STREET.

There is a photograph commonly known in Vancouver; it appears almost everywhere; of a butt of a great burned tree in which is established a "REAL ESTATE – LOTS FOR SALE" office. Of this photo, Mr. H.P. McCraney, a very early pioneer, now vice-president of F.L. Cummings and Company, 1300 block Howe Street, painting contractors, says:

"The big tree lay partly on Georgia Street, partly on the lane, and partly on the site of the present Strand Theatre, that is, on Georgia Street between Seymour Street and Granville Street, and immediately behind the present Birks Building. My firm had the contract for clearing the land around there, and I passed the tree many times a day. My firm was Stephenson and McCraney. It was a fir.

"The photograph was taken immediately after the fire. It was not actually a real estate office; the photograph was taken more for advertising purposes, for a joke.

"Those in the photo include J.W. Horne, H.A. Jones, Mr. Stiles, a real estate man, Dr. Hendricks, the U.S. Consul, and some others. I will pick them out for you someday when we have the photo by us.

"It was a tremendous tree, and on the highest spot of ground. It must have towered far above the present Birks Building or Vancouver Block.

"There was another big tree at the corner of Pender and Richards streets, just outside W.H. Gallagher's present real estate office. It was a cedar. The cedars were bigger trees than the firs. There is one about 100 yards from the Brockton Point recreation grounds—it's still there—which was sixty-eight feet around."

Query: I am told there was a tremendous stump at the corner of Cordova and Carrall streets, and that for years the wagons used to pass around it, through dust or mud?

"Doubt it; might have been. My firm had the contract, and I graded and planked Cordova Street, but I don't remember it." (See elsewhere re Big Trees.)

JUNE 1931 - PORT MOODY. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. FIRST EASTBOUND FREIGHT. TEA FROM ORIENT TO ENGLAND.

"Much was made of the advantages of the new route around the world," said Mr. W.F. Findlay (see elsewhere), "when the C.P.R. line was opened to salt water at Port Moody; for instance, by a coincidence a tea ship arrived right at the proper moment. She was a sailing ship. She was towed up to Port Moody. It arrived in England three weeks earlier than if it had gone by the regular route—Suez Canal presumed—much was made of the pace of speed of arrival."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

"It was not a coincidence, but carefully planned; the ship was two days late, and did not reach there until three days after the first train arrived." – W.F. Findlay, April 12, 1932.

11 JUNE 1931 - PORT MOODY. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

"I put \$10,000 into land at Port Moody—and lost it," mourned Captain E.S. Scoullar, formerly of New Westminster, now of Kerrisdale, and passed three score and ten years, "on the assumption that the C.P.R. terminus would be there. I was vice-president of the first Board of Trade in New Westminster, a director of the Vancouver and New Westminster Electric tram line at the time it was built, and took an interest in public and political affairs. The City of New Westminster paid the C.P.R. \$75,000 to bring their line into New Westminster.

"Sir Charles Tupper made a speech to a crowded house in New Westminster. He said that the C.P.R. would never go past Port Moody; that was why I bought. Then a telegram came from Homer (Homer, member of Parliament, and after whom Homer Street is named) saying that the roundhouse was to be built at Port Moody. Most people did not know what a roundhouse was; they assumed it was some place of consequence, and many purchased land on that telegram." (See Sir Charles Tupper's reference to this in his book, *Sixty Years, etc.*, and his refutation of the criticism levelled at him for stopping the line at Port Moody.)

Captain Scoullar had a notable career in the activities of the lower mainland in the 1880s and early 1890s. He was one of the two officers who commanded troops, on 1 July 1887, for our first Dominion Day celebration; he was commander of the New Westminster Rifles, built the Central School, etc.

11 JUNE 1931 - WILD ANIMALS IN VANCOUVER.

"I was always a great hunter. In the old days we used to hunt deer around Little Lake, and get lots of them."

The speaker was Captain Pittendrigh's son, Mr. C.E. Pittendrigh, recently retired after twenty-one years on the New Westminster Police Force. His father, Captain Pittendrigh, was stipendiary magistrate in the early days at New Westminster, and also a commander of the British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery there.

"'Little Lake' was the old name for 'Deer Lake,' near Oakalla prison. We used to go out on the stage going to Hastings, get off, shoot the deer, and have them on the roadside by the time the stage came back. It was cheap; they charged us 'two bits' only for taking the deer in to New Westminster.

"The grouse were very thick. I used to hunt with a dog. Some dogs were very good at locating a grouse. On one occasion I could not get my dog to stop barking, but search my best I could not find that grouse. Finally I gave up, but a chance glance showed me where he was; on the very topmost pinnacle of a big fir, almost too far for the gun to reach, and I had the best gun I could buy. But the dog knew he was there all the time."

MOODYVILLE. POST OFFICE.

"The mail used to go to Moodyville once a week by an Indian on horseback from Westminster. The Indian got five dollars for taking it from Westminster to Hastings, from whence it went by boat. The Indian used to deliver the mail all right, then he got his money, and for the next two or three days he was drunk."

KINGSWAY.

"The 'new' road to Vancouver from Westminster was very little used. Even after it was 'built' no one used it very much; they seemed to prefer the old Hastings Road, now Douglas Road."

RIFLE RANGES. PEELE BUTTS.

"If there ever was one, I do not recall any rifle range on the Brunette Road. I distinctly remember the old Peele Butts; they were not in a ravine, but on the level, at the back of the Provincial Asylum for the Insane."

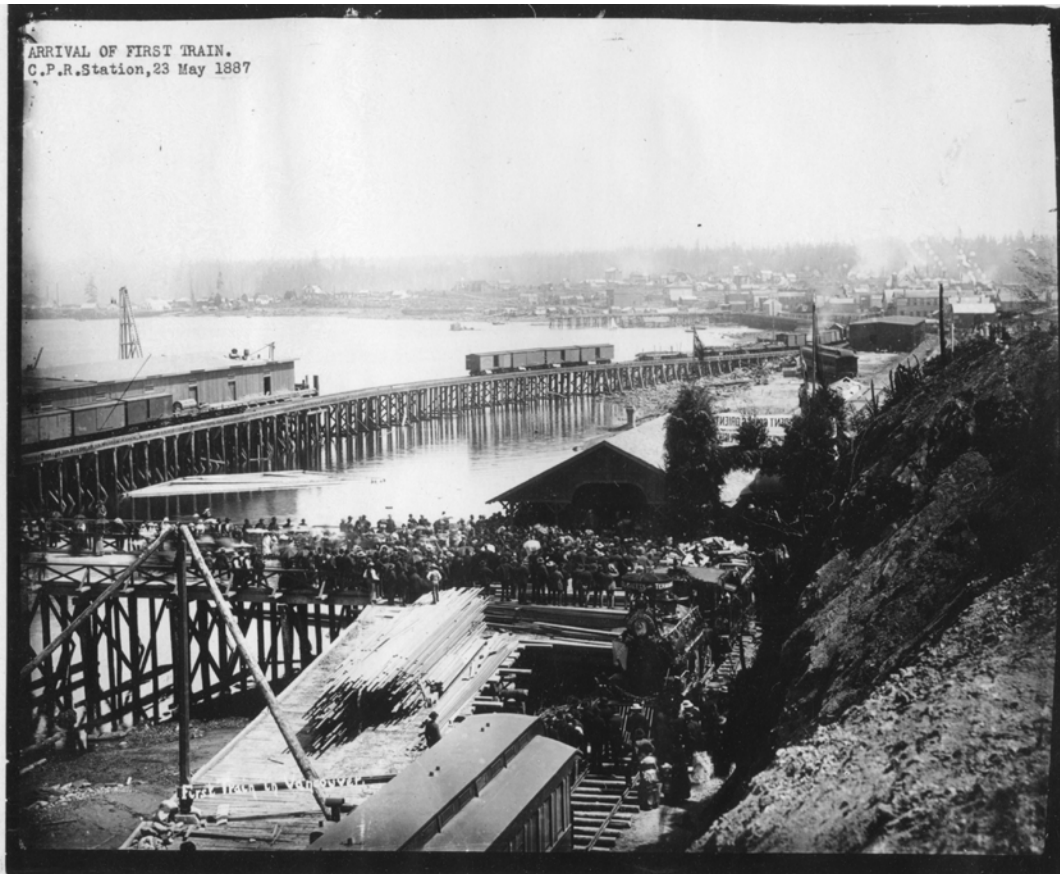
INDIANS.

From Pittendrigh's remarks it was gathered that the deer, grouse, etc. were very plentiful, and more or less easily secured in the district around "Little Lake." His remarks on this point were illuminating as to the effort necessary, on the part of Indians, to secure food before the white men came.

ELK.

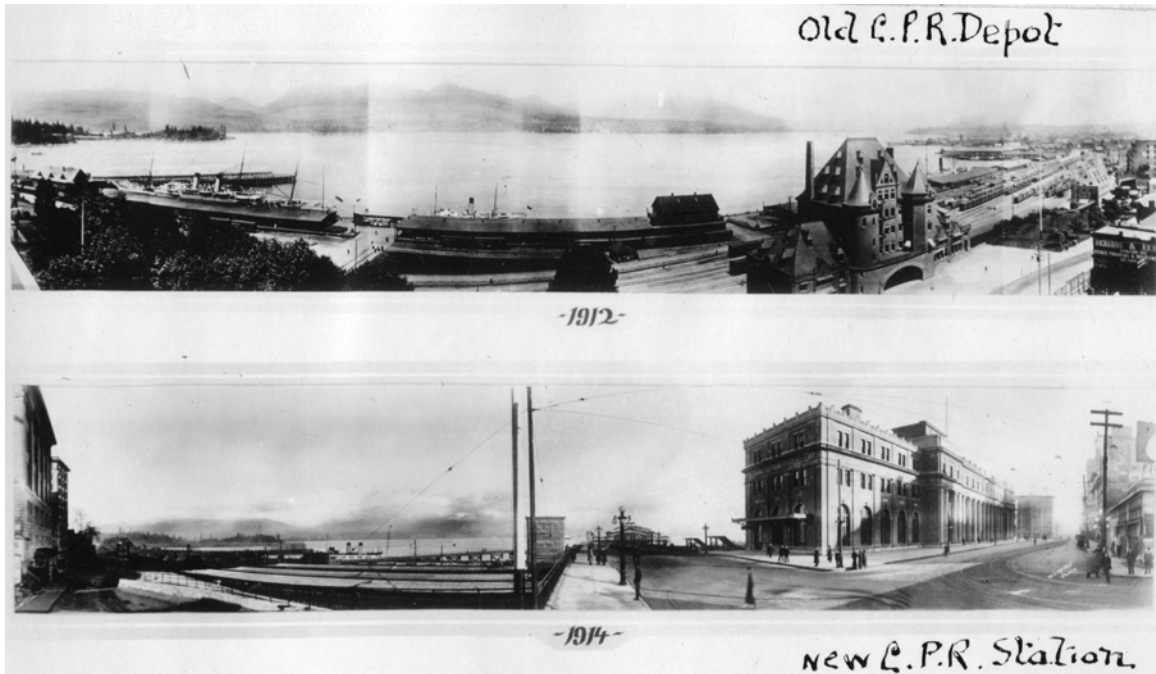
In reply to a query as to what he thought was the significance of the elk dung which Mr. William Hunt of Kitsilano found beneath an uprooted tree on Kitsilano Beach (Greer's Beach) in 1898, he replied, "There were, in the early days, many dried, weather-whitened antlers of elk lying on the ground around Little Lake; evidently they had been there for many years. I have done a great deal of hunting in the northern country, have never seen any elk in these parts, but I have found their horns, around Little Lake, near Oakalla, before 1887."

Mr. Pittendrigh was in the provincial police in the early days, then went to the "Upper Country," retired on 1 June 1931 after twenty-one years service, and was presented then with a very handsome travelling bag by his fellow policemen in the presence of a large number of friends and His Worship the Mayor of the city of New Westminster.



The station was almost exactly at foot Granville St

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0022



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0023

12 JUNE 1931 - EARLY C.P.R. TRAINS. FIRST C.P.R. DEPOT.

"Grown men, the silly things, would run across the street" (at New Westminster—Columbia Street) "to see the train 'pull in' or 'pull out'; they had never seen a train in their lives. My father had to assure them that it was quite safe to go on board; but even then, some of them would feel the seats, to see if they were loose or fastened. They did amuse me when the first trains arrived."

Mrs. McGovern, sister to Miss A.A. Fagan, and daughter of Fagan, says that her father was the first agent of the C.P.R. at New Westminster, and was also agent of the C.P.R. at Port Moody at the time the first train arrived, 4 July 1886. She resides at 1727 Macdonald Street, and was a member of the first Town Planning Commission formed in Vancouver, and still retains her seat.

THE FIRST C.P.R. DEPOT, VANCOUVER.

"Of course, you know the first C.P.R. station in Vancouver was built over the water, on stilts; the water was underneath the station. The cliff at the foot of Granville Street was so steep that, at one time, it must have dropped almost straight into the water. It was cut away to make a bed for the railway tracks." – Geo. L. Schetky, pioneer of February 1886.

A photo of the "First Train in Vancouver," well known, and also in Archives, shows the branches of trees, and other debris, just to the left of the engine; just as it would appear if the cliff had recently been pulled down.

J.S.M.

THE MOODYVILLE FERRY, and
Union S.S.Co.dock, about 1887



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0024

NORTH VANCOUVER, early '90s.
Few yards west of ferry landing



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0025

13 JUNE 1931 - EARLY STEAMERS OF VANCOUVER. NORTH VANCOUVER AND MOODYVILLE FERRY. S.S. SENATOR. UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY WHARF.

"At the time I came here in 1891," Mr. Edwards, formerly of Edwards Brothers, photographers, told me today, "the only way to go to Moodyville was by the old *Senator*; I think she was the first ferry boat to the north shore, unless we include the *Sudden Jerk*, a boat I never saw, but which I am told ran from Hastings to Moodyville, which got her name from the way she ran into things, and which is reputed to have blown up when her boiler exploded while her engineer was up at Geo. Black's, Hastings, having a drink in the bar. This photograph is of the old Union Steamship Company wharf, and this is the *Senator* tied up to it. The *Senator* had been running for years before I came in 1891, and I think she is still somewhere in the harbour. Hugh Stalker was the master of the *Senator*, very obliging; if he saw a passenger coming after he had left the dock he would turn back, and sometimes turn back a second time if he saw still another coming.

"I think the *Sudden Jerk* blew up on account of a lack of a safety valve on her steam."

My own recollection of the *Senator* (the writer came to Vancouver 3 November 1898), was of a trip to Moodyville. At first we did not stop at North Vancouver; nothing there to go for, but afterwards she ran to North Vancouver, landed at a "T" wharf floating on logs and anchored. We used to take over horses and buggies, but the horse had to be taken out of the shafts, and the buggy and horse placed crosswise on her deck. There was a shelter for about twenty passengers. For a short while she ran to both North Vancouver and Moodyville. She was undoubtedly North Vancouver's first ferry boat, regular ferry boat. Later the *St. George*, named after Mr. St. George Hammersley, and built at the south end of Granville Street (under the north end of the Granville Street Bridge) replaced her.

J.S.M.

EARLY STEAMERS. S.S. SENATOR. S.S. PEARL. S.S. CHARMER AND PREMIER. S.S. PEARL.

The *Pearl*, mentioned in the *Daily News-Advertiser* of 2 July 1887 as bringing passengers for the celebration of Vancouver's first civic holiday, 1 July 1887 (See "Vancouver Celebrates Her First Dominion Day," 28 June 1931) was a small steamer of which the shipping office of the Vancouver Customs have no record; they report very imperfect shipping records were kept in the early days.

The above paper reports on 6 July 1887, page 4, as follows, "The steamer *Pearl* arrived yesterday with a cargo of fruits and farm produce from North Arm" (of Fraser River), and on July 8th, "The steamer *Pearl* was beached near the Hastings Mill for repairs."

Of the paddle wheel steamer *Amelia* which also brought passengers for the famed celebrations of Dominion Day 1887, Mr. Parkin of Nanaimo, whose mother came out to Nanaimo on the celebrated *Princess Royal* (see oil painting in Bastion, Nanaimo), and who is today, 1931, one of the only two surviving passengers of that voyage, and who is one of her family of seventeen, said:

"The *Amelia* came from Sacramento River, California; my father was part owner; he lost all he put into her. She was brought up to compete with the stern wheeler *R.P. Rithet*, which was, so I am told, charging exorbitant freight rates. She ran between Victoria and Nanaimo. As an example of what followed the arrival of the *Amelia*, passenger fares from Nanaimo to Victoria dropped to twenty-five cents fare for the trip, and I think that at one time meals were 'thrown in free.'

"Afterwards, there was some sort of a settlement, it is supposed. She" (the *Amelia*) "broke down on a trip to Victoria, and lay on the beach at Cowichan Bay, where I imagine she still is; some said she was purposely wrecked. She exhausted her steam into her smokestack, and "roared" at each lift of her walking beam.

"During her life at Nanaimo, she acted in many capacities. I remember seeing her go out to the sailing vessels here at Nanaimo, etc., with water, and then helping to unload the ballast from their

holds by using her steam power. The sailing vessels which came for coal were glad to have steam to help them unload their ballast. You could scarcely believe it, but I have seen as many as ten or twenty sailing vessels in Departure Bay waiting to load coal."

The "roar" of the river steamer is now a thing of the past. At each dip of the walking beam, the steam escaped up the smokestack, and a loud "shish shish shish" roared with rhythmic regularity every two, perhaps three seconds; a long plume of white, not black smoke—they burned wood usually—trailed behind. The "shish" of the roar could be heard for a mile.

The *Pacific Express* mentioned as having brought passengers to the Dominion Day 1887 festivities at Vancouver was not a steamer, but a C.P.R. train from Montreal; the *Atlantic Express* was from Port Moody to Montreal. The newspaper *Vancouver News and Daily Advertiser* of 31 March 1887 states, "The *Pacific Express* brought nearly 100 passengers yesterday, many of which remained in Vancouver," refers, probably, to passengers from Port Moody brought by the *Princess Louise*, en route to Victoria, to Granville Street wharf.

The old *Charmer*, once *Premier*, a historic vessel which "absconded" from Seattle, and never ventured in U.S. waters again, was tied up to the wharf at the new C.P.R. recreation park at Newcastle Island, Nanaimo, during 1931. Poor old thing! What a palatial, luxuriously furnished liner we once thought her to be; today she looks poor and decrepit beside the *Princess Elaine* and *Princess Joan* on which we journeyed, June 10th, to the Vancouver Pioneers Picnic, at Nanaimo.

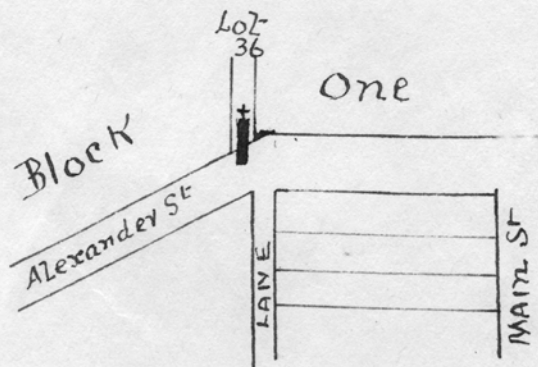


Item # EarlyVan_v1_0026



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0027

The ~~exact~~ location of this church was on Lot 36, Block one, D.L. 196, at the foot of, and one lot to west of end of lane west of Main St. The lot was 25 feet wide, the church probably 20 feet wide. The front half of church stood on Lot 36, the rear half on what is now Alexander St almost Can. Nat Ry dock site. The location is shown on map of part of C.P. Ry right of way deposited in Land Registry office by M^r H. J. Cambie, Eng^r in charge 12th May. 1886



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0028

15 JUNE 1931 - HASTINGS ROAD. GASTOWN. DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE.

The identification of a photograph, the "Darktown Fire Brigade," a column of men halted on a road, in character dress, and drawing a conveyance of a sort, has been very difficult. It is of historical value as being, probably, the only known photograph of the Hastings Road from Gastown to Hastings Mill, down which our pioneers ran from the Great Fire of 1886.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Another has since been located, and shows St. James Church, the first, built on the shore.

"I think," said Mr. W.F. Findlay of the Pioneers Association, "the very tall man worked in the Hastings Sawmill; I remember him well. There was some talk of arranging a fight between him and some other man; it came to nothing. The yacht just in front of Brockton Point is the *May*, owned by Andy Linton, and for years the fastest yacht in the harbour, until a new boat, which had the new 'spoon' bow, beat her. The steamer funnel on the extreme left is probably the Can. Pac. Navigation Company's paddle wheel *Yosemite*. The "G.L. ALLAN" painted on the fence is an advertisement of Geo. L. Allan, Boot and Shoe merchants, now living on Tenth Avenue West. The trees of Deadman's Island show up darker than Stanley Park trees."

Mrs. J.Z. Hall once told me that the road (Hastings Road) from Gastown to Hastings Mill was “just a crooked road.” It is referred to in “Vancouver Celebrates her First Dominion Day” (*Province*, 28 June 1931), as being lighted with coal oil lamps at night. After the survey of 1885 of Townsite of Vancouver by L.A. Hamilton it is known as, in part Alexander Street, and still later, in part as Railway Avenue. R.H. Alexander, after whom it is named, was manager of the Hastings Mill, and one of the “Overlanders of ‘62” from Canada. Hastings Road was evidently, in very early days, a track along the shore, above high water mark, from John Morton’s trail to Hastings Mill, perhaps before that an Indian trail.

J.S.M.

18 JUNE 1931 - VANCOUVER’S FIRST REGIMENT. THE DRILL HALL. SERGEANT MAJOR BUNDY. SCHOOLS.

The militia of Vancouver owes a great deal to Major A.C. Bundy, who died on 17 June 1931, aged 63, while at his desk in the Vancouver School Board offices.

In 1898 the first company of artillery in Vancouver had grown so rapidly, a second was created, and then both re-created as the Second Battalion, Fifth Regiment, Canadian Artillery, the First Battalion being in Victoria, and both battalions forming, at that time, the largest regiment in Canada. The organisation of the Second Battalion in Vancouver necessitated the establishment of a school of military instruction. Captain Barnes, Sergeant Major Porter and Corporal Bundy were sent over from the Imperial forces at Esquimalt to take charge and instruct. Corporal Bundy remained permanently. Soon afterwards the artillery was changed into rifles—the Sixth Regiment, the Duke of Connaught’s Own Rifles, for many years the only garrison in Vancouver. The new Drill Hall on Beatty Street was built and it needed a caretaker; the regiment needed an instructor and sergeant major; the first school of military instruction was over; Corporal Bundy was appointed to both positions.

Up to about March 1903, the Sixth Regiment D.C.O.R. consisted of four small companies of about 45 officers and men with headquarters staff at Vancouver. A and B Companies were at New Westminster, and C, D, E and F at Vancouver; Lieutenant Colonel C.A. Worsnop retired, time expired, Lieutenant Colonel J.C. Whyte assumed command, two more companies—G and H—were added to the strength of Vancouver. Sergeant Major Bundy continued as caretaker and instructor, and lived with his wife and family of three small children at the top of the Drill Hall.

He was a tall, soldierly figure, straight as a ramrod, and to his efficiency was largely due the remarkable efficiency of the regiment; thoroughly competent, earnest, sincere, a dignified personality; it was a fortunate thing for Vancouver that such a man was appointed instructor of the militia at a time when the tide of military endeavour was rising. He was a specialist in gunnery, a good rifleshot, well informed on military procedure and etiquette for officers, N.C.O.s and men, a somewhat silent man: just what was wanted to inspire the keen, undisciplined citizen soldiers, who were willing and anxious to excel if only shown how to excel.

About 1907–1908, he organised the first detachment of machine gunners in Vancouver. Their arm was a single Maxim Gun mounted on a limber, drawn by a horse, the limber also carrying eight boxes, each box containing one belt of 250 cartridges. They annually practiced at Second Beach at a floating target.

He was largely responsible for the promotion of that splendid cadet unit, the first in Vancouver, the 101st Vancouver High School Cadets, and was their first instructor. This unit made a trip to Australia, and it is asserted that, of the forty-five boys or cadets who made that trip, forty-four received commissions as officers during the Great War.

It has been stated that Sergeant Major Bundy became the first instructor of physical drill to the schools of Vancouver in 1898. This cannot be exactly correct, for the writer well remembers the day, about 1904, when Sergeant Major Bundy told him that he had that afternoon been instructing

the schools, and we conversed about it at length. At first it was in a very small way—one afternoon per week.

Mr. Bundy dabbled a little in real estate in the boom days, and made a little. He retired as sergeant major of the Sixth D.C.O.R. some years before the Great War, about 1910–12, to devote his whole time and effort, an onerous duty, to the rapidly increasing numbers of school children throughout Vancouver and, after 1928, Greater Vancouver. He lies buried in Ocean View Cemetery, and to his memory we can, with one accord, exclaim, “Well done; thou true and faithful servant.”

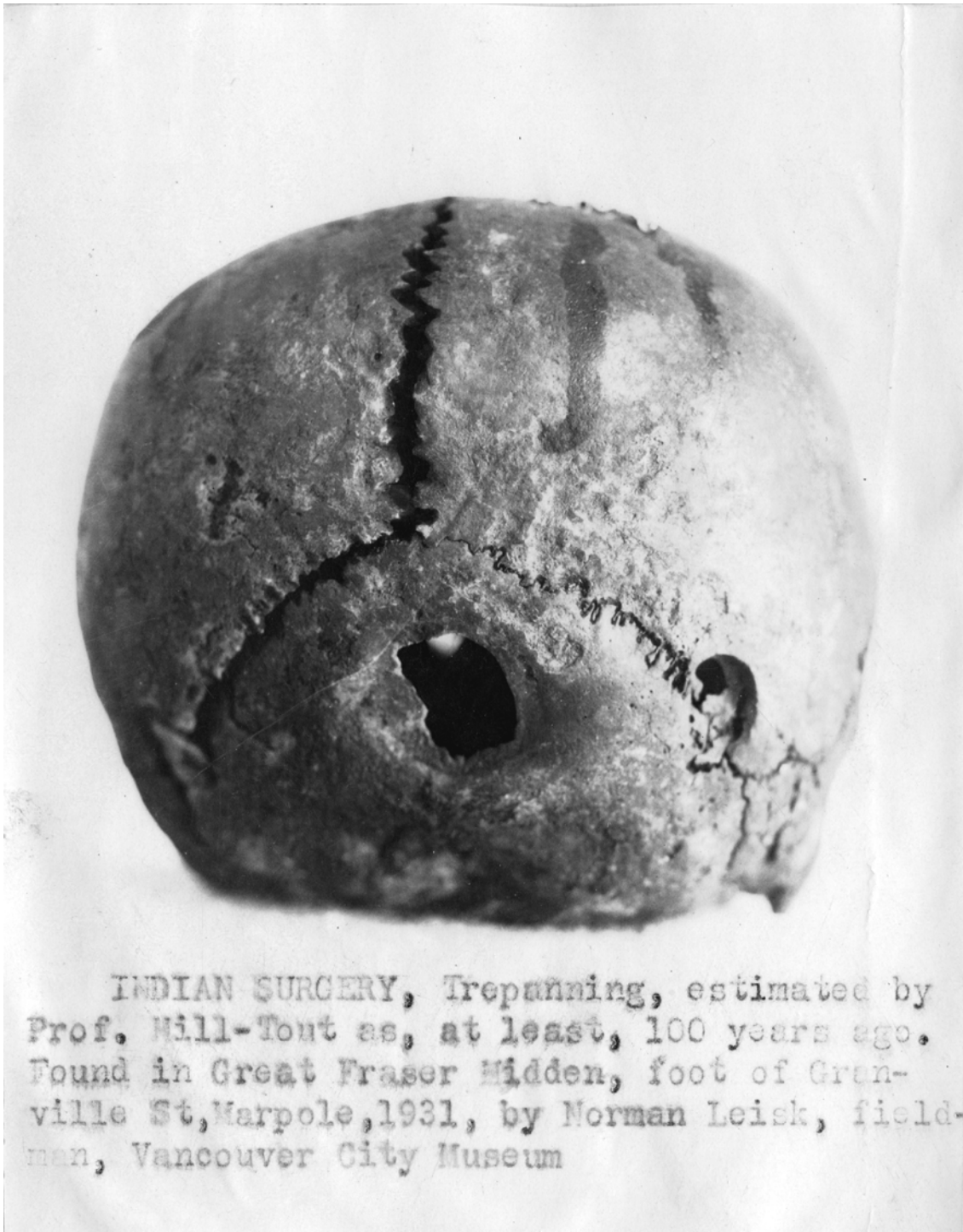
18 JUNE 1931 - UNION JACK, CANADIAN ENSIGN (FLAGS.)

It will be noted that, in many of the earlier photographs of Vancouver scenes, indeed even as recently as 1910, and perhaps still more recently, that the most common flag flown in Vancouver on holidays and ceremonial occasions is the Canadian naval ensign, and not the Union Jack.

The practice dates back to Dominion Day, 1887, and has a connection with the earlier history of Vancouver, its association with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the “Confederation Terms,” all of which are insolubly linked with the establishment of Vancouver as a city. In Vancouver, there was a distinct “Canadian” atmosphere, as opposed to the “British” atmosphere of crown colony days, and the older cities of Victoria and Westminster.

As an instance of the extensive use of the Canadian merchant vessel ensign (red field) there is cited a brochure entitled *Educational Institutions of Vancouver—VANCOUVER CITY SCHOOLS* issued in 1910 by the Board of School Trustees of Vancouver, showing the Canadian merchant vessel ensign being hoisted by school boys on the school flagpole. The Union Jack is now used.

Today probably three quarters of the flags used are Union Jacks, and one quarter Canadian ensign. A campaign, sponsored by the Canadian Club and other patriotic institutions before, during and after the War, together with numerous articles explaining the structure of the Union Flag, and editorials and letters pointing out that the ensign was not the national flag, gradually turned the scale of sentiment in favour of the use of the Union Jack. The Elks, a fraternal organisation, did splendid service; they annually distributed thousands of small Union Jacks at their great Children’s Picnic in Hastings Park. Ignorance, more than anything else, of what *was* the national flag of Canada, was responsible for the earlier use of the merchant ensign; many thought it was the especial flag of the Dominion. Major C. Gardner Johnson presented one, purchased at his own expense, to fly over the Court House. The court registrar, Mr. Beck, declined to accept the Canadian ensign.



INDIAN SURGERY, Trepanning, estimated by Prof. Mill-Tout as, at least, 100 years ago. Found in Great Fraser Hidden, foot of Granville St, Harpole, 1931, by Norman Leisk, fieldman, Vancouver City Museum

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0029



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0030

22 JUNE 1931 - ANCIENT VILLAGES OF VANCOUVER. INDIANS. KITSILANO.

The Callands, of Point Grey Road and Trafalgar Street, are very old residents of Kitsilano; they went there some time after 1902; it was Mr. Calland who changed the names of the old streets to those of five famous battles.

Mrs. Calland told me that when Mayor Bethune built his house on Point Grey Road—it was on the waterfront side, halfway between Bayswater and Balclava streets, about where J.W. Hobbs lives now—they uncovered an enormous clam shell midden. So far as she recalls, it was just levelled off, and much of it may be there, undisturbed, yet.

She said that there was another clam shell midden where Felix Smith—now in the Marpole Home for Incurables—built his home, almost exactly at the foot of Macdonald Street. When Mrs. Calland went to first live in Kitsilano, it was a wilderness of forest; she is a highly intellectual woman, a life member of the Art, Historical Society, so that she *knows*. These were, she said, the only two middens she knew of as being along the Point Grey Road.

I have sometimes thought that the triangular, low heap of fertile ground upon which Mr. Sam Greer built the first house in Kitsilano—it was an acre or more at the foot of Yew Street—a little to the east of the foot, was an old clam shell heap. A small forest rill formerly entered the sea at almost the exact spot where the street car crosses Yew Street, and it would be natural for the Indians to camp there. Along near the middle of the beach was a larger creek, but all near and behind it was muskeg, damp and wet.

Professor Hill-Tout, one of the greatest living authorities on Indian middens, once told me that in early days the Indian villages all the way from Point Grey to Point Atkinson must have been so close together that the occupants ought to have been able to almost shout from one to the other. It is presumed that very early settlements of Indians on English Bay found the district most fruitful of supplies of food, and that consequently it was more densely populated than less favourable districts to the north and south on account of its proximity to the mouth of the Fraser River, and

the consequent superabundance of salmon; probably the most favoured location in hundreds of miles.

As an early resident, thirty years, at the mouth of False Creek, so far as I know, there were no middens between the C.P.R. tracks on Yew Street, and the Indian Reserve boundary, on the False Creek shore. A few clam shells, broken bits, could be found almost anywhere, but nothing more. Behind the beach was an extensive muskeg, along the cliff north of Ogden Street there was no trace of middens; all the higher land was clothed in heavy timber. But between the western boundary of the Indian Reserve there was a wide flat of sand running almost as far as the Burrard Street Bridge; beyond that the usual mud of False Creek. The Indian village was, in 1898-1907, *exactly under* the present Burrard Street Bridge. There may be some remains of middens along that shore, but I have never noticed any.

J.S. Matthews

Extract, *Daily News-Advertiser*, 9 July 1887, page 4.

"The Siwash ranherie below the Hastings Mill was the scene of another disgraceful disturbance on Thursday night. About a dozen Indians amused themselves by getting drunk," etc., etc.

The ranherie was cleared out about a week later. They had built themselves a number of shacks there, and became a nuisance.

JUNE 1931 - FIRST DOMINION DAY CELEBRATION, 1887. SEYMOUR BATTERY. WESTMINSTER RIFLES. SERGEANT MAJOR J.C. CORNISH.

In checking over my article on "Vancouver Celebrates Her First Dominion Day," published in the *Province*, 28 June 1930, with Sergeant Major J.C. Cornish, now of White Rock, where he was formerly a customs officer, he said:

"I was only eighteen when I joined the new Canadian permanent force just after Confederation. You will see me in my winter uniform in the photograph in my album, first page, in the Vancouver City Museum. There is also a photograph of C Battery, R.C.A., the first permanent unit of Canadian forces to arrive in B.C.; it has something about 'wish you a Merry Christmas' on a big notice.

"The uniform of the Seymour Battery of New Westminster, afterwards amalgamated with the B.C.B.G.A. as No. 1 Battery, was modelled on that of the Royal Artillery, a so-called bearskin busby, but actually made out of some other animal's fur. They had blue tunics, with red facings, and yellow braid.

"Lieutenant Chas McNaughten, the rifle shot" (see Laurie Bugle team photo, 1884, in Archives), "died in 1889. I was at his funeral, a military funeral, in New Westminster. A Mr. Fiennes-Clinton was one of our officers, perhaps it was Reverend Father Clinton."

Query: In the Sixth Regiment D.C.O.R. souvenir book, 1907, it reads that the Seymour Battery had the same uniform as the Royal Artillery, minus the red shoulder straps and monogram 'VRI'?

Answer: "The Royal Artillery never had red shoulder straps; they had blue shoulder straps with an edging of red. I don't know about the 'VRI.'

"The old records of the Westminster militia were not destroyed in the old Drill Hall on Clarkson Street. We moved over to the new Drill Hall, the one they now use, several years before the fire of 1898. The old Drill Hall on Clarkson Street must have fallen down, I suppose.

"The uniform of the New Westminster Rifles," said Captain F.R. Glover, formerly of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, later of the B.C. Electric Railway Company, and an officer of the Rifles in the early days, "was supposed to be exactly the same as the Rifle Brigade of the British army. I don't know that it actually was, or that all of us had it. Some of us, I had, served in the East" (eastern Canada) "before we came out to B.C., and so had our uniforms; perhaps others did, so

we just used our old uniforms, so that you cannot be sure with these old photographs that they are the exact uniforms of the Westminster units.

“Chas McNaughten—ten, not —ton—is the officer on the corner of the column in the photo of the B.C.B.G.A. on Cordova Street, Dominion Day, 1887. Lieutenant Doane of the Bank of British Columbia, New Westminster, went to Portland, Oregon. A third officer, who should have been on parade, but I don’t see him, is Lieutenant R.J. Rickman, John Hendry’s right hand man, chief accountant of the Royal City Planing Mills. John McMurphy, whom John Reid—sergeant then, now captain—says was on parade, was a son of Sergeant Major John McMurphy of the Royal Sappers and Miners.”

In Colonel Robertson’s *History of the 5th Regt. C.G.A., (Victoria,) and B.C. Coast Defenses*, only three copies of which were typewritten—one in Ottawa, one in Provincial Archives, Victoria, and one in Vancouver City Museum—it states:

“... wrote Governor Douglas on Nov 18th 1863 etc. ... a roll of 55 names has been made up to form the New Westminster Volunteer Rifles in the mainland colony of B.C. ... change of name to New Westminster Rifle Corps in 1866.”

JUNE 1931 - SEYMOUR BATTERY. CAPTAIN (JUDGE) BOLE. SENIOR SERGEANT JOHN REID.

Captain John Reid was a senior sergeant in the New Westminster Rifle Company in 1887, and was on parade on Cordova Street in the famous parade of soldiers in the Dominion Day parade, 1887. He states the photo of Judge Bole, taken in uniform by “Judkins, Puget Sound, Washington Territory” (showing two buttons above and two below crossbelt—see Archives) was “taken about 1880.”

Provided this photo was taken before 1884, or late 1883, it is very likely the uniform of an officer of the Seymour Battery—long thought completely lost. A memorandum of a conversation with Captain Bole on this subject, by Major Matthews, is in the Provincial Archives. The star of rank is on the collar; it may be that in those days an ensign wore one star, a lieutenant two, a captain three, and that Judge Bole was an ensign at the time it was taken.

(Note: prior to 1930, all junior officers were “lieutenants,” and wore two stars on their shoulder straps; after 1930, second lieutenants wore one star, lieutenants, two stars. The old form dates back forty or more years.)

29 JUNE 1931 - WILD ANIMALS IN VANCOUVER.

A cougar was killed by men sent to hunt it, in Stanley Park about the last week of October 1911. It is now to be seen, mounted, in a glass case at the Stanley Park Pavilion.

A black bear was shot about the end of June 1911 on Angus Road (now Forty-Seventh Avenue West), Kerrisdale, by Mr. W.D. Goodfellow.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Reeve J.A. Patow, in *Province*, 29 May 1937, writing under “Point Grey Still Grows,” records this bear as having been killed in Kerrisdale, 27 July 1911.

Soon after the Richmond Rifle Range was opened in October 1904, Captain J. Reynolds Tite purchased, from Mr. Magee, the site of his subsequently beautiful home on Marine Drive, then Magee Road, about a mile from Magee Station on the interurban line; he cleared the site with his own hands largely. There was a great deal of forest around; Magee Road was a forest road; there was a small shingle or sawmill, with a railway siding, on the interurban just south of Magee station.

I met Captain Tite one morning as he was entering his office. He said that a cougar crossed in front of him as he came up the road that morning; wished he had had his rifle; said that he frequently saw deer.

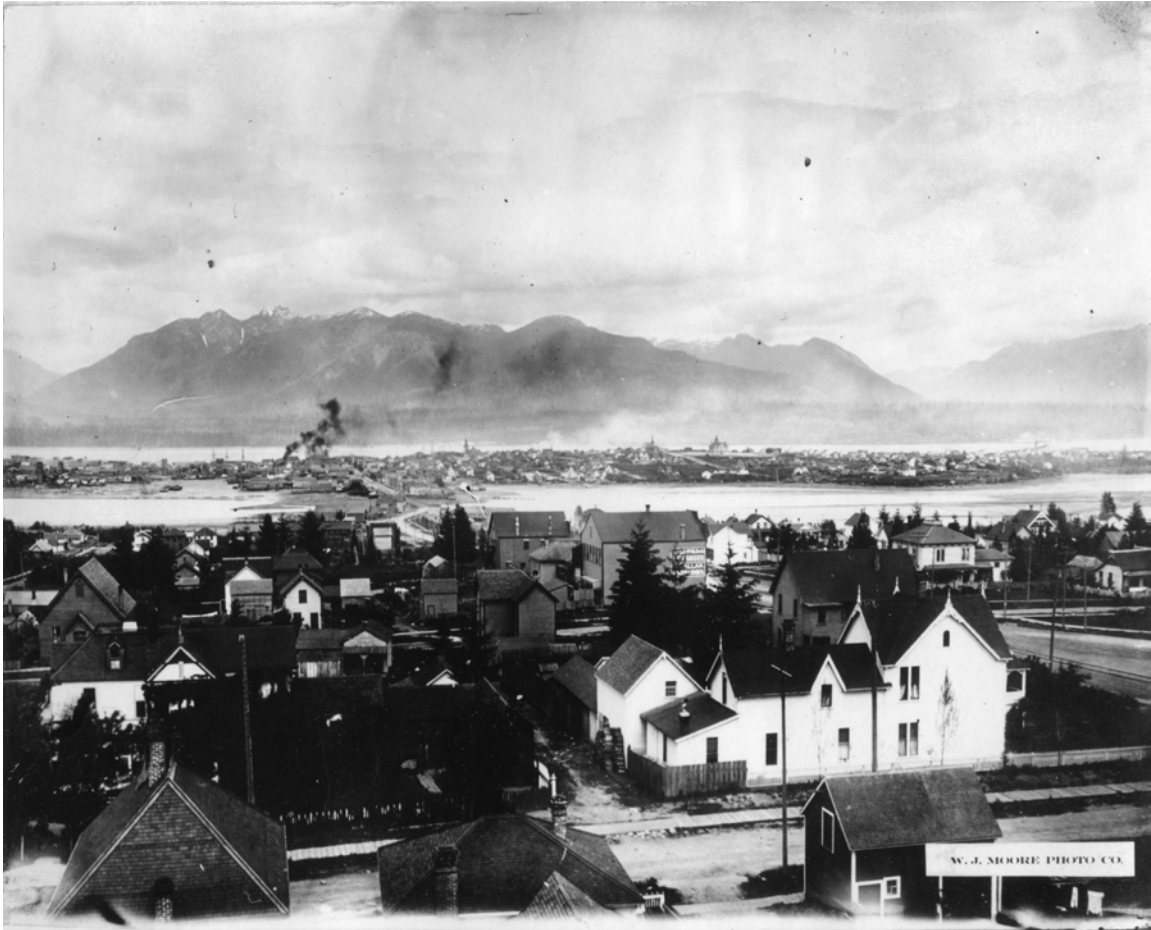
About 1902, possibly earlier or later, a telephone message was received in the Imperial Oil Company's office, then in the DeBeck Block, Hastings Street, asking Mr. C.M. Rolston—then bookkeeper, for many years after manager—to hurry home as a bear was near the fence at the back of their garden at the corner of 13th Avenue and Ontario Street.

The writer went to live at 1343 Maple Street, between Kitsilano Beach and the Indian Reserve, in December 1911. For three or four years afterwards there were coons in the Kitsilano Indian Reserve; my son Hugh hunted them.

Before 1913, before the Pacific Dredging Company filled in, with sand pumped from False Creek, the muskeg at the back of the Kitsilano Beach, a deep slough, filled with sluggish water, ran from about the Henry Hudson School to the centre of the beach. It crossed the street car fill through a culvert, and ran northwesterly through what is now Laburnum Street to the beach. My son Hugh caught several muskrats there in 1911–1913. Hardpan was about four feet down through the muskeg; the muskeg was rank with coarse grass and small bushes, willows, etc.; the banks of the slough, which was too wide to jump across, overhung with vegetation of various sorts; the ground was black loam, the decayings of centuries, and strong enough to support a man's weight, dry enough to walk across; a veritable muskrat paradise.

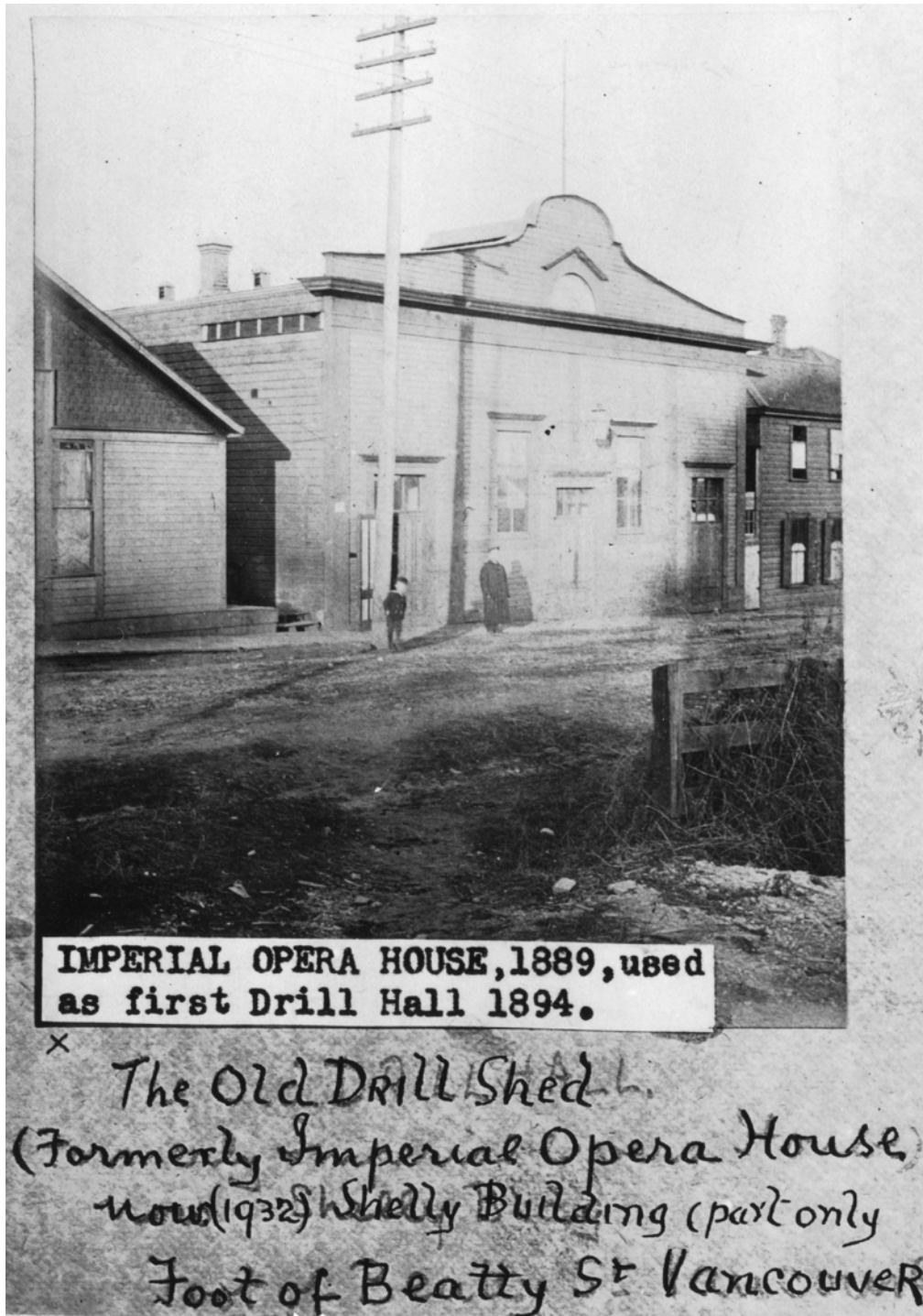
About 1887, a wolf was shot, behind what is now the bathhouse on Kitsilano Beach. It was shot out of the bedroom window by Mr. Sam Greer, and its body found dead in the garden when daylight came.

J.S.M.



Westminster Ave. and Bridge - Bridge Hotel. about 1890
False Creek mudflats.

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0031



IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE, 1889, used
as first Drill Hall 1894.

x
The Old Drill Shed
(Formerly Imperial Opera House)
now (1932) Shelly Building (part only)
Foot of Beatty St Vancouver

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0032

THE LATE CORP. J. Z. HALL.

VANCOUVER'S first volunteer soldier was Corp. J. Z. Hall, who in 1885 journeyed from Gastown to New Westminster through the tall timbers to attend drills. The uniform is that of the British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, a descendant unit of the historic Seymour Battery of crown colony days. His residence in later days was the well-known "Killarney," Point Grey road, still the residence of his widow, Mrs. J. Z. Hall.

Unveiled at a parade of the entire Vancouver garrison at Christ Church Cathedral on Sunday, Nov. 13, 1932 by Master Gunner J. C. Cornish, First Serjt Major in Vancouver. Afterwards, from chancel steps, Brig. Gen. T. Sutherland Brown, C.M.G., D.O.C. M.D. No 11, delivered an inspiring address on the history of Canadian volunteers for 250 years. Corp. Hall's daughter sat in the front row. His Worship Mayor H.D. Taylor was present.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0033



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0034

30 JUNE 1931 - MOUNT PLEASANT. RIFLES AND RIFLE SHOOTING. 13TH AVENUE WEST.

I joined the old Sixth Regiment, the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, as a private, on 17 March 1903, being the first man sworn in to G Company, when the regiment was enlarged by two new companies. It was the only militia unit in Vancouver at the time.

At that time, Mr. C.M. Rolston, then bookkeeper and salesman of the Imperial Oil Company Limited, afterwards Imperial Oil Limited, of which he was for a quarter of a century or more manager, lived at the corner of Ontario Street and 13th Avenue.

In due course, I was issued a rifle, a .303 Lee-Enfield, and one evening in the summer of 1903, I turned up at his home. We went down 13th Avenue to the west a few yards, set up a canvas target about four feet square, and used 13th Avenue, firing west, as our rifle range. The rifle was capable of throwing its projectile 2,700 yards, a muzzle velocity of, say, 2,200 feet per second.

At that time, all west of Ontario Street was second growth woods; 13th Avenue, to the west, was a narrow trail for some 200 or 300 yards, and then melted into a path, finally to disappear altogether.

J.S. Matthews

THE FIRST DRILL HALL. THE IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE.

(Photograph in J.C. Cornish album in Archives.)

The old Drill Shed on Pender Street was, at first, the Imperial Opera House, built in 1889, and it is to perpetuate the site, now occupied by the Shelly Building, formerly the Duncan Building, that the regiments of Vancouver subscribed together for a memorial tablet, not yet unveiled, in 1931. The tablet reads:

“HERE STOOD the Drill Shed within which the pioneer corps of volunteer soldiers of Vancouver, the British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery first paraded, January 16th 1894, and from whence departed the contingent to the South African War. GOD SAVE THE KING.”

30 JUNE 1931 - POINT GREY SCHOOL.

The first school in Point Grey originally stood on the site of the present Queen Mary School, but was moved when the Queen Mary was built, and now stands in the 4300 block on the north side of Sixth Avenue West. Queen Mary stands on Fifth Avenue and Trimble Street, and is said to stand upon the most beautiful school site in Canada, originally the old site of the first school. It was a two-storey building (photo, as in 1931, with Miss Violette Russell, one of the first ten pupils, in Archives.) (See N.H. Russell.)

Miss Russell, now of 4406 West Second Avenue, daughter of Mr. N.H. Russell (who died June 1931), an early resident of Point Grey (see Wild animals of Vancouver) says that at first they used the lower floor only. The first teacher was Miss Mackenzie—she taught all grades—the second, Miss Shaw. She thinks the school was built twenty-three years ago. Her brother Dudley was another of the first ten pupils.

WILD ANIMALS OF VANCOUVER.

The school was heated by cordwood, and the cordwood pile was the abode of a skunk; the school had to be closed for a day or so upon one occasion when the skunk became too familiar.

ANGLICAN CHURCH IN POINT GREY.

The first church services of the Anglicans were held in the old school, the children's seats being used as pews. These were the first public services; prior to that, the church services—that is, the very first services of that denomination—were held in Mrs. William Godfrey's home, as also were the first Sunday schools.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0035

VANCOUVER CELEBRATES HER FIRST DOMINION DAY.

Published, *Vancouver Province*, 28 June 1931.

It was an historic day for Vancouver—Dominion Day, 1887—indeed for all British Columbia, and for Canada; one might almost venture to include the British Empire, for throughout history there have been few days fraught with greater symbolic drama. It passed, as famous days must even do, its significance largely imperceptible, its theme scarce recognised, save by the more thoughtful actors in the play; the remainder regaled themselves to the pleasures of the hour, all unmindful of its meaning.

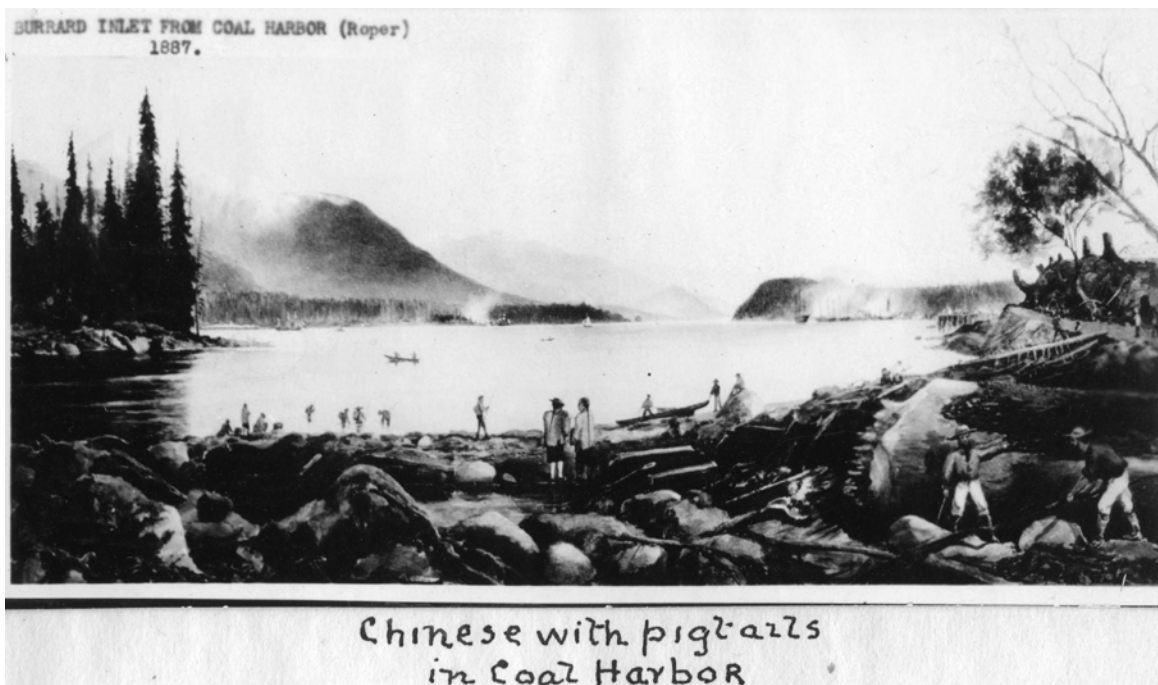
For aeons, pure land had lain in motionless repose; a silent space, sans history, sans romance; an empty thing hidden beneath an almost interminable green carpet of boundless forest spreading on and beyond, pierced at wide intervals by white streaks of snow capped ranges, like foaming crests of billows breaking in green seas. Had some astral astronomer, peering through his lens from some far distant star, studied the region, he might have pondered and theorised upon the strange phenomenon he saw; an earthly paradise isolated and unoccupied in an old and densely populated world. As the stream of empires slowly wended westward, each wave of civilisation had swept its distance; now finally the last wave had reached the "farthest west," and,

as though in haste to regain lost centuries, the “farthest west” began making history at a prodigious rate.

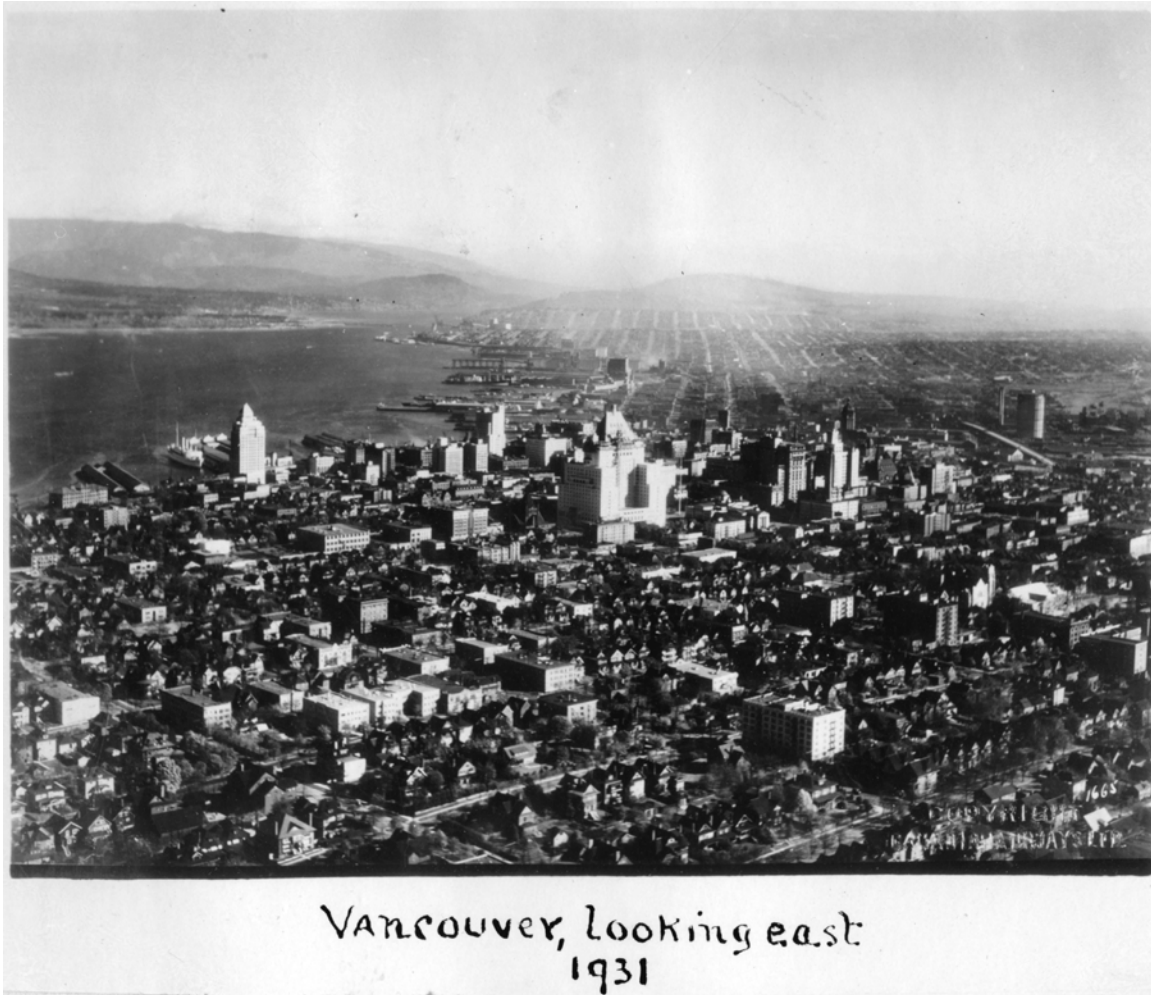
A world event had happened in Vancouver a month previously. Figuratively, the mythical “Straights of Anian” (Northwest Passage) for which navigators had searched for a century and a half, and with which certain imaginative Spanish explorers had so often—on maps—joined the Atlantic to the Pacific, had at last been traversed. On the eve of the Queen’s Birthday, 1887, the Canadian Pacific Railway had reached Vancouver, closed the last gap in the “All-Red Route” and had raised the obscure settlement on the muddy shore of Water Street, sobriquetly termed Gastown, to the status of a world port; a dockless world port to be sure, but nevertheless soon to reorient the gyrations of world trade. Now, five weeks later, came further notable events, the principal perhaps being the celebration, the first celebration, in Vancouver, of Canada’s natal day, Dominion Day.

Sixteen years earlier, the crown colony of British Columbia had joined the confederation of eastern provinces, but geographically she remained as remote as ever, shut off by mountains, inaccessible to the eastern domain save by passage through a foreign land, and those who went thither were said to have “gone to Canada.” To the average inhabitant of self-contained British Columbia, the new Dominion remained what it had always been, a somewhat distant thing of scant acquaintanceship, and slight mutuality in history, business or sport. Many living recalled the “old days” when their paterfamilias, the Hudson’s Bay Company, had leased all Vancouver’s Island for seven shillings a year, and took in the mainland for good measure, they had prospered then, and under the crown colony regime which followed; their literature was still almost entirely British. Nor had time completely healed memories of “Carnarvon Terms,” and the bitterness of confederation controversies.

On the other hand, the United Kingdom had mothered British Columbia. Their interests in state, family, finance and commerce was interwoven by long association. The fondness for the Motherland was deep-rooted; her very laws were our laws. No less potent, especially in the cities of Victoria and New Westminster, was the profound sentiment of attachment to the person of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria; the former city had been named in her honour; the latter name she herself had chosen, and a local colloquialism termed it the “Royal City.” Her birthday had been a day of rejoicing since grey haired men were babes, and as time passed and her long reign drew nearer and nearer to its Jubilee, a great wave of devotion to Victoria the Good swept through men’s minds.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0036



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0037

No such emotional sentiments gripped allegiance to the new dominion; and in the earlier days following confederation, the celebration of our national birthday was, in the west at least, unimpassioned. British Columbia continued to enthuse in the great birthday as its great holiday, and at that time British Columbia meant Victoria and New Westminster, for Vancouver had no existence. Tradition wields a mighty power in the British race.

The affinities of Vancouver were constricted by no such deferential sensibility to old custom. Within a few short months the embryo metropolis had passed from wilderness to village, from village to ashes, and from ashes to a florescent city, and all this was due to the new railway. The entrance of our province into the Dominion, the construction of the railway, and the great purpose of Confederation, all three were historically and in fact insolubly associated; two of these had long since been effected; now the third and last was accomplished. The dreams of great dreamers had come true; Canada at last was whole. It was but natural that the fountain of so much good fortune should be in high favour. With much enthusiasm and patriotic fervour our city worthies prepared to celebrate the anniversary of confederation with grand commemorative ceremonies; the first in Vancouver.

Fate set the stage with consummate discrimination; it was most wisely arranged and appropriately timed. The traditional festal dates of the older cities did not conflict; the inauguration of our first civic holidays would coincide; the Queen's Jubilee festivities would run concurrent; the wonderful new railway would attract the interested and curious from all directions—many had

never seen a train—just a month after completion. There would be much sightseeing, the warships, the clearing operations, the new buildings and the spectacular ceremonies. The weather, just past midsummer, would assuredly be propitious.

During June, large notices appeared in small newspapers which read:



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0038



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0039



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0040



about 1929

C. P. R. Pier - "B" & "C."
- foot of Burrard St.

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0041

(Royal Coat of Arms)
 "1837-1887"
 THE CITY OF VANCOUVER
 EXTENDS AN INVITATION TO THE PUBLIC
 GENERALLY TO JOIN ITS CITIZENS IN
 THE CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE YEAR
 OF THE REIGN OF
 HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA
 @ @ @ @ @
 DOMINION DAY
 @ @ @ @
 The completion of the CANADIAN
 PACIFIC RAILWAY to its western terminus,
 and the inauguration of a complete rail
 and steamship route from the Orient to
 the Occident on BRITISH TERRITORY.
 @@@
 ON THE FIRST OF JULY NEXT
 By order of the Committee

The announcement was headed by the Royal coat of arms, a crown colony practice which survived for many years.

But all this was not the complete programme. The eventful day would not only commemorate our national birthday, found our first festival, celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, herald the coming of the railway, but there was to be yet another incident, trivial in itself, of marked historical interest; the invasion of our city by an armed force. There would be a procession, and in that procession would march a body of armed soldiers in uniform; disciplined troops of the Dominion of Canada; the first to read within our boundaries. Of this more anon.

The morning of July 1st broke bright and clear, "Queen's weather," a happy omen, and with the rise of the sun the bustle commenced; amongst pioneers sleepy heads are few, or not at all. The old C.P.R. wharf, a mere platform on piles, was fairly crowded when the paddle steamer *Yosemite*, eight hours out from Victoria, and her huge walking beam, drew in from Victoria with three hundred passengers blackening her decks. Mayor Fell and the Corporation of Victoria, and the members of the Provincial House, were received with suitable ceremony, and conducted, no, not to the Hotel Vancouver; that edifice was rising out of a vacant confusion of stumps; the lacrosse team went to the Dougall House (southeast corner of Cordova and Abbott streets). Then came the *Amelia* from Nanaimo, and the *Pearl*—believed to be from the north arm of the Fraser River—and the *Pacific Express*, the C.P.R. train from Montreal to Port Moody at first, afterwards to Vancouver, brought more.

The more numerous Royal City contingent, which six weeks earlier would have been obliged to come by road and horse-drawn stage, or, alternatively, perhaps by the steamer service operating on the Fraser River from New Westminster to Nanaimo via way ports of Gastown and Port

Moody, came by the new train route now that the rails were laid, and as the train ran its course along the sinuous shores of Burrard Inlet from Westminster Junction, now Coquitlam, the excursionists were delighted with the beauty of forest and fjord—their first glimpse—verdant in its primeval splendour. Finally, the train crossed a trestle spanning a boulder-strewn mud flat, and then, a moment later, stopped at “VANCOUVER,” a wooden shed built over the water at the foot of a cliff beneath Granville Street, at 9:30 a.m.

On board were the Mayor and Council of New Westminster, No. 1 Battery British Columbia Garrison Artillery, the New Westminster Rifles, the Hyack Fire Company, welcomed by a delegation from the volunteer fire brigade including our venerable ex-Fire Chief J.H. Carlisle, and the Caledonian Society. The troops formed, climbed the incline leading to Cordova Street, and marched, via Water Street, to the old “rink” (Hart’s Opera House) on Carrall Street, stacked arms, fell out, and to breakfast.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0042

Vancouver was radiant in the sunshine of a brilliant summer’s day, the citizens in festive mood and gay attire, the decorations lavish. The arch, a semi-circular wooden framework, thirty feet high, erected five weeks earlier for the C.P.R.’s arrival, and left standing, spanned Cordova Street nearer Carrall than Abbott, and attracted much attention from the visitors. A bold inscription, “TO OUR VISITORS AND THE C.P.R. TO ITS PACIFIC TERMINUS” encircled it, and it was otherwise covered with evergreens interspersed with mottos, shields, and banners taken from *Engine No. 374* which had drawn the first train into Vancouver. Her Majesty’s flagship *Triumph*,

and her escort H.M.S. *Caroline* of the “Queen’s Navee,” under command of Sir Michael Culme Seymour, were both “dressed,” and added to the lively appearance of the waterfront. Blue Jackets and marines were ashore in large numbers.

The leading feature of the day was the procession, unless perhaps it was the numbers of the fair sex, always rare morsels in a frontier town. The lack of space created great difficulty in arranging the parade; our city’s growth had been phenomenal, and pioneering and pageantry don’t synchronise. Cordova Street, our principal thoroughfare, now boasted more than half its width, a roadway of planks, eighteen months earlier it had been a trail in the old clearing of Granville Townsite. (O.G.T.) The tides of Burrard Inlet still seeped onto the low land beneath the stilted boardwalks on Water Street; a walk from Water Street to Pender Street at high tide usually meant wet feet; skunk cabbage grew in the muskeg, and the rotting debris sometimes gave off queer effluvia. At the False Creek end of Carrall Street, an indent brought those waters—and floating logs—almost to Pender Street. In the east, beyond Westminster Avenue (Main Street) lay the rim of the unfelled bush, in the west, beyond Victory Square, stumps and debris littered the landscape, and the fires of the burning operations filled the air with smoke and the sweet aroma of burning pitch.

For nearly an hour, George Black, the marshal, and his assistants, R.C. Ferguson, manager of the big sawmill on Carrall Street (Royal City Planing Mills), Jonathan Miller, the postmaster, and Thomas Dunn, the hardware magnate, juggled the column of marchers about, pawns on a chess board of planked lanes. Finally, at 11 a.m. the procession moved off.

It was a simple yet inspiring spectacle; a triumphal symbolism of accomplishment in the victorious achievement of which generations of stout Canadian hearts had given life and effort for the mastery of the obstinate wilderness. What Roman general’s triumphant entry in state ever provided so significant a scene as this unpretentious processional march; less blatantly spectacular to behold, perhaps, yet no less momentous than any pageant Rome ever saw. No sword was drawn, no horn sounded, no slaves exhibited, yet here, in epitomised portrayal, was real imperial achievement. A reflective mind, gazing on that parade, must have pondered a solemn thought on the decades of blood, sacrifice and heartaches it had cost.

Ludicrous features were not absent, and raised a hearty laugh then as now. All the dignitaries could not be crushed into the city’s only brougham; the remainder were conveyed in springless lumber wagons, camouflaged into beauty with coloured bunting, and as these bumpy bumped along, midst the plaudits of an admiring populace, the hurts suffered may have been more contributory to the gravity of the sages than any too serious appreciation of their own importance. Some rode thus who later clambered down muttering, “Thank goodness; that’s over.”

The band of H.M.S. *Triumph*, the British Columbia Garrison Artillery, and the New Westminster Rifles led the parade in the order named. The brougham containing Mayor MacLean (Vancouver), Mayor Fell (Victoria) and Major Dickenson (New Westminster) came next, followed by the councils of each city, the Caledonian Society, the Victoria band, St. George’s Society, the Freemasons, the Oddfellows, United Workmen, and Orangemen. The Vancouver City Band led the Hyack Fire Company, the Nanaimo and Vancouver Fire Brigades, and the first engine, our first, closed up the rear.

To follow the route they took, we must resort to explicatives, or we shall get lost in “Old Vancouver.”

Starting at the old City Hall on Powell Street, just below Westminster Avenue, we march towards old Granville (Gastown) to the Maple Tree and enter Water Street, thence in the direction of the C.P.R. Townsite (West End) along Water and Cordova streets, pass the old wooden building used as the C.P.R. offices, and turn up Granville Street, a new road not long since graded, to the Hastings Street corner, now Post Office, and then turn easterly through the vacant lots of Hastings Street. In front of Spencers Limited, there is a narrow two-plank sidewalk, and beneath it is a shack, on the roof of which young Mr. George Schetky landed when he fell from his old style “penny-ha’penny” bike. The procession finally reaches Westminster Avenue, turns north along the Avenue, now west again down Oppenheimer Street (now Cordova Street East) to Carrall Street.

Here, after this circuitous perambulation, we enter the principal retail street, Cordova Street, and halt to be photographed—for these are the days of still photos—after which we proceed to the junction of Water Street, turn back on that street, disband, and have for fare that delicious titbit, the long forgotten dish of salmon bellies.

The display was a grand success. The artillery, under the command of the late Captain W. Norman Bole, and the Rifles, under Captain E.S. Scoullar, a noted rifle shot, called for especial mention. As they marched down Hastings Street, their carriage, step and “touch”—at that time, soldiers marched lightly touching their comrades on either side—was perfect, the whole marching like a solid body. The Caledonian Society, with their fine old piper, attracted much attention. The Hyack, Nanaimo and Vancouver Fire Brigades, in neat uniforms, were much admired. The playing of the City Band was said to have been the “best in the province.” A regatta for decked and undecked boats, a hose reel race, a lacrosse match, which Victoria won, were other items on the day’s programme.

At night, the appearance of the town, especially from the waterfront, was like a scene from fairy-land; long lines of Chinese lanterns of varied colours added to the subdued luster, while nearly every window had its lamp. Cordova Street was, of course, illuminated, with kerosene lamps on lamp posts, one here, another there, and a few more glimmered on the crooked road to Hastings Mill. A merchant advertises “Colored candles for decorations.” Prominent among the illuminations was the fire hall, built on the site of our first “government offices,” on Water Street, around the corner from Carrall Street, which had a long string of lanterns from the flagstaff to the ground, the Dougall House with evergreen lines of lights, the Gold House and the Leland House with Chinese lanterns, while the residence of the late R.H. Alexander at Hastings Mill was fully illuminated with a device bearing the letters *V.R.*

The men of war in the harbour presented a truly magnificent appearance. Long lines of Chinese lanterns stretched from stem to stern, and a bright light burned at each masthead. At a bugle call from the flagship, blue lights burned at each yard arm. The searchlights from each vessel were flashing through the air, now thrown upon the sea of upturned faces on Water Street, now upon the rippling surface of the harbour, and again upon the green branches of the forest surroundings.

The visitors departed, gracious in their encomiums, but not without some consciousness of discomfiture, politely concealed. They had been honoured guests at the ceremonial deprivation of their own leadership; henceforth, the new City of Vancouver would march in front.

Not all of our pioneers went to bed that night; some forgot the trivial necessity for a day or so, but such as did go, went pleasantly tired.

What a privilege had been theirs! Witnesses of one of the most historic assemblages in Canadian history; in the lesser sense a mere frontier frolic; in the greater sense, a progress; the triumphal imperial progress of an empire.

We may now return to the soldiers marching in the van of the parade. Who are these petty few, these forty-seven all told; seventeen gunners and thirty riflemen?

This is the might and majesty of the “greatest empire that has been” entering, for the first time, upon a virgin city of its own creation. Here comes the sovereign authority of an empery; their mere presence silently promulgating British power and British law. This is the advance guard; all who come later must follow. Today they come for pleasure, tomorrow—and there will be a tomorrow—they will come again, with solemn visage for stern duty. Even at that moment, destiny had decreed this tiny patrol, tramping down the “dirt” road flanked by vacant lots, now known as Hastings Street, to be the precursors of a great host; the very ground they trod—that dusty path—will yet resound with the footfalls of martial thousands marching on to perhaps Paardeberg, perhaps Passchendaele, perhaps to the unstoried warfare of the unknown future. Bend in gratitude that our fair demesne was first invaded by troops who came a-merrymaking and with music; no shot was fired, no semblance of the tragic accompaniments of less fortunate colonisations.

The full story of this early cohort was almost lost; a whim of chance rescued it. The late Judge Bole, in early days a lieutenant in the historic Seymour Battery, once lamented that he possessed scarcely a relic to prove that he had ever worn a uniform; all perished in the Great Fire of 1898 at New Westminster. Fate evidently relented of her harshness, for the chance glance of a passerby, an officer, into a shop window, caught an old photograph yellowing in the sun, and, indirectly, led to this story being recorded herein.

The scene is the planked roadway of Cordova Street, the location just west of Abbott Street, and in the background the Cosmopolitan Hotel. The band of H.M.S. *Triumph* leads, followed by No. 1 Battery, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, in busbies, seventeen of all ranks. The New Westminster Rifles, the earliest volunteer militia of the mainland crown colony of British Columbia, organised 1863 during the governorship of Sir James Douglas, in helmets, thirty of all ranks, is in the rear. All have come, with courtly goodwill, to join in our gala day rejoicings.



CORDOVA ST. 1887 First celebration
of Dominion Day in Vancouver

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0043

Both units of volunteers are from New Westminster, splendid men and young, mostly “just privates,” some destined to rise to eminence in public and private life. Their part in the Great War was the preparation for it; their medal-less breasts must not go unhonoured because time and fate chose a younger generation to apply the lessons they had taught.

The tiny brigade of sixty-five—artillery, rifles and band—was under the command of Captain W. Norman Bole (the late Judge Bole), formerly of the Seymour Battery, so named in honour of Governor Seymour, the successor of Sir James Douglas. In crown colony days, the Seymour

Battery was, although located in another hemisphere, an integral part of the volunteer forces of the United Kingdom, and administered by the British War office. After confederation, it continued as formerly until 1883, when it became No. 1 Battery, B.C.B.G.A., and the following year Captain Bole succeeded to the command. Lieutenant Chas McNaughten, also in the picture, succeeded him in 1889. The senior N.C.O. is Battery Sergeant Major William Davison, late Seymour Battery, and still a resident of New Westminster.

The uniform of the Seymour Battery was identical to that of the Royal Artillery, i.e. bearskin busby with white plume, blue tunics with red facings, but with altered shoulder straps, and minus the Royal monogram *V.R.I.*

The New Westminster Rifles, originally formed largely of Royal Sappers and Miners who had elected to remain behind when that historic corps returned to England, was commanded by Captain E.S. Scoullar, their last commander before disbandment in the early 1890s. This venerable volunteer, now past three score years and ten, and a resident of Kerrisdale, it was who once chartered a "troopship" to convey his Rifles to Victoria for the defence of Beacon Hill against three "hostile" British warships; part of the Golden Jubilee celebrations. His predecessor in command, Captain Adolphus Peele, of the vanished Peele Rifle Butts, and another grand old volunteer without whom no parade ever formed, appears as an unattached officer in the rear. Lieutenant Doane, of the Bank of British Columbia, New Westminster, is on parade, as also a third officer, Lieutenant R.J. Rickman, chief accountant, Royal City Planing Mills, New Westminster.

The senior sergeant is John Reid—twenty-eight years later to serve as Captain John Reid in the Great War—founder of the Westminster Iron Works, and long to be a prominent citizen of that city.

The black uniform of the Rifles was similar to that worn by the famous Rifle Brigade of the British army; black, with black braidings and red facings. The helmet, with Maltese cross and crown, were the gift of their devoted commander, Captain Scoullar.

The headquarters of both units was, at one time, an ancient building on Clarkson Street, New Westminster. They were armed with the short Snider-Enfield rifle, which used black powder, fired a lead bullet over half an inch thick (.557), went off with a roar and a cloud of white smoke, and kicked "like a mule." It was the first breech loading rifle issued to the British army.

Subsequent members of the artillery included Captain T.O. Townley, who, in 1893, raised the first militia unit in Vancouver and who, in 1901, while mayor of Vancouver, received Their Majesties The King and Queen, then T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. Another is that splendid artilleryman Master Gunner J.C. Cornish, now of White Rock, once master gunner of the R.C.A., of C Battery, and the first sergeant major of the Vancouver militia. He was a member of Canada's first permanent forces.

The later history of these two units is, briefly, that the artillery prospered and became the progenitor of, first, the present Fifth British Columbia Coast Brigade, Canadian Artillery, Victoria, and, secondly, the British Columbia Regiment (Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles), Vancouver, the perpetuating unit of the famous Seventh, C.E.F. The New Westminster Rifles were disbanded.

Such is the proud chronicle of one of the most inspiring episodes in Canadian history, a story which, mellowed by time and the perspective of distance, will yet enchant the coming generations. Of the participants, those sterling men and gracious women few survive; the intervening years—forty-four—have taken their natural toll, but to such as do survive, as also to those who have passed away, posterity bows in admiring tribute. No medieval knights in coats of mail, nor ladies fair in marbled halls, were ever endowed with courage more valiant, nor grace more gentle, than those intrepid practical souls who carved out of the forest jungle our green lawns and monumental edifices. Their honourable estate needs no verbose eulogy, their tradition is in a nation's keeping, a city is their monument, and their memories are cherished in a proud and grateful land.

J.S. Matthews

GOD SAVE THE KING.

TESTING THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE.

Vancouver News, August 2nd 1886

Made on the evening of August 1st.

Fire brigade hauled it to Cambie Street wharf where there was no boardwalk. Planks were laid down. Water gotten from the Inlet—no tanks then.

3 JULY 1931 - EARLY FIRES. FIRE ENGINES AND “M.A. MACLEAN.” THE “COFFEE BRIGADE.” WATER.

“I remember the water tank at the corner of Dunsmuir and Granville, but I do not remember the one on Carrall Street,” related Mr. Geo. L. Schetky, at one time president, about 1887 or 1890 (see Vancouver directory) of the Vancouver Fire Brigade. “There was a tank at the junction of Water and Cordova, opposite Kelly, Douglas and Company’s present warehouse, and a few yards from Spencers Limited. I am glad you have found a photo of the first fire engine, the “M.A. MacLean.”

“That reminds me of a fire which occurred at the corner of Howe and Hastings streets, where Macaulay, Nicolls and Maitland are now—the real estate people. We got the water at the tank at the junction of Water and Cordova streets; we had two thousand feet of hose, and we laid it up Richards and Hastings streets.”

Query: What sort of fire was it?

“Bush fire, July 1887. It was where Father Clinton lost his hat. All the ground up there at that time was just like any other cleared ground, dried decayed wood, dried leaves, and sticks; you would put a fire out, and in ten minutes turn around and find it all aglow again; the smoke was pretty thick; you could not see. The engine was down at the tank on Cordova Street. The ground was all afire, and burning like a punk stick; you could not stand it long, so when they relieved me I took a walk back along the hose to see how it was standing it, and if there were any leaks at the joints. I went down to the engine. ‘Daddy’ Cameron was there, and I said to him, ‘How’s things?’ He replied, ‘All right, but you had better not stay here.’ I said, ‘Why?’ He replied, ‘Look at the gauge.’ I looked at the steam gauge; it was 160 pounds, and the water gauge showed 250 pounds on the hose—pumping uphill. However, she stood it, and I went back.

“Just as I reached there, out of the smoke came a man—I never found out who he was. He handed me a bill, a two dollar bill, and said, ‘Buy the boys a drink.’ Somewhere about three in the morning we had the fire out, and as we passed the Dougall House, I said, ‘Come on here, boys, let’s have a drink of beer.’

“We went in, and I laid the two dollar bill on the counter, but the barkeeper said, ‘No use here,’ and added, ‘Anytime you fellows want a drink you don’t need that,’ and he pushed it back.

“When we got back to the fire hall we found the women had all turned out, and had hot coffee and sandwiches for us. That was the start of the ‘Coffee Brigade.’ After that the women always turned out and had coffee and sandwiches for us when we got back.”

FATHER CLINTON.

“Father Clinton, who was helping us, lost his hat in the fire. He never found it. But about twenty years after, about, I think it was at the Strathcona Hotel, we presented Father Clinton with a new hat. Oh, yes, it was a volunteer fire brigade.

"One day, I don't just recall when, we were having a calathumpian parade or something, and all the parsons in the city took part. They were to ride in carriages, and Father Clinton got in with them. We went after him; he was seated in a buggy. We shouted, 'Hey, aren't you coming to pull the hose reel?' He got down out of the buggy, deserted the parsons' brigade, and took his proper place at the hose reel."

(Above was read to Mr. J.A. Mateer, who confirms it as correct.)

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Mrs. S.H. Ramage, 27 September 1937: "Mr. Schetky is perfectly correct; that was the start of the "Coffee Brigade." I was only in my teens then, but when they got back from the fire, we were there awaiting them. Oh, we had good times in those good old days."

J.S.M.

3 JULY 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. FATHER CLINTON.

"When the big fire broke out" (13 June 1886), "I was over at the Indian Mission," continued Mr. Schetky, "across the Inlet in Arthur Sullivan's sailboat; just for a sail; we left about half past one, and it took us about half an hour to go over to the Mission—a good breeze. We had just got there, and signaled for an Indian to bring a canoe, and Sullivan had just got ashore, when someone came running along the shore, and said the city was on fire; we started right back.

"The fire looked as though it was Joe Manion's place, and Sullivan had his mother stopping there; we raced back, and although she was a half decked sailboat, she was shipping water over the bow. Presently Sullivan said there was nothing for it, but we had to take in sail, so I took in the jib, and with some help, managed to put two reefs in the main sail, and even then I have heard it said that it took us just twenty minutes from the Mission to Hastings Mill.

"We tried to make for Carrall Street, but the wind was so strong it blew us down to the Hastings Mill, and we landed on the slab pile"—at this point, Mr. Schetky pointed to the smoke coming from the slab pile on the point, where for many years the Hastings Mill burned their slabs—see photo, "Before the Fire"—"and went through the Hastings Mill yard. After we got through, the first thing we saw was Father Clinton on top of Mr. Alexander's house throwing water on blankets which had been laid on the roof to catch the sparks. The fire had run right up to Mr. Alexander's house. There were four little cottages just close to Mr. Alexander's house, with white roofs. They do not seem to show in this photo. It looks as though this scratching has scratched out Mr. Alexander's house. And then, whether it was the big stump, or a change of wind, I do not know, but the fire went off in a southerly direction for a space, and then came back. It just curved around Mr. Alexander's house, burned up three out of the four cottages, and left Mr. Alexander's house, and one of the cottages—the one Joe Coldwell" (or Caldwell) "lived in—untouched. Mr. Alexander's house was just before you came to the mill property.

"Harry Hemlow was keeping the Sunnyside Hotel at the time of the fire.

"It was just after that parade that we had a fire up here, just about fifty yards or so from this office," continued Mr. Schetky, whose office is in the Royal Trust Building, Pender Street West, when I showed him a photograph of soldiers in procession on Cordova Street, Dominion Day, 1887. "We had quite a scare for a while. They were clearing land at the corner of Howe and Pender streets, and the fire got away from them; the clearing was all dry debris; it burned some houses."

Mr. Schetky was shown the photograph of the arrival of the "First train in Vancouver."

"This little tower is the tower of No. 1 Fire Hall after the fire. The building stood on Water Street, south side, about fifty feet west of Carrall Street, next to the Alhambra Hotel."

(Note: the tower can be seen about one and three quarter inches to the left of the right edge of the photograph, and in line with the top of a tall thin black stump.)

"The night of the Great Fire, I sat in a chair in the Hastings Mill store all night, and the next day took my books and \$600 in cash, and went over to New Westminster and put the money in the bank."

"My uncle, Lewis Carter, of the Carter House, told me that, when the fire broke out, he was halfway up Mount Pleasant" (up Westminster Avenue on Mount Pleasant), "and started to run back. He ran a long way, then walked to regain his breath, then started running again, and got as far as the corner of Cordova Street East and Main Street" (Westminster Avenue), "and then turned west down Cordova Street slope. The wind was so strong that he could hardly make headway. He got as far as Carrall Street, but the fire prevented further progress and he turned and went down Hastings Road with the crowd." – W.F. Findlay, Mr. Carter's nephew.



*"I think the building
in rear is the old
Regina Hotel, or
Oriental Hotel; most
likely the Regina.*

W.F. Findlay

The sign "POST OFFICE" in window

*North side Hastings St between Cambie and Homer St
almost at foot of Hamilton St*

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0044



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0045

3 JULY 1931 - POST OFFICES.

The first post office on Burrard Inlet is generally assumed to have been "Burrard Inlet," a post office conducted by the Hastings Sawmill prior to the creation of "Granville." The post office of "Granville" was a small building, or part of it, on the east side of Carrall Street, just south of the corner of Carrall Street and Powell; next to the Ferguson Block on the corner. After the first post office, that is, before the fire, "Granville," after the incorporation of the city, "Vancouver," both before the fire, was burned, a temporary post office was established in a cheap shack at the southern end of Carrall Street, where it remained a few weeks, and was then moved to Hastings Street. A photograph of the little building on Hastings Street is in the archives of the Vancouver Public Library.

"The first post office in Vancouver after the fire of June 1886," said Mr. William Bailey, "was in the little old frame one-storey building shown in this photograph, so my brother told me at the time I came here in 1890, in the fall of 1890. It was situated where the Kent Piano Company now is, or about there, between Homer and Hamilton streets, on the north side of Hastings Street West. Afterwards, it was used as a store by my brother. That is why the name 'C.S. Bailey and Co. Landscape Photographers' appears on the glass of those windows. He came here some time before I did.

"When I came here in 1890, there was nothing near that building, just vacant lots, a blankness. Right back of it was where Jonathan Miller, the first postmaster had lived, and a raised platform connected his dwelling to the post office at the time it was used as such. He must have lived there quite a time; a year or more after the fire; until the stone building in the next block up the street was built and in shape for occupancy.

"Jonathan Miller's dwelling behind my brother's store was used, when I came in 1890, as the Rosehill Dining Hall. It was right behind our photograph shop, and we went down some steps from Hastings Street to enter it, or it could be entered from the lane. Everyone ate there, it was just a rough place, but in those days there were no 'fancy hotels.'"

The British Columbia Directory of 1887 shows "Jonathan Miller, postmaster, Hastings Street," the Vancouver Directory of 1889 shows "Jonathan Miller, postmaster, residence 311 Hastings Street," and the same directory for 1890 shows "Jonathan Miller, post office, 309 Hastings Street West." The street numbers have been changed since.

Was this the place which caused all the complaint by the citizens of Vancouver, supported by a petition to the City Council, because it was so far out from the centre of civic life? I asked.

"I don't know, it may have been," said Mr. Bailey. "When I got here the post office was in the centre of the next block, opposite where the C.P.R. Telegraph is, and I think J. Oben, of Central Park, afterwards had a pastry shop in it. Jonathan Miller's son Walter is living—he would tell you; so is George Fowler."

Mr. Geo. L. Schetky, a very early pioneer, told me that when the post office was moved to the first Hastings Street site—it was numbered afterwards 227—there "was a terrific row; it was so far out."

"After my brother moved from 227 Hastings Street he located on Cordova Street, near Carrall, north side; the building is still standing, used as Woods Boot Shop, 160 Cordova Street West. Later we moved to the other side, between Abbott and Cambie. The block number 200, that is 227, on Hastings Street West, is now numbered 300," said Mr. Bailey.

J.S.M.

MEMORANDUM.

The very extensive collection of photographic plates of C.S. Bailey & Company were sold by Mr. William Bailey to the Dominion Photo Company about 1929. All are of priceless value, and they are very numerous. He sold them for \$50. All are early scenic.

There is a minute in the Minute book of the City Council recording the receipt of a petition from numerous citizens protesting against the removal of the post office and its establishment at so inconvenient a location. "Out in the woods."

6 JULY 1931 - SPRATT'S ARK, EARLY CANNERY IN VANCOUVER.

Spratt's Ark, a very early cannery in Vancouver, was located just west of Burrard Street; a sort of floating cannery, sometimes used as a wharf. Another very early cannery was at the foot of Burrard Street on False Creek—a small one. The largest cannery, the English Bay Cannery, stood a little to the east of the foot of Trutch Street—on English Bay. There was another, the Great Northern Cannery, almost opposite across the bay on an unnamed shore and in an unnamed district, now West Vancouver.

ENGLISH BAY CANNERY.

Of the English Bay Cannery, Lieutenant Colonel W.D.S. Rorison, M.C., V.D., son of R.D. Rorison, and member of the firm of R.D. Rorison and Company Limited, Dominion Building, formerly owners of the Royal Nurseries at Royal on the Eburne-Vancouver interurban line, now of Cambie, Lulu Island, said:

"We must have built our house at 3148 Point Grey Road in 1908. I think I lived there from 1908 to 1911 inclusive. Yes, we did buy the lumber of the old cannery, and used a lot of it in building our house; our rafters, and such heavy timbers; the outside lumber of the cannery was no use." (Note: it would be interesting to examine those timbers to see how they have stood the ravages of time.) "I have heard it said that when Mr. Alexander's house at the Hastings Sawmill was pulled down after the Great War, that the timbers were in excellent preservation, and they must have been placed there in the 1860s. There were fourteen rooms in our house, and it had a sort of peaked tower. It faced north."

As late as 1928, that is, roughly 25 years after the old English Bay Cannery ceased operations, a heap of rusty red iron stood, like an island, on the shore of Kitsilano waterfront under the old cannery location. It was the remains of the old scrap tin heap. In the earlier days, and after 1900, salmon cannery of the British Columbia coast made their own cans. A large amount of sheet tinned iron was used, and there was much waste in cutting out the round tops and bottoms from flat sheets. The waste clippings were shot through the cannery floor into the water beneath; it did not pay to save it.

6 JULY 1931 - SPANISH BANKS. "COLUMBIA RIVER" SALMON FISHING BOATS.

Prior to 1900, and for some years afterwards, the lights of the fishing boats, twinkling on the summer sea off Spanish Banks made a pretty evening sight for spectators on the shore of English Bay. Each boat was necessitated by law to carry two lights; one on the fishing boat, the other on a float at the end of the net. We were still in the sail age—there were gas engines, but few were used. The sails were stowed whilst fishing, and the hundreds, literally hundreds, of tiny lights flickering in the distance, the last light from the sun which had set, the smooth sea, made an enchanting summer's scene.

At that time, Spratt's Ark had long since disappeared, the cannery on False Creek was canning, without success, clams, etc. The fish caught off Spanish Banks and Point Grey were delivered for canning to the English Bay Cannery, the Great Northern Cannery, the cannery in a bay beyond Point Atkinson—around the corner of the lighthouse at Point Atkinson, and to North Arm and Fraser River canneries.

THE GREAT SALMON YEAR, 1900.

Bathing on the beaches of Vancouver was almost impossible for most part of a month in the summer of 1900; dead salmon lay on the shore in thousands. The ebb and flow of each tide

rolled them backwards and forwards on the sands. Strolling on the sands of English Bay was “dangerous,” especially in the twilight, for a decaying fish, half buried in the sand, was unnoticeable until, by a slipping step, it was detected; at other times, a foot trod upon one, and the decaying flesh stuck to the boot; the smell was extremely objectionable, could not be easily removed, and it was impossible to go home by street car until it had. For time, bathing was almost stopped entirely. A floating carcass, badly decayed after a week in the water, would bump a swimmer’s chin, or a swimming stroke would break it in two. That part of English Bay which lies at the foot of Denman Street—the bathing beach at that time was very much shorter than now, not more than perhaps 200 yards long—was strewn with dead salmon, and their stench was nauseating.

The tremendous catch on the Fraser River was the cause of this. It was the big year; divisible by four, and the canneries could not handle the tremendous number of salmon offered by the fishermen. During visits to Steveston I have heard fishermen cursing because, after having caught 500 or even 1000 fish, they would be told on arrival at the cannery that the day’s limit was 150, perhaps 200, maybe 250. The limit was not announced before the fish were caught; that would be impossible. Frequently, a boat would scarcely have finished putting out a net before it was full, the cedar floats had sunk, and before it could be got in again it was alive with fish. As will be seen by the daily newspapers of that period, the limit was published—merely as a news item to inform those interested as to how the canneries were operating. There was no thought seemingly that the day might come when willful waste would bring woeful want. The limit, as news, merely showed that the fish were running well, and the canneries well supplied and getting enough supplies to keep them busy as bees, which was expected during the short season.

On arrival at the cannery, the fishermen would anxiously enquire what the day’s limit was, perhaps 150—there were cases of less—perhaps 300 or more, but if he had more in his boat there was no lack of comment; anything from lamentations to curses. The requisite number, the limit, were pitched on the wharf, the rest thrown into the sea—with much grumbling at the labour thereof. Hundreds of boats were operating, and thus, in a week or ten days, the sea was littered with dead and decaying salmon, and there was no lack of supply.

It was a strikingly impressive sight to see the fishing boats leave Steveston on a Sunday evening. Promptly at six p.m. the gun would boom, signal that the fishing was to start, and the report would echo up and down the river. Scarcely had the echo died down than a low, rumbling roar would roll, as of a wagon trundling over a wooden bridge. It could be heard for a mile or more. It was the running of the cedar floats over the gunwales of the fishing boats. Then, almost simultaneously, a flight of hundreds of sails would creep out from their concealment around the cannery wharves, and, like a flock of gulls, drift out into the middle of the river, the fishermen paying out the nets, the rumbling of the floats would gradually die down; then all was still. The fleet was fishing.

It frequently happened, in 1900, that a boat would scarcely have completed putting out its nets before it was time to haul it in again; the floats began to disappear beneath the surface of the water, the black dots—the floats—would no longer be an even distribution curving on the surface; one here, another there, or a group, irregularly; the net was full. By the time it was hauled in, more would be in it until it was a labour to haul it in.

The fisherman returned to the cannery. “What’s the limit?” The checker would look down at his boat, full and low in the water with salmon, and shout back, “150,” perhaps 250, perhaps more. Then there was no lack of curses; all that labour, and luck, a boat full, perhaps 500, perhaps 800. The requisite limit was pitched on the wharf, and the remainder cast in the sea. And the fishermen growled as they did it; the “hard luck” of having caught too many.

This continued week after week, and thus it was that English Bay bathing beaches became, after a week or so, littered with decaying salmon, borne in on the tides.

At this time, if anyone wanted a salmon, it was frequently given free; sometimes it was paid for, five cents. In the summer of 1900, July, I was at Steveston; my wife wanted a salmon to take home. One was wrapped in a newspaper, and in attempting to bring it home without revealing that we were taking one, the whole secret leaked out. It was under my arm, and in the crush to

board the conveyance, my arm was squeezed, and the slippery salmon squirted out of the paper, tail first. Several persons witnessed the incident; my wife was mortified; we had been caught in the act. We were guilty of the indignity of carrying home so worthless a trifle as a salmon, and what was worse, there could be no doubt, it was our intention to eat it when we got it there. Awful.

It was not considered good taste to serve salmon for meals when guests were present. If it was done, the hostess sometimes apologised, said it was a "potluck" meal, 'twas all she had, and excused it. Salmon was *infra dignitatum* among the elite, 'twas food fit for Siwash. And even to this day, 1931, when it is sometimes thirty-five cents a pound, the old reluctance to place salmon on the table when guests are present still lingers among some of our older citizens.

About this time, 1900, salmon entered several of the creeks on False Creek. They penetrated as far as Third Avenue West and Cedar Street up a creek which entered the bay in the centre of Kitsilano Beach, and also as far as Eighth Avenue West, between Columbia and Yukon streets in Mount Pleasant, by a creek which emptied its water into False Creek near the southern end of the Cambie Street Bridge.

J.S. Matthews

6 JULY 1931 - WILD ANIMALS IN VANCOUVER. POINT GREY.

"We had a rose pergola in our garden. It was entered from the basement as well as from outside. One day, soon after we first went to live at 4406 West Second Avenue, between Trimble and Sasamat, just above the air station at Jericho—it was a wild place then—one day, father opened the basement door leading to the pergola, and there in front of him lay a cougar. It just ran off quietly. That was in September 1912."

Miss Violette Russell, the speaker, whose father Mr. N.H. Russell died recently, was one of the first ten pupils at the Point Grey School, the first, now known as Queen Mary School, supposed to be the most beautifully located school in Canada. The old school is still standing nearby. In childhood days, she and other children were sometimes, but not always, accompanied by some older person on their way, a short distance, through the woods to school, "in case there was a cougar around."

"On another occasion," said Miss Russell, "perhaps two years after we went there, perhaps three, we were having dinner in the dining room, when we heard the chickens in the chicken shed cackling. Father grasped a poker out of the fender and went over the verandah with it in his hand. He must have made a slight noise as he walked over the verandah, and they must have heard him coming, for two cougars jumped over the fence and ran off into the woods."

J.S.M.

15 AUGUST 1931 - WILD ANIMALS IN VANCOUVER. LITTLE MOUNTAIN. CAPITOL HILL.

"Father shot deer on Little Mountain in 1912," stated Mr. Johnston, the taxi driver. "I have myself seen deer on Capitol Hill in 1914. We did not come to Vancouver until 1906; I was one year old then; afterwards, I went to the Bodwell Road School in South Vancouver, so far as I know the only school there at that time. You know how boys roam, and then father took me with him shooting."

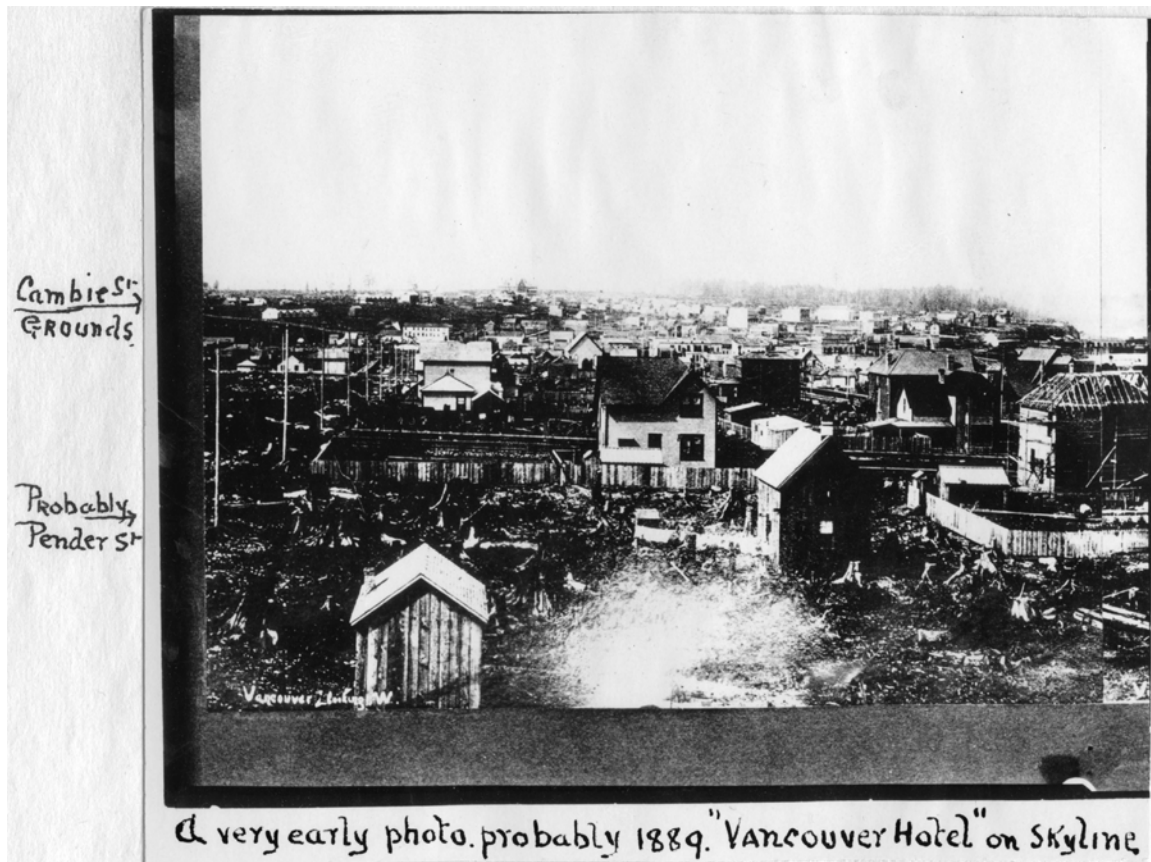
J.S.M.

7 JULY 1931 - STREET RAILWAY. INTERURBAN.

There were three houses only between the two cities of New Westminster and Vancouver when the first interurban street railway first operated. Authority: H.P. McCraney.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0046



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0047

7 JULY 1931 - COLUMBIA STREET.

"In the early days, the waters of False Creek came closest to those of Burrard Inlet at Columbia Street. They came almost right up to Pender Street. The shore at the foot of Carrall Street (Royal City Planing Mills) was a little further south," said Mr. H.P. McCraney this evening, after lecturing to the *Pioneers Association* on the construction of the first electric railway in Vancouver, for which he had the contract in part.

"At high tide, the waters pretty much overflowed from False Creek to Burrard Inlet. Columbia Street was the lowest point, as well as the narrowest. All that low portion of Vancouver, between Columbia Street and some distance to the west on Hastings Street, was filled in to a depth of four, perhaps only three feet deep."

DUPONT STREET, NOW PENDER STREET EAST. CARRALL STREET.

"The tide came right up to the corner of Dupont and Columbia Street. I helped to pile, cap, bridge and plank Dupont Street from Columbia to Carrall Street." (Mr. J.A. Mateer, a very early member of the Vancouver Volunteer Fire Brigade.) "It came right up to Dupont Street."

WATER STREET, HASTINGS STREET, KEEFER STREET.

Extract, *Daily News-Advertiser*, 12 July 1887 (U.B.C. Library).

Board of Works: We recommend acceptance of the following tenders:

J.B. McKim: For Water St. without sidewalks, grubbing, \$1.65 per lineal foot.

W.L. McDonald: For Hastings St. grubbing, etc. 24¢ per lineal foot, 6 foot sidewalk. 62¢ per lineal foot grubbing.

Boyd and Clendenning: For Keefer St. 28¢ per lineal foot, 6 foot sidewalk. 59¢ per lineal foot grubbing.

(Note: by "6 foot sidewalk" is intended plank sidewalk, not concrete.)

CAMBIE STREET, GEORGIA STREET, SEVENTH AVENUE, WESTMINSTER AVENUE, PARK AVENUE, ETC. JOHNSTONE STREET.

Extract, *Daily News-Advertiser*, 19 July 1887.

Minutes of City Council.

Board of Works recommends that:

1. Park Ave. and Johnstone St. with one five foot sidewalk.
2. Cambie Street. To be grubbed, cleared, and graded with two six-foot sidewalks from Hastings Street to Georgia Street, and from there to the railroad reserve to be cleared, and close cut the full width, and eighteen feet in the centre grubbed, cleared, graded, ditched and crowned.
3. Georgia Street. To be close cut, cleared and burned from Howe St. to the junction, and twenty feet in the centre grubbed, cleared, graded, ditched and crowned.

There follows a long list of recommendations, including Westminster Avenue across False Creek Bridge, and also Campbell Avenue, too long for inclusion here.

"Park Avenue" may refer to Park Lane or Park Road. The latter is the boundary between Stanley Park and the city; the former was a short street of one block, which at one time ran parallel to Westminster Avenue from Prior Street southwards. Johnstone Street is unknown, but may be a short street running east and west, which joined it to Westminster Avenue. It was the site of the home of John Boulton, our first magistrate, whose brother-in-law, C. Gardner Johnson, lived nearby. Park Lane is now part of the Canadian National Railway station ornamental gardens.

SEVENTH AVENUE (NOT EAST OR WEST, BUT SEVENTH AVENUE), SAME DATE.

"7th Ave. To be cleared to full width and graded, ditched, crowned 18 feet in the centre."
(Understood to be the first through street to be opened up from east to west in Fairview.)

9 JULY 1931 - KITSILANO. FOURTH AVENUE WEST. TATLOW PARK.

"The photo of our old place, four acres, on the south side of Fourth Avenue and between Bayswater and Balaclava streets," said Mrs. J.Z. Hall of "Killarney." It ran back as far as Sixth Avenue West; a great square cut out of the bush.

"It was cleared out of the forest, a square hole in virgin timber, and through which ran a large creek. We camped there each summer for four years, from about 1906 onwards; afterwards, we went to live on the shore, exactly opposite the present 'Killarney.' The creek was full of trout, and was the large creek which ran across Fourth Avenue West between Balaclava and Bayswater in a deep ravine, and came out at what is now T.H. Orchardson's residence, 3005 Point Grey Road; a ravine which has now been filled in. This creek was not the same creek as the *little* one which still runs through Tatlow Park, just west of Macdonald Street. The big creek was forty feet wide where it passed through the Hall clearing; we dammed it with logs, bathed in the pool made by them, and fished in it. The Tatlow Park creek ran off in a southerly direction, the big creek went southwesterly, and must have drained a great area. It is dried up now.

"At the time, we cleared this four acres we were living at the old Nelson Street home to which we had moved when we left Greer's Beach; driven off it. We went out there to camp each summer for four summers in succession. To get to it, we went along the Point Grey Road from the foot of Balsam Street—at that time the only road open going to the west—turned up an old skid road at Bayswater Street, and proceeded thence by a forest trail, thick with blackberries in summer. The Point Grey Road, especially along that short stretch between Balsam and Trafalgar, as you approach Mr. J.H. Calland's early home, was a dusty trail in summer, not a wagon's width wide, for the salmonberry and other bushes brushed both buggy wheels as we drove along. It was hard for a pedestrian meeting a rapidly driven conveyance on that narrow track to get out of the way without jumping into the matted undergrowth; there were no big trees, those had been cut away, but the second growth had, during several years, grown up again.

"In winter, the same track was so deep in mud as to be almost impassible.

"From Granville Street to Balsam Street, the route traversed was, after crossing the old Third Avenue Bridge via Third Avenue, and a more or less sinuous trail from about Cedar Street."

The entrance to this forest clearing was like emerging from dark into daylight; the forest trail from Point Grey Road was black and gloomy. On one occasion, the writer went through it, crossed the clearing, and went on in search of a lot which he owned at the corner of Broadway and Macdonald—which the previous owner had bought for \$15, for which he paid \$215, and which he sold for \$630—but got lost in the forest, and after an afternoon's struggle to get out, finally emerged somewhere on Alma Road.

In the photograph, Mrs. Hall is standing beneath the dam, preparing for a swim; in the background is the Chinaman's shack, to the right is the hay barn, to the left the log crossing to the camp; it is hard to realise that the forest background is now the paved street, Fourth Avenue West.

The Halls kept two cows and a horse, grew many vegetables; there was plenty of fish in the creek. The great danger in summer was forest fire; one night, they had to move in a hurry to escape it. Theirs was a popular visiting home, for the Halls, then as now, kept open house. Then too, Point Grey Road was, in those days, one of the few trails where one could stroll. Kitsilano Hill, that part now so known, was then a barren waste of stumps without a single house; a wide swamp spread from the Henry Hudson School to the Beach, and was full of skunk cabbage, and the home of muskrats.

Traces of the old Bayswater ravine still remain, though most have now, 1931, been obliterated by filling in with rubbish and earth.

VANCOUVER GAS COMPANY LIMITED.

Extract, *Daily News-Advertiser*, 9 July 1887 (U.B.C. Library).

The VANCOUVER GAS COMPANY LIMITED

Tenders will be received up to June 9th for construction of brick building on company's grounds.

Signed
C.D. Rand,
Secretary,
Victoria, B.C.

10 JULY 1931 - SQUATTERS. HASTINGS STREET. PENDER STREET.

"When the first talk was that the C.P.R. was coming to Granville," said Mr. H.P. McCraney, "it was known that the Provincial Government was going to give the Canadian Pacific Railway all the lots in Granville which had not been sold. Several people then squatted on lots and got them for

nothing. Possibly they had been there for some time; some had not, but squatted just the same. Of course, this was all in old Granville Townsite, around the lower portion of Hastings and Pender streets. Mr. Orr, the member of parliament, squatted on one lot, and built an office on it, but the C.P.R. came along, and when Mr. Orr came down one morning, he found his office in the middle of the street. So he started to build it again, but the C.P.R. men pulled it down, so Mr. Orr decided that the C.P.R. had more men than he and desisted. He did not get his lot. It was all swamp there at that time, a muskeg full of croaking bullfrogs; they were really toads. All around the corner of Hastings and Abbott streets, where Woodward's Limited is now, was low land. Some of the squatters got their lots."

CARRALL STREET.

"At high tide, the water of False Creek and of Burrard Inlet came very close together; only a narrow strip of land separated them," said Mr. W.F. Findlay, member of the Pioneers Association, an old newspaper man—*The World, Province, News-Advertiser* and *Sun*—and a nephew of Lewis Carter (see Voters List, Vancouver, 1886) who built and owned the Carter House, an early hostel.

"My uncle, Lewis Carter—my mother was his sister—was one of the surveyors of the line of the C.P.R. from Port Moody to Vancouver. He once told me that he had once taken a big Indian canoe, capable of holding three and a half tons cargo—a big canoe—and he (Mr. Carter), three or four Indians, and two surveyors—a regular survey party—had carried it across from Burrard Inlet to False Creek at high tide, via what is now Carrall Street, to save half a day's paddling, and bucking tide necessary to go around through the Narrows." (Also see F.R. Glover's statement in "Vancouver Celebrates First Dominion Day, 1887" herein.)

10 JULY 1931 - CHINESE RIOTS. JOHN MORTON. EARLY WATER.

"You have heard of the Chinese Riots in February 1887," said Mr. H.P. McCraney, a very early pioneer and civic administrator, now living at the corner of 17th Avenue West and Cypress Street. "The time the police came over from Victoria because the people of Vancouver had driven the Chinese out of town." (The people of Tacoma did similarly.) "Well, the Chinese went to their camp which was just where the Elysium Hotel is now on Pender Street, south side, close to Thurlow Street, where there was a splendid spring of water. The spring was under exactly what is now the west wing of the hotel. R.G. Tatlow, afterwards a well-known B.C. finance minister, park commissioner, and after whom Tatlow Park is named, owned the lots and lived there. I lived next door. We used to get our water from the spring before the water was laid on. There was a skid road which came out there. Spring water was a valuable acquisition before the water pipes were laid." (See fire brigades, water tanks, wells.)

Answering a query: "Perhaps so, perhaps that was why John Morton located there. It was beautiful cold clear water. The people used to get it to water their cattle." (John Morton was Vancouver's first resident.)

"Oh, I will tell you a real story about the Chinese Riots some time. You see, I had the contract to clear the land at \$300 an acre, and John McDougall came in and offered to do it for \$150. He brought the Chinamen. I suppose it was a certain amount of selfishness on my part. He is still living at Quesnel."

J.S.M.

10 JULY 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. H.P. MCCRANEY.

"The manner in which the Regina Hotel, which was in the path of fire, escaped was this," said H.P. McCraney, a very early pioneer of Vancouver, one of our first park commissioners, a former alderman, and who laid our first street car tracks.

"The Regina Hotel stood at the southwest corner of Cambie and Water streets. Some workmen were clearing land in the neighbourhood where the fire started;" (Ed Cosgrove had a contract for the clearing, he said.) "the wind was so strong that it drove the fire straight before it; that was how it left two wings untouched, the wing on the north with the Hastings Mill, and the wing on the south a small settlement over towards the south end of Westminster Avenue Bridge; the fire just cut straight through.

"Those houses which escaped destruction were in the Westminster Avenue direction; up near the bridge which at one time crossed False Creek on Westminster Avenue, now Main Street, near the Canadian National Railway station. One of the houses belonged to John Boulton, the police magistrate, another to A.R. Costie, the butcher, a third to T.J. Janes, driver of the New Westminster stage line, who is still living. My lumber yard was saved, and there were three others in that section whose houses were saved.

"On approaching the Regina Hotel after the fire was seen to be no longer controllable, the workmen who had been clearing the land found that the occupants of the hotel had gone. They took nothing with them; they just *went*, and without much reflection either. The workmen noticed that it did not seem impossible to keep the fire away from the hotel building, so took shovels, covered up with earth what fires they could, put wet blankets on the roof, subdued the fire burning near the building, and so saved it. Then they entered the building, found it deserted; the bar was open and deserted, so they simply helped themselves. Some were not as moderate as they might have been, and had rather an enjoyable time.

"The Regina Hotel can be seen in the photograph "Vancouver after the fire," a solitary building in the far background.

"As the fire came nearer, I decided to move out, and took my trunk down to the wharf at the foot of Carrall Street where there was a shed on floats. I asked the man on the float if I may put my trunk on it; he replied, 'yes,' so I did. The floating shed stood on logs. I tried to drag my trunk around the corner of the shed, but there was insufficient room, so we tried to turn the float around for protection from the fire, but the wind was so strong we could not do it. Things were getting desperate, so I put my trunk in a canoe, but as I got in after it, the canoe turned over—the trunk was top-heavy cargo—and dumped trunk and me into water twenty feet deep.

"The trunk floated away, and then drifted onto the beach, where I secured it again.

"I think the shed shown in the background of the well-known picture of the City Hall, a tent, and four policemen in front—Vancouver's first force—is the same shed."

14 JULY 1931 - RESIDENTIAL AREAS OF VANCOUVER.

Prior to 1886, the residential area of, before April, Granville, after April, Vancouver, was simple. It had but one street, Water Street; all the remainder were woods and forest.

After 1886, after the railway came, the residential areas divided. The best residential area was probably, at first, and just after the fire, to the south of the Hastings Sawmill, centering around Cordova Street East, Dunlevy Avenue, etc., and then later, when the railway came, along the Bluff, upon the top of the cliff overlooking Burrard Inlet, from Granville Street to Burrard Street, gradually straggling along Seaton Street, Pender Street, etc., to the junction of Pender Street and Georgia Street. Here the C.P.R. Railway officials gathered, and their friends, though some went still farther westward to near Stanley Park. There were, strictly speaking, no houses east of Granville Street and north of Pender Street; that section developed into a business area from the start.

Gradually, the district surrounding St. James Church on Cordova Street became less popular for prominent families. One or two well-known names built beyond Denman Street, others selected points on Beach Avenue, then the only street running along the southern slope of Vancouver, from Granville to English Bay. A few gathered about the district near the corner of Burrard and Robson streets, some on Georgia Street, both west and east of Burrard. A poorer class of

residence spread south from Pender Street down Cambie, Hamilton, Homer, Richards and Seymour almost to Drake Street. In 1898, Richards and Seymour streets were fairly well filled with narrow houses, on 25-foot lots. Howe and Hornby streets, close in, were more pretentious, and there were some very nice homes on Robson Street.

As time went on, many splendid residences were built on that slope which looks westerly over English Bay. More of the best closed in about Stanley Park entrances, beyond Denman Street. This would be the period prior to about 1908. During this time, Robson, Georgia and Beach Avenue were considered most select districts. In the summer of 1900 or 1901, Davie Street was opened up, and a year or so later, the finest residence in Vancouver, that of B.T. Rogers of the Sugar Refinery, was built at the corner of Davie and Nicola streets—now the Angus Apartments. Robson Street and Georgia Street were lined with beautiful avenues of trees.

Then came the real estate “boom” days. Vancouver was growing; the slogan “100,000 men in 1910” was heard on all sides. Shaughnessy, Kitsilano were talked of, cheaper houses gradually closed the gaps, filled up the vacant lots in the West End; then came the apartment house, and the West End went down a strictly ultra-fashionable district.

About 1910, fine homes were built on the brow of the hill overlooking Kitsilano Beach, others spread along the waterfront along Point Grey Road; a section under building restrictions was placed on the market just west of the Indian Reserve, but it did not hold its superiority long. There were hundreds of vacant lots in all sections, many even in the older West End.

The throwing open for settlement of the first section of Shaughnessy Heights—reputed at the time to be the most wonderful residential section of Vancouver’s future—unsettled all previous ideas of where a fine home should be built. The buggy was disappearing, the motor car was coming; distances were a less formidable an obstacle than formerly. The verandah was still a necessity, but rapidly nearing its end, and soon to shrink into a mere porch. The broad verandah, the scene so long ago of evening parties, of Sunday afternoon gatherings, of sunshine and fresh air in the summer days, was about to disappear. The Ford motor car killed it.

A few isolated houses of excellence and much cost went down the Magee Road (Marine Drive), all on selected sites, large surrounding grounds, but they were comparatively few. Then the Great War came, and for a time building almost ceased, until at its conclusion there was almost a dearth of houses in Vancouver.

Despite the high cost of material following the war, building went on the rampage. Kerrisdale grew like a mushroom, high class houses soon filled up Quilchena, the territory contiguous to Fourth Avenue West grew apace with houses of a lesser pretence. From 1923 to 1928 there was a rush of building; whole streets were filled in a few months, especially down the slope from the crest of Granville Street South in all directions.

Then the stock market crashed. In 1930, carpenters and builders struggled on under much financial worry. In 1931, building very nearly ceased.

This sketchy resume is somewhat misleading, not altogether accurate; it gives but the roughest outline, misses more than it encloses, of a very interesting subject, the building of the splendid homes of our beautiful city.

J.S.M.

15 JULY 1931 - BICYCLES AND BICYCLE PATHS.

The bicycle “craze” was prevalent in Vancouver, as elsewhere, about 1900; almost every family had at least one, some had more; nearly all young men, and most young women, many elderly men and some elderly women rode. It was a convenient mode of travel in a city as yet unprovided with a full street car service; a growing city badly scattered, and among a people who, as yet, had acquired no individual wealth to speak of. Motor cars were still some years off, many had neither

facilities, room, nor means to possess stables or buggies. The bicycle was no longer the unwieldy "penny-ha'penny," big wheel small wheel affair. The "safety" bicycle had come, and with it the Dunlop pneumatic tire; and the "coaster brake" was soon coming. Both wheels were the same size now; it was easily mounted and dismounted, and a fall from it rarely gave much hurt, as the old high wheel, hard tire "wheel" did.

The bicycle became so popular that racks were put up in the vestibules of the small office buildings to receive the "machines" of those employed there and who had business there. At the City Hall, there was a long rack which would accommodate perhaps two dozen bicycles. Similar racks existed at the C.P.R. Depot, and also public places such as parks, post office and hotel lobbies. At the corner of Pender and Granville streets, where now stands the Rogers Buildings, a school for bicycle riding was flourishing. It covered two or three lots, about 75 feet by 120 feet, covered with crushed cinders pressed down, and fenced with a high fence to hide it from the curious, for pupils did not take kindly to making a public amusement for street spectators by their efforts to stay on a "wheel." Dealers in bicycles did a "land office" business, the managers of wholesale bicycle firms were important men and well known. Repairs shops were many; a knowledge of the merits or demerits of the different makes was essential to any young person with pretences of being up-to-date, and the performance of the best and fastest riders at the big bicycle meetings at Brockton Point and elsewhere were discussed on the corner, in the drawing room and the newspapers. Manufacturers advertised widely; one form was to have trick riders—men who rode on one wheel, etc.—perform on the street in the daytime, usually evening, for the enlightenment of passersby. All kinds of gadgets were invented as accessories, including "fancy toned" bells (rung with the thumb to warn pedestrians to get out of the way), lamps of fancy design (which burned kerosene), extra hand brakes, handles and handlebars of high, low and medium twist, mud guards large and small, rims of wood and rims of polished metal; and they all had their advocates, some violent. A pair of bicycle clips was an article of common household furniture, as necessary as a street car ticket is now.

At the period spoken of, concrete sidewalks were limited to the space in front of some of the more recently constructed downtown buildings; all others, on Granville, Hastings, Cordova streets were wooden planks running crosswise; in the residential streets all sidewalks were of wood, mostly five-foot width crosswise save in the more sparsely settled, newer districts, where they were three-plank lengthwise. The streets were largely macadam or wooden plank. In winter, the macadam was muddy; the planks, frequently loose, had a nasty habit of squirting dirty water up the cracks between when a weight passed over, frequently soiling the trouser legs. This led to riding on the wooden sidewalks, especially in the dark or dusk. Pedestrians on these walks noised their objections with the result that a by-law regulating bicycle traffic and bicyclists was passed by the City Council. The fine for the first offence of riding on a sidewalk was five dollars; it was unlawful to ride a bicycle at night without a light. A license to ride was necessary, and the police were kept busy enforcing the law; a daily crop of charges were heard at the police court.

The "machines" were so numerous that the City Council ordered special bicycle paths constructed on those streets which were most frequently used. These paths were invariably cinder surfaced, and rolled flat, and ran along the edge of the street between the gutter and wooden sidewalk. They were about six feet wide, and constantly kept in order, level and smooth, by city workmen.

The bicycle paths led to and from some well-frequented area, or beside streets where there was considerable vehicular traffic. One ran from Seymour Street, along the north side, to the entrance of Stanley Park; another on the west side of Seymour from Robson to Pacific Street; a third from Granville Street South (from the Third Avenue Bridge) from the bridge, along the north side of Third Avenue to about Maple Street, where the track turned off in an indeterminate direction through the clearing until it reached Greer's Beach. This cinder path ended at Maple Street. There must have been others; I think there were, perhaps on Pender Street West, to the Park, on Powell Street, on Westminster Avenue leading to Mount Pleasant, and on Beatty or Cambie streets to the bridge, and then up the hill on the south side of False Creek. These cinder paths ceased as they approached the centre of the business section of that day.

Gradually, the bicycle craze died down, and the street car system was extended into even remote and sparsely settled districts; then the motor car came. The bicycle paths fell into disrepair, and finally mysteriously disappeared.

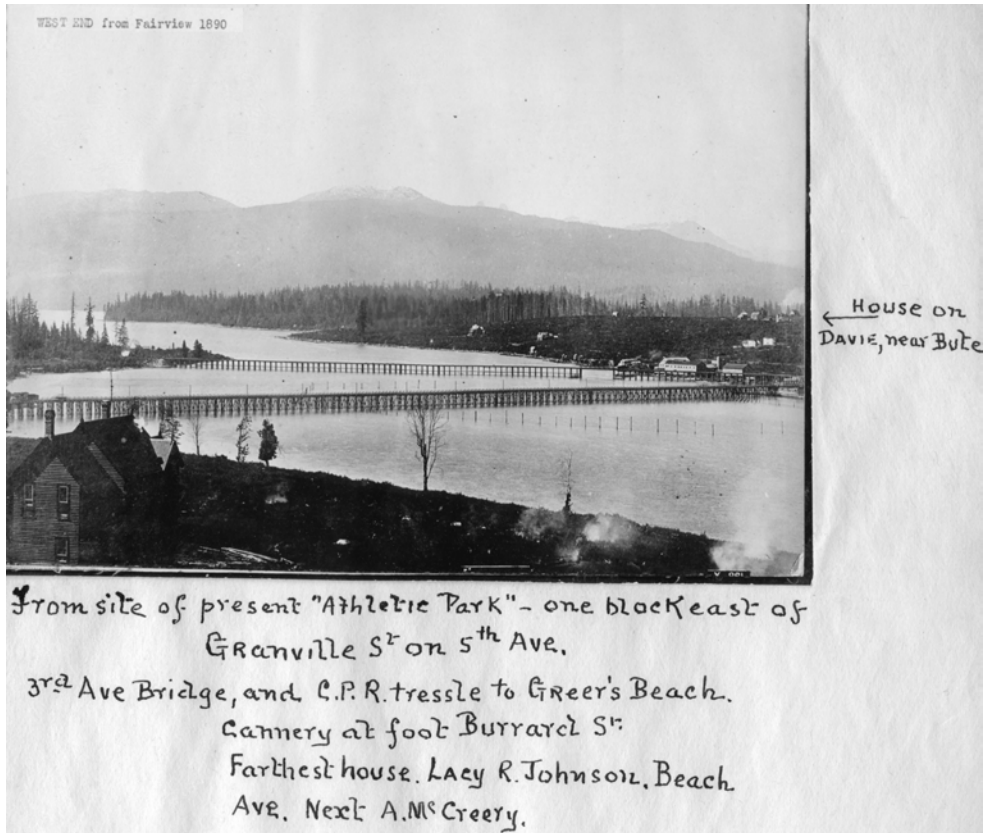
J. S. Matthews

NOTE ADDED LATER:

This was written in 1931. It's very different in 1941. Many bicycles now. JSM



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0048



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0049



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0050

15 JULY 1931 - "WEST END, 1890," THE PHOTOGRAPH.

A photograph, entitled "West End, 1890" has been sold by Mr. W. Chapman, to the number of three hundred, so he says, Vancouver people. He holds the copyright. [NOTE ADDED LATER: Not correct.] It was taken in 1890 from a point in Fairview just behind the present Recreation Park, situate on Fifth Avenue West just about a block east of Granville Street South. Mr. Chapman is a recluse who has lived for the past twenty-one years in an old sealing schooner, which, during all that time, has lain under the Kitsilano railway bridge.

The details of the photograph as related to me by Mr. Chapman are:

Immediately in the foreground there was once a house which blocked or spoilt the pictorial effect, so he removed it, by patching, from the photo. It stood just behind the dark bush in the picture, and must have been a very early house. It is still standing in 1931, just across from the southeast corner of Recreation Park. A little lane runs down the side of the board fence of the ball ground, and the house is just on the corner. Mr. Proud lived in it in 1915.

The tree on the far side of False Creek, the tall fir or hemlock, is at the foot of Broughton Street, just in front of Mrs. J.C. Keith's garden, which runs down to the water. The stump is still there in 1931.

Across False Creek are three houses in the West End. Two only remain in 1931. The third, A. McCreery's, was removed three or four years ago when "Tudor Manor," a large apartment, was built.

The one at the top is on Davie Street; it is on the skyline. Today it is numbered 1112 and 1114 Davie Street, a three-storey building with balconies on the second and third floors, and stands on the south side of Davie Street, third building from the Capitola Apartments. Two large rowan or mountain ash trees, at least twelve inches through, which shows their age, stand on the lawn. It was built by Mr. Bouchier, who died in the spring of 1931. Walter Leek, president of the Vancouver Exhibition Association, once lived in it.

A Frenchman, Mr. Bouchier, later employed by the late Senator S.J. Crowe, built it. He died in the spring of 1931.

The assessment roll, at the City Hall, dated 1888 of this property:

F.D. Boucher, Lot 2, Block 25, D.L. 185, (assessed) \$275.00

Alfonse Moriw (?), Lot 3, Block 25, D.L. 185, (assessed) \$275.00

On 10 July 1931, whilst photographing this building with a photographer (photo in Archives) Major Matthews removed from the outside wall, by pulling it with his fingers, a "ten penny nail," about three inches long, of the old square cut type with oblong head, a type found in all early Vancouver buildings—used before the "wire" or round "drawn" nail was in common use. The nail is badly rusted, but quite strong, after forty-one years exposure to the weather. It is now in the Vancouver City Museum. The wood of the corner was rotted, but where protected from weather was as sound as the day put in.

The third house, lowest down the hill, is on Beach Avenue, still standing in 1931 (see photo in Archives) and is now the second home east from Bute Street—runs from Pacific to Beach—the back facing the Royal Mansions. It was built by (Captain) Lacy R. Johnson, master mechanic of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 1890 or earlier. He was an officer of Vancouver's first militia unit, and afterwards moved to Montreal.

In the far distance, the forest runs along Nicola Street. The well-known pioneer, Mr. W.D. Burdis, built a small cottage with a steeple roof—now 1931 in the lane between Pendrell and Comox streets at Gilford Street. In this forest, the timber was all around, and when Gilford Street—stated by Mr. Burdis to be the first street opened up from Burrard Inlet to English Bay—was cleared, it was found that it was in the middle of the street and had to be moved. It was not the first house in the West End. It was afterwards moved again to its present location in the lane, and is still occupied.

JSM

15 JULY 1931 - TALTON PLACE.

Talton Place, still so known to residents of the real estate boom days, was a loosely defined section bounded on the west by the Marpole Interurban car tracks, on the east by Cypress Street, and centred about 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th avenues west, but more especially 14th and 15th avenues. My recollection is that the first house built in this section, then a rough tract of semi-cleared land, was built in August 1910.

At the period the real estate boom was booming fiercely; the people were pouring into Vancouver; houses were going up in all directions, Kitsilano included.

A firm called the Prudential Builders Limited, closely allied to the old B.C. Permanent Loan Co. (Langlois, manager) "put on" Talton Place. It was not the first of their ventures. They had a factory on Dufferin or Lorne Street, built "ready made," or sectional houses—houses made to a standard, which could be put up in sections, each one capable of slight alteration as to exterior. Many were shipped to prairie provinces; many were erected in Vancouver.

The "Place" was intended to be a select district; everything was to be done for the purchaser before he walked in. There was to be no more of the endless work of making lawns, putting up fences, planting shrubs, etc. The lawns were to be levelled, the ornamental and useful trees

planted; everything was to be ready. Actually, it was the first thing of the sort in Vancouver to be attempted on anything like a pretentious scale. The Prudential Builders Ltd. was bankrupt some years later, and still later the B.C. Permanent Loan was absorbed by the Canada Permanent Loan Corporation.

All houses built about this period had wide verandahs—the motor car was rare, people spent their summer evenings on the cool, wide verandahs, content with the peaceful pleasure of watching passers-by, watering the lawn, and playing the gramophone in the open air. Then the motor car came, and verandahs shrunk to porches.

The houses of Talton Place were known as “California bungalows,” all two-storey, single exterior, wide verandah, massive steps and verandah pillars of manifold design of heavy appearance, actually mere boards, railings to match, angular roofs. Stucco was almost unknown. (The first stucco house in Kitsilano was Major Matthews’ little cottage on Kitsilano Beach, 1158 Arbutus Street.)

The interior was generally of “mission style,” with beam ceilings, panelled walls in the living rooms; the “den” with fireplace, was extremely popular. The rooms were large for at that time the “breakfast alcove” and the “dinette” had not been attempted; large houses of two storeys were in demand.

Electric fixtures did not include the floor plug, nor the wall light; the vacuum clearer was generally screwed into a light socket. The lights were of the central ceiling type, drop candelabra; electric bulbs were carbon bulbs, of 16, 32 or higher “candle power”; then came the tungsten bulb; finally the nitrogen bulb. Bathtubs still stood on feet; the Pembroke baths were available but being very expensive, reserved for hotels and the more expensive mansions, but the old galvanised bathtub of early Vancouver was no longer installed. The kitchen was large, usually in white enamel, the dining room large, the living room small, as compared with living rooms of the 1920 to 1930 period. The “cooler” was without refrigeration. It was not until 1925 that “Kelvinators,” and afterwards “Frigidaire,” etc., were timidly introduced, and buyers were shy. The post-war period developed a demand for a one-floor bungalow, with an enormous living room, a tiny dining room, and a cabinet kitchen. The old style house became a “drug upon the market”; the garage replaced the woodshed and chicken house of the 19th century, as also the wide verandah of the early 20th.

“Talton Place” was very proud of itself at first, and very select; the novelty wore off, and it dropped to commonplace, still beautiful with its boulevard of graceful trees, planted by its creators.

J.S. Matthews

15 JULY 1931 - DEADMAN’S ISLAND. HOSPITALS. EARLY PEST HOUSE. SMALLPOX.

“The first pest house,” said Mrs. J.Z. Hall, of “Killarney,” Point Grey Road, and a daughter of Sam Greer of Greer’s Beach (Kitsilano Beach), “was actually merely a pest shack. Deadman’s Island was put to good use in the early days as an isolation island for contagious diseases.

“I think it must have been in 1892 that we had the smallpox scare in Vancouver. It was supposed to have come in by the “Empresses” from the Orient, for hardly anyone who had anything to do with the *Empress of China*, *Empress of India*, or *Empress of Japan*, the C.P.R.’s first yacht-like liners, escaped it. It was a terrible July; yellow flags were everywhere; no one who went through it will forget the scare we got.

“Houses were quarantined back and front—there was no getting out of them; people were quarantined all over the city. We lived on Nelson Street—I was Miss Greer then—Nelson Street was very sparsely settled, so was Robson Street, but there were cases on Robson Street. One young man, I recall, decided to help Mr. Hanna, the undertaker, contracted the disease and died.

“It was the custom to put those stricken in an express wagon, and with the driver ringing a bell to keep people away, warning them, the load of sick, frequently girls from Dupont Street, who had

been visited by the sailors from the Empresses, would be driven down to the dock, and taken by boat to Deadman's Island, some said, 'well named for such an undertaking.'"

HOSPITALS.

"There is a reference in the *News-Advertiser* somewhere, I forget where, to the effect that the man who displayed especial diligence at the fire at the hospital be given \$25. It would seem to indicate that the first Hospital in Vancouver was burned down."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

No. It was not.

JSM

GRANVILLE STREET.

Extract, *Daily News-Advertiser*, 12 July 1887.

A communication from William Powers (to City Council) asked that immediate steps be taken to grade, and macadamise Granville Street from Cordova Street to Robson Street, and to build wide sidewalks from Cordova Street to False Creek. Referred to Board of Works.

Extract, same newspaper, 17 July 1887 (U.B.C. Library).

The Board of Works at their meeting, Friday afternoon, decided upon grading Granville Street the full width as far as the C.P.R. Hotel, also to lay ten foot (board) sidewalks on both sides of the street, and to lay one ten foot sidewalk from the Hotel to False Creek. This much needed work will be a great improvement to the vicinity, and will tend to increase the value of the property.

In the winter of 1886, the skids of the old logging road down Granville Street were still in position, see W.H. Gallagher. Later a two-plank sidewalk ran in front of the Hotel Vancouver, see Mrs. J.Z. Hall.

Mr. Geo. L. Schetky spent the night of the Great Fire of 1886 (June 13th) in a shack at the corner of Robson and Granville streets used by a Mr. Jerry Rogers whilst clearing the forest from the West End. Mr. Schetky escaped from the fire on Water Street, made his way to False Creek via Westminster Avenue, and took trail through the clearing to the corner of Robson Street.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0051



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0052



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0053

20 JULY 1931 - GRANVILLE STREET. J.R. SEYMOUR.

"S.L. Howe, now the Honourable S.L. Howe, provincial secretary, built the building on the northwest corner of Georgia Street and Granville, the old C.P.R. tennis courts," said Mr. J.R. Seymour, an early druggist of Vancouver. "I paid him seventy-five dollars a month rent for the first year, gradually rising to ninety dollars for the last year, 1904. My first drug store was on the corner of Seymour Street and Hastings" (northwest corner), "my second as above, exactly the same store as now, the Georgia Pharmacy. I sold both my stores in 1904 to Messrs. McDowell, Atkins and Watson, at that time the big drug firm of Vancouver, for \$25,000.

"Of course, there was not much business at Georgia and Granville in 1900, when I first went there.

"There were plenty of vacant lots on Granville Street between Robson and the C.P.R. Depot."

The present rental of the same store is, in 1931, \$1,350 per month.

18 DECEMBER 1931.

Mr. Henderson, proprietor of the Georgia Pharmacy, tells me that (about 1928, and before the stock market crash) Mr. Howe sold his building, he believes for \$825,000, of which \$200,000 was cash and a mortgage of \$600,000.

At the time his monthly rental for the same store exactly as he rented for seventy-five dollars per month to Mr. Seymour in 1900, was \$1,500 per month. On account of the depression he succeeded in getting this reduced to \$1,400, and he is now paying \$1,350, but is moving to a building now in process of erection, facing the Hotel Vancouver, on Georgia Street. This he is doing because he has been notified that a new lease will be granted only on condition that he pays \$1,400 for the first year, then \$1,500, and finally \$1,600 for the third year, per month, and with a six months notice clause to vacate.

And this ground was, less than fifty years ago, a forest jungle.

20 JULY 1931 – HOTELS.

THE CARTER HOUSE

The Carter House stood on Water Street, between Cambie and Abbott, and faced the inlet. The first one was burned down in the Great Fire. It was a hotel well known to all pioneers, and construction work to replace it was commenced the day after the fire, the lumber collected on the ground. It was owned by Lewis Carter (Welsh spelling of Lewis), the uncle of W.F. Findlay (see elsewhere), who has a photo of it. It is also to be seen in the photo of the first train arriving. Mr. Findlay says it was the first three-storey building in Vancouver, both before and after the fire. Mr. Carter had worked on the survey party which brought the C.P.R. line from Port Moody to Vancouver.

J.A. Mateer disputes this, and says the first three-storey building was on the south side of Hastings, between Carrall and Abbott streets, and known as the C.P.R. Hotel, built four days after the Great Fire and owned by McPherson.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

The C.P.R. Hotel was built first as a two-storey, and afterwards raised to three storey, but the Carter House was the first three-storey. The C.P.R. was subsequently known as the Northern Hotel. W.F. Findlay, 12 April 1932.

THE BRUNSWICK HOUSE.

This stood on Hastings Street, between Carrall and Abbott—an old directory shows it as 29-35 Hastings Street West—and was owned and operated by Pat Carey and his wife. Opposite was the C.P.R. Hotel.

“It was built in 1888,” said Mr. W.F. Findlay, “and although on the fringe of the woods, did a good business. It was on the north side of the street (?), between Carrall and Abbott, about the middle of the block.” (See photo in Archives.)

“Pat was a rough diamond, an Irishman, and a character; he died in Prince Rupert about 1927. In the winter of 1889, the police were ordered to clean up Dupont Street; some of the women scattered, one landed in the Brunswick House. Pat found out. At first, he would not credit it; it was proven; then followed a scene which everyone talked about but no one mentioned in polite company; some caustic remarks were passed by Pat. Pat saw her off in a hurry, in one of Adam Hick’s cabs.”

(Note: see A.E. Beck’s *Memoir of Early Vancouver* for telegram from Pat to Judge Begbie to “hold the court down until I get there,” and Judge Begbie’s threat. Also, on 1 July 1887, Vancouver was possessed of one brougham only.)

20 JULY 1931 - KITSILANO BEACH. GREER’S POINT. THE “HOTEL SITE,” KITSILANO BEACH.

Kitsilano Beach was, until about 1910, commonly known as Greer’s Beach, but as Kitsilano grew, especially after the C.P.R. offered land for sale in that district, it quickly became Kitsilano Beach, hastened by the introduction of a street car service with the designation “KITSILANO.” The point at the northern end remained unnamed.

It was Major J.S. Matthews who first, about 1925 or 1926, made the proposal that the point be named “Greer’s Point.” Major Matthews was one of the earliest settlers; he built his home behind Greer’s Beach in 1912, and when moving in, his furniture was carried down Maple Street from Cornwall, Maple Street being impassable for wheeled traffic.

He regretted that no honour, such as a place name—Greer Street was not changed from Short Street until about 1928 or later—had been given to the memory of the sturdy old pioneer Sam Greer, and through a friend, Mr. W.J. Findlay, brought the matter before the Vancouver Pioneers Association, who petitioned the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who in turn took it up with the Admiralty authorities in London, with the result that after some lapse of time it was officially designated “Greer’s Point,” and so appears on the Admiralty charts of 1930.

JSM

KITSILANO BEACH, GREER’S BEACH.

In the *Daily News-Advertiser* for Wednesday, 6 July 1887, the following advertisement appears.

TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

As the injunction has been raised by the Supreme Court off my property, I am prepared to furnish the best quality of pit sand.

(signed) S. Greer.

English Bay.

20 JULY 1931 - KITSILANO BEACH. THE “CANADIAN BAND.” BULL FROGS.

Up to about 1920, the “Canadian Band,” or bull frogs, nightly furnished music of sorts at Kitsilano Beach; at certain periods of the evening it rose to an almost continuous roar, and even as late as

1923 or 1924, there was still a certain amount of croaking, in the springtime, in the low garden of Major J.S. Matthews at the corner of Whyte Avenue and Arbutus Street.

The frogs were the last survivors of a great band which in earlier days made the low ground, the muskeg, at the back of Greer's Beach, their habitat. Even as late as 1920—after the sand had been pumped in seven years—there was a goodly chorus each summer evening; most of the noise came from the south side of the Kitsilano Street car tracks, which had not been filled in; a low area ran from east of Maple Street to Yew Street with Cornwall Street as its southern boundary. The reason for this was as follows.

In 1913, there was considerable dredging to deepen the channel of False Creek; it was necessary to secure some place to put the dredged out sand. The low land adjacent to the beach and behind it offered a suitable spot; the sand would be taken from where it was an obstruction to navigation, and placed where it would raise the level of residential lots to that of the street car tracks—in places, as much as thirteen feet.

The property owners in this low section were offered the opportunity to have this low land filled in with sand, pumped from False Creek by the Pacific Dredging Company, who had the contract. At that time there was, north of the track and on the low land, three houses only, those of Major Matthews, Dr. Humber and Alderman Williamson. The City of Vancouver offered to elevate these three houses free of cost; the Pacific Dredging Company wanted payment, \$100 per lot, from the property owners for the filling in. Major Matthews, at least, paid the charge, and the other two probably did, and in due time the land was filled in, that of Major Matthews, at 1343 Maple Street, being filled in thirteen feet. The sand was pumped in from the dredge anchored in False Creek by means of huge pipes, carried on small scow floats to the shore, and then run over the land, continuous moving from place to place being necessary for the outlet. There was a tremendous flow of water through the mouth of the pipes, and many fish came through with sand and water, and gave the school youngsters much amusement and wet feet. The pumping continued for about three months.

The property owners on the south side of the street car track—between that and Cornwall Street—assumed a haughty demeanor. The owners of the only two houses on that side of the track—they stood on Laburnum Street, east side—took the view that if the dredging company wanted to pump sand onto their lots they could do so, and so could the city raise their houses, and could be responsible for damage. The city and the company wanted to do it, said they, but we are not going to pay for it.

The City and the dredging company simply turned their face away, and now, eighteen years after, throughout all those years, the land still lies in ugly vacancy, low as formerly, with rough streets and poor sidewalks on Laburnum Street, almost unchanged since they were built in 1911. For many years the lots—all of them—remained vacant; since the war, a few have been built on; on the north side of the railway there is scarce a vacant lot. During all these years they have been paying taxes on useless property on the south side which might have long since been built upon or sold—the lots are practically unsaleable.

An illuminating commentary on the futility of greed.

In the winter of 1930–31, all that area north of Cornwall Street, bounded by Yew and Arbutus streets, soon to be a park, was filled with earth, drawn by wagon, taken from the tunnel to contain the great sewer constructed on the hillside above, from Mount Pleasant to Jericho. The northern boundary of this area is the street car tracks. In 1931 it was still a mass of earth mounds. The grass plot, behind the beach, and between Whyte Avenue and the tennis courts was made into a lawn, but not used, in 1930. The old eyesore is now a beauty spot.

20 JULY 1931 - FIRES AND FIRE BRIGADES.

Memorandum of conversation with Mr. J.A. Mateer, of 900 7th Avenue West, a very early pioneer, and who has resided at this address since 1903.

Mr. Mateer said that the engine shown in the photo as pumping water, with a building "RAND BROS." in left distance, is pumping water out of a fire tank at the corner of Granville Street and Dunsmuir, where now stands the stores and offices of the B.C. Electric Railway Co.

"It may be the first fire engine which Vancouver possessed, but it does not look familiar. It looks more like a 'La France' engine; the first engine was a Ronald's fire engine, manufactured in Toronto, and the name plate 'M.A. MacLean,' the name of our first mayor, was on the engine when it arrived. Further, the man standing beside it does not appear to be 'Daddy' Cameron" (Alex Cameron.) "I would not like to say it is not the first engine, but I do not think that it is.

"The first engine was tested on the Cambie Street wharf, a short wharf erected just after the Great Fire, and which ran out into Burrard Inlet at the north end of Cambie Street. The first stream hit Mayor M.A. MacLean and Mr. Tom Dunn, the chairman of the Fire and Water Committee. I know, because I was the nozzle man."

Query: Intentional?

"Of course it was; just an 'accident,' only don't say so; a joke.

"I think Mr. Findlay is wrong when he says the engine was christened; I do not recall any christening ceremony. The name plate was on it when it arrived.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Think the date this engine was tried out was on the evening of 2 August 1886. Think there is an account of it in Vancouver News.

"As to the pressure; there was no pressure. There was no water; none other than in those tanks. Vancouver had no water supply other than wells. We relied on seepage to fill the tanks. One tank was at the corner of Dunsmuir and Granville, another at the corner of Carrall Street and Powell Street, in the sort of square formed there by Carrall, Powell, Alexander and Water streets; and opposite Scuitto's fruit store which stood on the sharp angle formed by Alexander Street and Powell Street, where the Europe Hotel now stands; another at the foot of Richards Street on the junction of Richards and Water streets, and a fourth between Columbia and Carrall on Oppenheimer Street ." (Now Cordova Street East.)

Mr. Mateer laughed and confirmed the narrative, dated 3 July 1931, and headed "Fires and fire engines" of Mr. Geo. L. Schetky. He continued:

"The photo is an early hose reel team, not Vancouver, I think, Nanaimo, because here are Ernie Van Houten, Bert Peck and Cassels the half breed. It is taken in front of the old hall, No. 1, on Water Street."

Note: the photo is of a group of fire "ladies," a hose reel, an open (sliding) door, and one man only in a dark shirt. It is a very early Nanaimo Fire Company, perhaps 1888 to 1890, and the full list of names is shown on the photo in the Archives. A copy of the photo has been sent to the Bastion, Nanaimo, for preservation.

Mr. Mateer also confirmed narrative by Mr. H.P. McCraney, 10 July 1931, re Great Fire of 1886.

"When we organised the first fire brigade, we appointed a secretary, and kept careful minutes of our meetings. We had company meetings once a week, and department meetings once a month, and the company meeting minutes were written into the minute book of the department, but our first secretary, Barney Beckett, died suddenly, and was succeeded by Dave Thomas, and in the transfer the minutes were somehow lost. I have asked Dave Thomas twenty times if he has or had any idea where the minutes got to, but he does not know. It is a great pity they were lost, or cannot be found, for there are many points which they would settle, which now arise. Of course, when it became a paid department, we ceased to take the former interest.

"Ex-Chief J.H. Carlisle, for so many years the fire chief of Vancouver, was not the first fire chief. The first chief was Sam Pedgrift, who absconded with the funds of a minstrel show which the

firemen put on. No matter how much we dislike it, how much we esteem Mr. Carlisle, the fact remains that Mr. Carlisle was not the first fire chief. But he has always been considered as such, and treated so, but 'history is history.'

"I rather think the 'M.A. MacLean' fire engine arrived before Mr. Carlisle was fire chief.

"I do not recognise this building to the right of the tent," he said, on being shown the photograph of the ruins of Vancouver after the fire. "The building here is the Regina Hotel, on the corner of Water and Cambie streets, but this is, I think, a scow house; there were a number of scow houses which escaped destruction, and it looks more about where Mr. Cates, old Mr. Cates and his family, father of Captain J.A. Cates, had a scow house and a ship yard down there. I think the point is more where Captain Cates lived than where Andy Linton had his boat house." (At foot of Carrall Street.)

DUPONT STREET, NOW PENDER STREET EAST.

"Dupont Street was, at that time, a street on piles. I walked over the stringers when they were building it. The tide came right up to the corner of Dupont and Columbia Street," said Mr. Mateer.

THE FIRE ENGINE "M.A. MACLEAN."

"The first test of the first fire engine Vancouver had was made on the Cambie Street wharf in the presence of Mayor MacLean, and Thos. Dunn, with myself at the nozzle," said Mr. Mateer. "We pumped the water out of the sea."

21 JULY 1931 - McDONOUGH HALL, OLDEST BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN DISTRICT OF VANCOUVER, 1931.

"The first big ball in Vancouver was held in the McDonough Hall," said Mr. W.F. Findlay. "The building is now used for some sort of a mission, that is, top floor, with stores of various sorts on the street level. It is at the southeast corner of Columbia and Hastings Street, and is, I believe, the oldest building in downtown Vancouver, a wooden building approximately fifty feet facing on Hastings Street." (See photo in Archives.)

"It was built in the fall of 1887, and finished in 1888. At the time people remarked, as they saw it in process of erection, 'Why the — did he go out in the woods to build it?' It was a grand ball, and, if I remember rightly, Dr. Bell-Irving and Mr. (afterwards General) J. Duff Stuart were floor managers. It was a really 'grand' ball, the supper was on the upper floor; the lower floor, even at that time, was stores, or rather, a grocery store."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

"I would not say 'first big ball.' I do know this, that it was the first of the St. Andrews and Caledonian Society." W.F. Findlay, 12 April 1932.

LOTUS HOTEL, ABBOTT STREET.

Years ago, Mr. Campbell of the Vancouver Fire Department, and formerly assistant chief at the fire hall which, about 1904 onwards, stood at the southeast corner of Ninth Avenue and Granville Street, and who lived on the northwest corner of Pacific and Howe streets, told me that one evening in the early days, he wandered into the Sunnyside Hotel and was persuaded to buy, for one dollar, a ticket in a raffle for a lot. He did not want the ticket, but took it, and put it in his pocket.

He got the lot at the northwest corner of Abbott and Pender Street West, kept it for many years, and finally, approximately 1908, sold it for many thousands of dollars—between \$25,000 and \$75,000.

J.S. Matthews



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0054



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0055

30 JULY 1931 - THE FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHT IN VANCOUVER. THE FIRST ELECTRIC RAILWAY. H.P. McCRAHEY.

(This memorandum has been read and approved by Mr. McCrahey, October 1931.)

Memorandums of conversations with H.P. McCrahey, Esquire, of, in 1931, 3350 Cypress Street, Vancouver, and vice-president of F.L. Cummins and Co. Ltd., sprayer contractors, 1460 Howe Street, Vancouver. Mr. McCrahey was one of the first Park Commissioners of Vancouver, *appointed by the City Council* to control Stanley Park when it was opened on 27 September 1888, and was present at the ceremony. He was also an alderman, 1902 to 1905 inclusive, and still retains his physical alertness, and is at his office of business every day.

"The start, or beginning," said Mr. McCrahey, "of what is now the B.C. Electric Railway Co. Ltd., with interests over half British Columbia, was the Vancouver Electric Light Company, a private firm which built the first electric light plant in Vancouver in a building situate on what is now the lane between Hastings Street West and Pender Street West, and between Abbott Street and Carrall Street, about one hundred feet from Abbott Street, and on the south side of the land. It is of brick, with two ventilators, the original one still showing in the roof. It was about fifty feet wide and sixty feet deep, and was, at the time it was built, more or less surrounded with swamp on the west, but not on the east. It is a two-storey building, and its first use was as a power house; in later years it was used as a stable for Messrs. Atkins and Johnston, transfermen; still later as a laundry, and now, 1931, as a woodworking factory for Messrs. Garrett and Sons."

(Mr. McCraney was good enough to go down and actually identify the building, and photograph as taken by Rowland Towers, and is now in the archives of the Vancouver City Public Library.)

Mr. McCraney continued, "The plant was started in this way. People were tired of coal oil lamps. In April 1887, the City Council had appointed an official lamp lighter; the first train arrived on 23 May 1887; on July 1st we had our first grand Dominion Day celebration, and in September 1886, three men—they were electricians—came up from Portland, Oregon. I forget one name, but the other two were Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Giltner. They had electrical equipment for sale, and approached local people to form a company, and so give the undertaking local 'colour.' I forget all the names of those who formed the company—you can see a lot in the old Council minutes—but two were Bob Balfour and Tom Dunn. I was a shareholder, but not a director. The money was raised, the plant built, and I had the contract for erecting the pole line. The system did not spread far, just around Hastings, Cordova, Cambie, Carrall, Oppenheimer, Powell, Alexander, Cambie and Abbott streets, and the street lights were glow worms—thirty-two candle power carbon globes or bulbs which did not give much light. Bear in mind, this company was a purely *electric light* company; it had nothing whatever to do with the electric street railway which came later.

"The three promoters were, I think, in the electric business in Portland, Oregon, and wanted to sell electric plant, so they ran it until it was in operation only. The city had given permission for the poles to be erected in the streets, and soon after we started putting lights in the houses.

"At that time, the idea of a street railway had not been thought of.

"As I have said, the people were tired of coal oil lamps and candles. Three men formed the first company, and they put a lot of lights on the street for the city, and then put them in the private houses. Jim Carnahan got the poles from the head of False Creek; you could not get any there now" (with a smile.) "I had the contract for digging the holes and putting up the poles; they were little things as we compare them now. In this I was associated with Mr. Stephenson; in building the street railway I was alone. Of the original promoters, Mr. H.T. Ceperley was the last to survive. Mr. Ceperley was a sort of representative of Mr. McKee, of whom I will tell you later. Yes, it was Mr. Ceperley who afterwards donated the children's playground in Stanley Park."

THE START OF THE ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY.

Some time early in 1888 a meeting was held to consider the building of a tram service or street railway. It was a meeting of local business men, but the meeting was not fruitful of results; it was too soon. Then some Americans came to Vancouver, and made a proposal to the City Council, and the local people had to get busy. When this local company was formed, Dr. Lefevre, who was the "pusher," but also a member of the City Council, introduced a by-law granting to George Turner and H.P. McCraney the right to build and operate a street railway for a company to be formed. The by-law passed, and an agreement was made covering the route; a crooked route: Granville to Hastings, Hastings to Cambie, Cambie to Cordova, Cordova to Carrall, Carrall to Powell, and Powell to Westminster Avenue, and down Westminster Avenue to the bridge which crossed False Creek, and in addition, the Powell Street extension down to Campbell Avenue. The whole distance was about three and one half miles single track. George Turner was one of the financial men of Vancouver, a speculator.

"Subscriptions for shares in the company were taken all over town; we were somewhat careful who we took in, and each party took shares at five hundred dollars each. It was at first thought possible to build an electric street system, but sufficient funds could not be raised, so the contract was let to me (H.P. McCraney) to build a horse drawn system.

"Horses—not very many—were purchased, and the stables built across the Westminster Avenue Bridge at the corner, southwest corner of Dufferin [Front?], I think it was, though it might have been Lorne [Front?] Street. They were afterwards used by the Gurney Cab Company, and were torn down a couple of years ago. The ground was very wet and swampy around the stables, and the floor of the building was elevated four or five feet above the muskeg. The entrance was off Westminster Avenue, and the stables would be perhaps seventy-five feet long. At that time, the

street railway and the electric light company were distinctly separate; neither had anything to do with the other.”

THE STREET RAILWAY.

“When the street railway was formed, R.P. Cook became president. He was Dr. Lefevre’s father-in-law.

“In the spring of 1889, I commenced operation in building the first street railway in Vancouver. The first track was laid on Granville Street, a little north of Pacific Street, perhaps a hundred feet north, where the slope runs up to a level. We started just at the level so that the horses may have an easy start when they pulled. The track was to run from bridge to bridge through the town. At that time, the Granville Street vicinity was mostly stumps, although down in Yaletown, a couple of hundred yards east or so, there was quite a little settlement. For the history of Yaletown you had better see Hugh Gilmour, who was Master Mechanic there; he came from Yale when the shops were moved down by the C.P.R.

“We continued to build for a horse-drawn tram system, and got down as far as the old Vancouver Opera House, between Robson and Georgia streets, where the first switch was put in. There was another switch on Powell Street, and another on Main Street (Westminster Avenue).” (There was another switch on Hastings Street between Homer and Richards.) “However, just at the time the track reached the switch at the Opera House” (C.P.R. owned), “a retired lawyer from Omaha, a Mr. McKee, whom I have already mentioned as represented by Mr. H.T. Ceperley, arrived on the scene, and bought up considerable stock of the company, a control of the interest. They had about \$30,000, and with his \$30,000 making \$60,000, it was decided by the directors that there was sufficient funds on hand to convert the project into an electric street railway.”

THE ORIGINAL ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY AND THE STREET RAILWAY AMALGAMATE.

“It was then decided to take over the original electric light company. The street railway shareholders were given two shares for one, and the electric light company shareholders one share for one of the old company. You will find it in the minutes. The two companies were amalgamated, and I think were called the Vancouver Street Railway Company Limited.

“When it was decided to electrify the railway, a contract was given to F.S. Osgood of Seattle, who was representative of Thompson, Houston Electric Company of Boston, Massachusetts—they had a big plant at Lynn, Massachusetts—for the equipment.

“At this time, a bond issue was created to be used for the purpose of electrifying, and afterwards extending the line around 9th Avenue, and making improvements to the electric light system. Among such improvements was the adoption of the arc light for the streets, and the disappearance of the ‘glow worm’ lights.

“The construction of the track was completed in the fall of 1889, but it was not operated. The delay was on account of the slow delivery of the equipment. It was finally opened in May 1890 with a bit of celebration. We had four or five street cars, little bits of things; one is in the grounds of the Vancouver Exhibition Association at Hastings Park now.” (First car ran 26 June 1890; see elsewhere in the book.)

“Vancouver was growing, and growing fast, but the line could not pay. There was not track enough, so an arrangement was made to extend the track around 9th Avenue, and form a belt line. The Canadian Pacific Railway, through their land agent Mr. Browning, made a grant of lots for taking the road around to make a complete circle. I had built the track from bridge to bridge on the north side of False Creek; Dan McGillvary got the contract to build it on the south side from bridge to bridge. That completed the well-known ‘belt line,’ and belt line it has remained ever since—the principal line of the B.C. Electric Railway.

"After the 'belt line' was completed, Mr. McKee saw that the thing was not going to pay. While he had construction money he could show a profit, but when he had no construction money—you can call it what you like—it could not be made to pay; not on account of bad management, but because it was ahead of its time. The population was not big enough. So Mr. McKee had a statement drawn up, etc., etc., and traded his interest to J.W. Horne for Vancouver real estate. He immediately took a boat for the Orient, and as far as is known has never been seen in Vancouver since.

"The railway to New Westminster was built the same year as the extension was made to complete the 'belt line.' They were an entirely separate company, the New Westminster and Vancouver Street Railway." (See yesterday's *Vancouver Daily Sun*, "Forty Years Ago," July 1891.)

"J.W. Horne sold his interest to the New Westminster and Vancouver Street Railway Company. It is presumed they had little money, and that he was anxious to get rid of his interests, so they gave and he accepted notes. You had better see Mr. Burdis, who was Mayor Oppenheimer's private secretary, about the statement J.W. Horne presented to the New Westminster and Vancouver Street Railway Company. Anyway, the thing hung fire; they refused to pay the notes. J.W. Horne stayed at the Leland Annex. He and Carter-Cotton were the first two members for Vancouver. Frank Barnard tried to form a local company, but I believe he failed; see Mr. Burdis and also Judge J.A. Forin—he will tell you about the Horne statement, etc. The bondholders held an interest of \$300,000. They offered the road and all assets to the City of Vancouver for, I think the sum was \$275,000. It was put up to the City Council, who submitted the proposal by by-law to the people, who turned it down. They afterwards came to the City and asked them to guarantee their bonds. The City Council turned that proposal down too.

"Then someone went to the Old Country. I know Barnard went, and got in touch with Horne-Payne, perhaps it was—I think it was—Farrell, father of Gordon Farrell, and I think Frank Barnard went with him.

"Of course, Vancouver was growing like a weed. They say Horne-Payne made a success of the railway and light. It was not Horne-Payne; it was the citizens of Vancouver who made a success of it. Their numbers were growing.

"David Oppenheimer was 'frozen out.' He had put so much money in it he was 'broke,' but I think afterwards they gave him enough money to pay his debts. Anyway, they say David died happy because his debts were paid.

"They say it cost Horne \$40,000 to be elected as one of the first two members of the B.C. legislature. Carter-Cotton got about 1100 votes, and I think Horne got about 586."

J.S. Matthews



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0056

31 JULY 1931 - TELEPHONE COMPANIES.

According to Mr. W.H. Gallagher, the first telephone in Vancouver was burned in the Great Fire, and the news sent to Westminister by phone from George Black's, Hastings, to which point an extension had been made.

"Dr. Lefevre reorganised the first telephone company," said Mr. H.P. McCraney. "Joe Armstrong and his crowd controlled it at first. Dr. Lefevre practically 'put a gun' to Joe's head, and told him he would organise another company if he was not given control."

Query: Was that the New Westminister and Burrard Inlet Telephone Company?

"Yes, that would be the one. The original line was built from New Westminister to Port Moody to keep in touch with the Onderdonk construction of the C.P.R."

31 JULY 1931 - CENTRAL PARK. RIFLE RANGES. RICHMOND RIFLE RANGE.

It was at the suggestion of Captain T.O. Townley, then of New Westminister (Captain, 2 July 1890) but afterwards Mayor of Vancouver (1901), that a strip of land on the west side of Central Park was set aside as a rifle range. The old rifle range which had served New Westminister was across the river at South Westminister and was hard to get at; there was no bridge then, and those of the Vancouver Rifle Association, organised 1889, used a rifle range of a sort at Moodyville, across the flats. (See Rules and Regulations, Vancouver Rifle Association, in Archives.)

By establishing a rifle range at a central location such as Central Park, one of these two ranges could be abolished; and besides, now that the electric street car, the interurban line, was running, it would be far more convenient to go by street car, take less time, and be more convenient than a long circuitous journey across water, followed by a considerable walk.

The Central Park Rifle Range was constructed about 1893 (see full details in Military Section, Vancouver City Museum, letters, etc.) and was last used in September or October 1904 when rifle shooting ceased on account of the growth of the district, and the fact that complaints were being received of flying bullets being a danger. Also, it was getting too small; there were six targets only.

The range was six hundred yards long, cut in the forest. It ran east and west, targets in the east, and paralleled a road which ran in the same direction on its southern side. To reach it, riflemen got off the Central Park interurban car, struck straight into the forest, followed a forest track a foot or so wide, and five minutes walk, came upon the 600 fire point, close by a small one-room shed. The firing points—200, 500 and 600 yards—were all elevated, mounds of earth between logs. There is a photograph of one firing point in the City Museum. It shows Captain J. Duff Stuart, now Brigadier General in command of one “firing party,” and Sergeant W.W. Foster, now Colonel, as sergeant of another “firing party,” commanded by Captain J. Reynolds Tite, both parties in artillery uniform, that of the 5th Regiment Canadian Garrison Artillery, Vancouver.

The British Columbia Rifle Association held their annual prize meeting at Central Park Rifle Range in 1896, 1898 and 1900. Riflemen came from all parts of B.C., and from H.M. warships.

The Central Park Rifle Range was last used in 1904. After shooting on it all year, the first matches on the Richmond Rifle Range, and the last for that year on any range, were held at Richmond on Thanksgiving Day, 1904. The event of the shoot was the new “Perry Trophy” presented by Lieutenant Colonel J.C. Whyte, commanding the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R., to commemorate the winning of the King’s Prize in 1904 by Private S.J. Perry, (G.M.)

One of the trials of the Central Park Range was, (1) the smoke from fires in summer, and the fact that more than once the riflemen on their way to shoot had to pass through more or less dangerous fire—it was most inconvenient to have to dash through fire on the trail—and (2) that the shadows cast by the trees which grew densely and to great height on both sides of the range precluded proper sighting of the rifle sights, cast shadows on the targets, etc. It was a most unsatisfactory range, but served a good purpose for the time being.

31 JULY 1931 - STANLEY PARK.

“Stanley Park,” said Mr. H.P. McCraney, one of the first Park Commissioners, “was opened on the 27th September. A night or so before the park was opened, the City Council appointed the first Park Commissioners; they were appointed, not elected, three of them R.G. Tatlow, A.G. Ferguson, and myself.

“The City Council asked Sir Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, to name the park. Sir Donald, feeling that the matter was of more than local importance, asked the Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, if he may name it ‘Stanley Park,’ to which request the Governor-General acceded. The name was announced for the first time at the opening ceremonies.

“The ceremonial procession passed through the city, and proceeded to the Stanley Park Landing of the Capilano water pipes, where a temporary platform had been erected. The Honourable John Robson, provincial secretary, Major Grant of Victoria, Mayor Oppenheimer of Vancouver, Mr. Harry Abbott, general superintendent of the C.P.R., aldermen Alexander, Couth, Dougall (of the Dougall House), Humphries, and Oppenheimer were there, and the three park commissioners.

“Mayor Oppenheimer made a speech, and at the conclusion handed Alderman Alexander, who was also a Park Commissioner, a copy of the by-law creating the park board.

“Lord Stanley was present” (This is incorrect – JSM.), “and I think his son, the present Earl of Derby.”

Note: a photo of the site where the opening took place is in the Archives.

JSM



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0057



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0058

5 AUGUST 1931 - CONSTRUCTION OF STREET RAILWAY IN VANCOUVER.

Two very early photographs of street railway construction were today given me by Mr. H.P. McCraney, who built the first street railway. Construction was started, in the spring of 1889, about half way between Pacific Street and Drake Street on Granville. (See Mr. McCraney's long narrative elsewhere.)

The first photograph is the "Y" at the junction of Westminster Avenue and Powell Street, and shows a group of thirteen men and a boy at the "Y," three telephone posts with single cross arm on left of street, and one man with his foot on a barrel. The scene beyond is the site now occupied by the Canadian National Dock, now being erected after being destroyed by fire some months ago within a few days after being first completed.

The second photograph is the switch, or passing track, on Powell Street, somewhere near Jackson Avenue. The terminus in the distance, trees beyond, is presumed to be where Campbell Avenue crosses Powell Street. The bridge is presumed to be a counterpart of the present day Hastings Street viaduct, but on Powell Street. This photo shows, on the right, two houses of one storey with verandahs, followed by a white house of two storeys without a verandah, a small dark house further on, and others until the trees are reached. On the left, a two-storey house with bay window, and in the centre, a group of approximately ten men laying down the tracks, a switch, and a small barrel in centre foreground.

It is assumed that, as construction was started at the Pacific Street terminus, that this photograph was taken in the fall of 1889, and it establishes the fact that at this time, the forest was growing east of Campbell Avenue.

The ties, said McCraney, were six by eight inches, laid crosswise, and on these stringers four by twelve inches were laid lengthwise on which the rails were laid, leaving a clearance of eight inches, four on each side of the rail, and on the innermost, planks were nailed to permit wagons to cross tracks with ease. See photo of single track, Granville Street from Hotel Vancouver, No. X355.

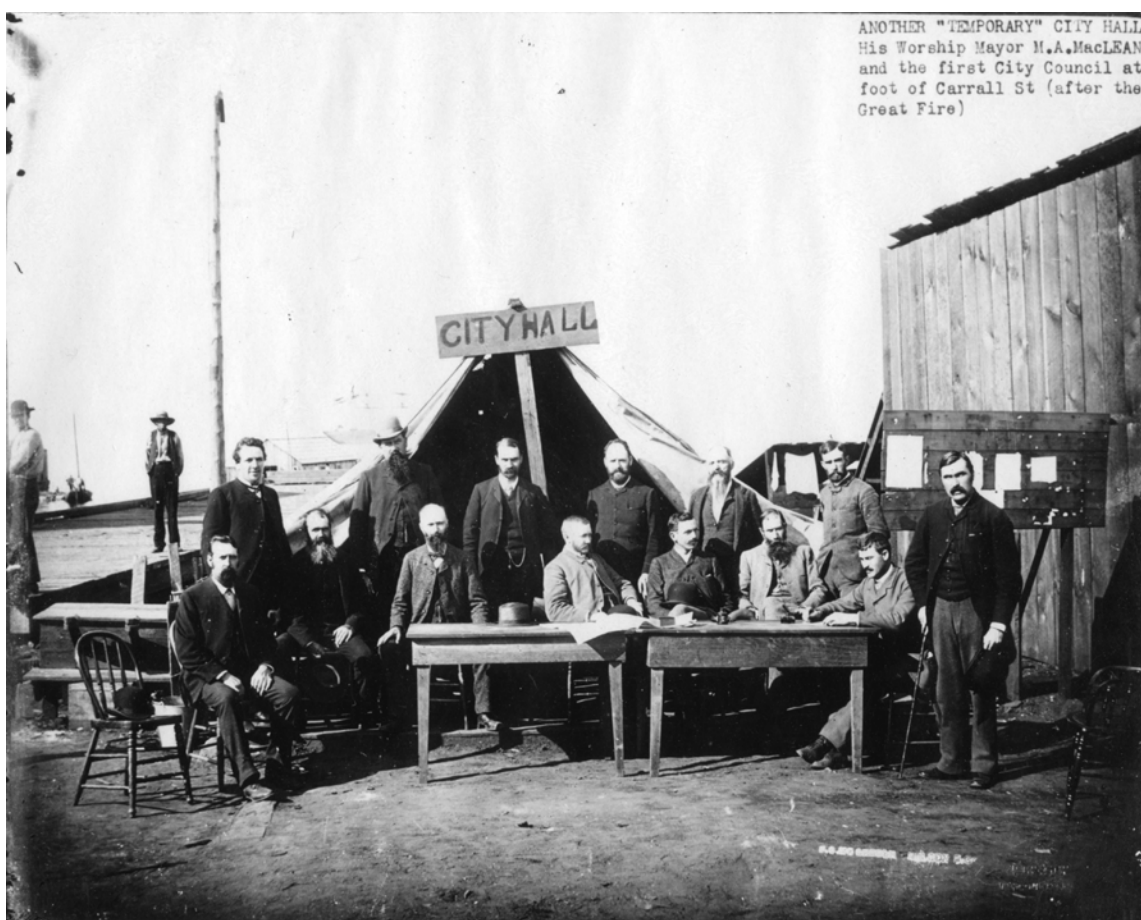
5 AUGUST 1931 - THE FAMOUS MAPLE TREE. CARRALL STREET.

"What became of the Maple Tree? Why, the fire destroyed it," was the answer Mr. H.P. McCraney gave to that query. "It was standing right in the path of the fire." (13 June 1886.)

The famous Maple Tree on the west side of Carrall Street, near the corner of Water Street and within a few feet of where now stands the monument to mark its place. It must have been standing in 1863 at the time Corporal Turner and his party of Royal Engineers surveyed the townsite, and also in 1870, the year the townsite of Granville was surveyed, according to the Trutch map of that year, and which shows a large building in the centre of Carrall Street, to the east of the old tree. In 1870 there were nine buildings in Granville, arranged along the edge of the crescent-shaped shore, now Water Street, between Abbott and Carrall streets. The most easterly was this large building, then came the customs house and jail; between the former and the two latter stood the Maple Tree, and no doubt was, at a very early date, much esteemed for its shade and beauty, possibly the cattle of the pioneers—perhaps it was there that the milch cows chewed their cud in the cool of the summer's evening.

The name of Vancouver, it is said, was chosen beneath this tree, yet it should be pointed out that the post office was "Granville" until the city was incorporated; that a publication, published in Olympia, Washington in 1884 mentions "Vancouver on Coal Harbour," and that L.A. Hamilton's map of 1885 is of the townsite of "Vancouver."

The subject requires more minute investigation.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0059

5 AUGUST 1931 - CITY HALLS.

The new City Hall on Powell Street appears to have been first used for Council meetings on 8 November 1886, about five months after the fire; see minutes of first Council. It was built by Sentell Brothers, and the story goes that civic authorities were debarred from entrance until they had paid for it.

In the files of the old *Vancouver News*, an early newspaper, preserved at the University of B.C., there is a notice as follows:

NOTICE

The Mayor's office has been removed from Abbott Street to the City Hall on Powell Street, office hours 10–11 a.m. and 1–3 p.m.

M.A. McLean
Mayor
March 1st 1887.

Jas. A. Smith, now chief moving picture censor, but who came here in April 1888, tells that a man named Samson, I think "Dick," was architect of the City Hall on Westminster Avenue, first known as the Market Hall, and afterwards, when the city offices were moved to the Holden Building on Hastings Street, used as part of the Public Library (reading room, etc.)

NOTE ADDED LATER:

(Should be Lawson or Dawson?)

CITY COUNCIL.

Alderman Harry Hemlow, now resident in Vancouver, and Alderman L.A. Hamilton, a non-resident, are now, in 1931, the only two remaining councillors living who were members of the first Council. The famous tent picture of the City Hall and Council, taken immediately after the Great Fire, does not show Alderman Harry Hemlow—he was absent at the time.

8 AUGUST 1931 - EARLY WATER WORKS. HASTINGS SAWMILL.

Apart from wells and creeks, the earliest water works system in Vancouver was the old Hastings Mill flume from Trout Lake, on Lakewood Drive, Grandview, now a civic park and bathing pool.

In conversation with Mr. Frame, for many years storekeeper of the Hastings Sawmill Store, he said to me, "Oh, yes, they got their water from Trout Lake, by an open flume; when they sold the property they kept the lake."

The remark is interesting, and of value in tracing the water system of Vancouver. Settlements of all our early homes, camps, etc., were governed by water—wells, springs, creeks—and this lake must have had some influence in the location of the Hastings Sawmill. The Hastings Sawmill had very extensive timber rights about Vancouver. (On 13 October 1871, J.A. Raymur, Manager, Hastings Sawmill, gives permission to one Robert Preston to preempt the land about Kitsilano Beach, "provided he does not cut or destroy any of the timber thereon." See further, 20 November, water works, conversation Mr. T. Sanderson.)

Mr. Frame's attention being drawn to a hooked white streak on the photograph of Gastown, "Before the Fire," about one inch from the left of the picture, he said, "I think that was a skid road down Mount Pleasant, perhaps a little to the left of the present Main Street. It will be interesting to discover whether or not this is not the skid road which, perhaps, developed into Kingsway; if it was part of the 'new road' from Westminster."

KITSILANO, PREEMPTION.

The permission to preempt Kitsilano Beach is to be found in the Greer papers, *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach*, in the City Museum. (Copy only.)

AUGUST 1931 - BUS LINES. KITSILANO BEACH. MACDONALD STREET. BROADWAY. KERRISDALE.

The first north and south transportation to Kitsilano Beach commenced on 1 July 1931, when, as a result of representations made by the Kitsilano Ratepayers Association (C.H. Fraser, president), the B.C. Electric Railway Company started a motor bus, connecting with the Kerrisdale bus to Broadway, beginning each week day at noon, on Sundays at 10 a.m., and running every twenty minutes, city fare with transfers from connecting and to connecting lines. It was very poorly patronised; two or three passengers, sometimes more, nearly all travelling on transfer, and so the venture was very unprofitable. The route: Cornwall Street, Point Grey Road, Macdonald Street, and on to Kerrisdale.

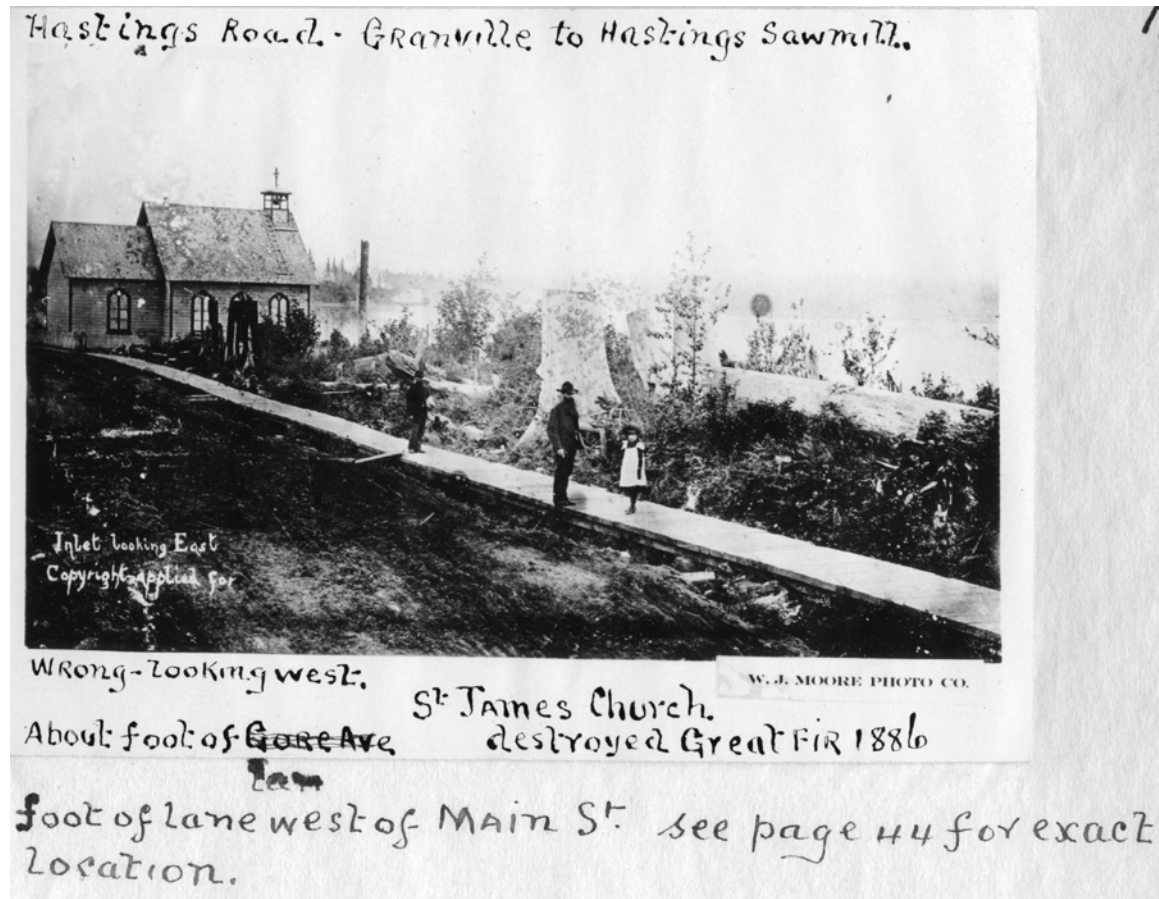
The increasing popularity of Kitsilano Beach reached a zenith with the opening, about 15 August 1931, of the largest swimming pool in North America, a tremendous crowd turning out for the opening ceremony. This long-neglected beach seems this year to have at last supplanted English Bay as the most frequented beach in Western Canada. During the year, also, two blocks bounded by Cornwall, Yew, Arbutus streets and the car tracks, has been partially filled in preparatory to conversion into a park, the sward laid in 1930, about five acres, west of Arbutus between Creelman and Whyte, and on the two blocks north of Ogden Street, known as Haddon

Park—after Mr. Harvey Haddon by whom it was presented at a cost of \$5,000, plus \$5,000 for clearing—are both covered with a smooth green grass for the first time, and prove most popular.

The building of the Burrard Street Bridge is proceeding rapidly, and will be open for traffic in 1932; then again, efforts are being made to secure for park purposes that portion of the Indian Reserve west of the bridge; another small portion of two acres at the southern end of the bridge and in the Indian Reserve, now wild growth, is being secured for an ornamental approach to the bridge.

The long dormant area behind Kitsilano Beach and the beach itself is at last fulfilling the prophesies of its pioneer residents: that it would become the best-known beach in Western Canada. They have waited long.

JSM



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0060

10 AUGUST 1931 - SAINT JAMES CHURCH. FATHER CLINTON.

Why is it that, in this photograph (of "Before the Fire"), this little church is shown on the shore? What church is it? The porch and gate appear facing the shore?

"That is the first St. James Church," replied Mr. Hugh E. Campbell, a member of Vancouver's first fire brigade. "When it was built, it was built to face the shore. I think Father Clinton lived in the back, end nearest the water, of it."

The little church is barely discernible in the old photograph of Vancouver, "Before the Fire." It stood on the shore, between water and the road which ran from Gastown to Hastings Mill

(Hastings Road). It has a little picket fence around it, a dark porch, a belfry; and is, in the photo, about three inches to the right of a large tree on the shore. It was entered from Hastings Road.

Its exact location has not been determined, but would be about the foot of Main Street lane.

10 AUGUST 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. GASTOWN. DOUGLAS ROAD.

Mr. Hugh E. Campbell, now of 2848 Birch Street, Fairview, was in Vancouver "before the fire," and was for many years identified with the fire brigade. Mrs. Campbell is a pioneer of Sea Island, and her narration of her early days is interesting. (See elsewhere.)

"I was in the Sunnyside Hotel, at the northwest corner of Water and Carrall Street, when the fire broke out. I heard shouts of 'fire, fire,' and ran out into the alley" (Trounce Alley) "and put a horse in one of those 'one-horse' butcher carts we used in those days, and drove up to E.S. Scoullar's" (see Captain Scoullar and our first Dominion Day celebration) "who had his hardware and sheet metal store just about where Edgett's is now on Water Street (155 Water Street), about half way between Abbott and Cambie Street, on the south side. I put six or seven boxes of dynamite in the cart, and drove off, and ended by putting it on the Hastings Mill wharf, and then came back, but I got back a very short way. Mrs. Alexander said not to put the dynamite there, but I did it; I told her that they could throw it overboard if it became necessary to do so." (Note: which they did, and it floated about the harbour for some days.) "Some other heavy wagons started to go down to Scoullar's, but they got nothing.

"The fire started between Homer and Granville, perhaps Hamilton and Granville streets, along about Hastings Street. The C.P.R. were clearing the land, and the fire got away from them. There were 'a hundred' fires burning; people were clearing the land.

"The fire took the direction of Pender, Dupont streets, and all north of those streets, and ran as far as perhaps Prior Street. It missed the Royal City Planing Mills.

Query: What stopped it?

"The wind went down. To give you an idea of the strength of the wind, the hulk Robert Ker was anchored up by Deadman's Island, and she dragged her anchor and drifted down to the Hastings Sawmill. Then there was a big tree on the shore about the foot of Columbia Street, between Father Clinton's church and the Maple Tree; the wind blew that down, and it fell across the road from Gastown to the Mill. You can imagine the gale that blew.

"I spent the rest of the day helping people down Douglas Road, about as far as the present sugar refinery."

Mr. Campbell then drew a sketch of Gastown before the fire.

PROVINCIAL GAOL.

Mr. Campbell continued. "The first provincial gaol was on the site of the old No. 1 Fire Hall, and was burned down in the fire of 1886. After the fire, No. 1 Hall was built on the south side of Water Street, about fifty feet from Carrall Street, and next to the Alhambra Hotel, built in 1887. When the city moved the site of the No. 1 Hall to the present site at the corner of Gore Avenue and Cordova Street, they tried to sell the site, but found they did not own it—it belonged to the provincial government."

WATER TANKS.

"The water tank at the corner of Dunsmuir and Granville Street, for use in fighting fire, was a huge affair. It was only ten feet deep, about, but it was at least seventy-five feet long and thirty feet wide, and held a tremendous lot of water."



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0061

THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE. THE WATER TANKS.

"The tanks from which that fire engine is pumping water stood at the corner of Dunsmuir and Granville Street, east side," said Mr. W.F. Findlay of the Vancouver Pioneers Association, and a nephew of Lewis Carter of the Carter House. "I don't know much about that tank; I know more about the one on Carrall Street, near the old Maple Tree. The tank by the Maple Tree was wooden roofed and sided, and sunk in the ground. It was not planked at the bottom, for the contractor found after digging the hole that the water seeped in sufficiently to keep the tank part full of water. The tank held about 10,000 or 12,000 gallons.

"Both these tanks were used to have a supply of water on hand in case of fire, as the water pressure was, in the early days, very poor."

Note: the seepage mentioned would be natural when the nature of the ground under Carrall Street is considered, and the fact that, ten or twelve feet down, perhaps less, there is a strata of firm hard shale.)

"Pressure, pressure," ejaculated Mr. J.A. Mateer when the above narrative was read to him, "pressure, there was no pressure. There was no water other than in those tanks. Vancouver had no water supply other than wells."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

"And ten feet below high tide." – W.F. Findlay, April 1932

"We are referring to different dates. There was at first only one pipe, a twelve inch, across the First Narrows. He is referring to an earlier day, before the water was installed." – W.F. Findlay, 12 April 1932

GRANVILLE STREET IN 188-. DUNSMUIR STREET IN 188-. THE FIRST FIRE ENGINE.

A photo of an early fire engine pumping water, and in the distance, on the left, a building with a large sign, "RAND BROS, REAL ESTATE," was shown to Mr. W.F. Findlay.

"That," he said, "is a test of the first fire engine owned by the City of Vancouver, and was brought here shortly after the Great Fire of 1886. The site is Granville Street at Dunsmuir; the crossing of Dunsmuir Street can be seen by the planks laid long ways for a walk over the crossing. The heavy, large hose is pumping water from the tank.

"The engine was christened by Mrs. Carlisle, wife of the fire chief, J.H. Carlisle. The 'process' of christening it was for all hands to get around it, lift it in the air, while Mrs. Carlisle broke a bottle over it, and called it the "M.A. MacLean," in honour of the first Mayor of Vancouver.

"What became of the engine afterwards I do not know, but I seem to recall it in use twenty-five years ago. It was drawn by horses, I rather imagine two horses, though the later engines, before the motor engines came in, had three horses, and fine show, very spectacular to witness, they made as they galloped along. They were beautifully kept, fine specimens of horseflesh, and shone in their polished brass mounted harness. The old engine burned coal; you can see the poker on the ground, and also an empty coal sack. The top of the boiler and other fittings were burnished nickel, and shone brilliantly, as you can see by the reflections of the surrounding buildings shown in them.

"The site of the building 'RAND BROS, REAL ESTATE' is on Granville Street, about midway between Dunsmuir and Pender Street, on the west side. I think it was torn down afterwards to build a taller building.

"At the same time that the engine came, I think we got 2,500 feet of hose also."

26 August 1939

Who in 1889 - exactly fifty years ago, when the questions of the day was how to cross the North Arm, (see Kidd's "History of Lulu Island") was one a intense interest, hoped, or expected that the day would ever come - at least, within half a century, when a huge circus, "Ringlings", with Elephants, and lions and clowns - and hundreds of performers and attendants, who would entertain on Grauer's Field across the river on Sea Island (adjoining the bridge), a multitude who arrived in horseless carriages so numerous as to create a problem in traffic. J.S.ue

Saturday evening. 26 August 1939

What an age of wonders to
have lived in

J.S.ue

NOTE ADDED LATER: 26 August 1939

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Saturday evening, 26 August 1939.

What an age of wonders to have lived in. JSM

10 AUGUST 1931 - AIRPORT. GRANVILLE STREET SOUTH. EBURNE.

“I came to British Columbia in October 1889,” said Mrs. H.E. Campbell, now of 2848 Birch Street, “coming on the first ‘Tourist’ car the Canadian Pacific Railway operated to the west. I got off at New Westminster and came down the river to Eburne. There were no bridges over the river at Eburne then; we used to cross over in boats, or on a scow to a little wharf where there was a store, the only one, ‘run’ by a Mr. Eburne. At that time there were a few shacks around, but the store was the main building. It was not altogether like coming to a strange place, for I knew Mr. McLeod, Mr. Sandy McLeod. On my arrival, Mr. Sears called for three cheers to welcome ‘another woman for British Columbia.’ Some time afterwards, I remember someone calling excitedly, ‘Oh, come look, come look.’ We all rushed to the window or door. The ‘sight’ we were urged to see was a woman crossing a field. I don’t know who she was; it might have been Mrs. Nicol; they sold their place for seventy thousand dollars recently, for the new airport. Our water? Oh, we got that out of tanks; the river water was too salty.

“We went over to Vancouver once in a while, driving up Granville Street, as it is now called, but then it was just a slit in the forest, a solid wall of trees on both sides from Eburne to False Creek, with timber so tall you had to look straight up to see the sky. We went over to Vancouver on the first day of July 1890, and the mud on Granville Street was up to the hubs. The sun could not get in to dry the road—the trees were too tall. The road was no wider than a wagon, and, every half mile or so, there was a little space, somewhat wider, where the wagons could pass.

“When I arrived in October, I weighed 128 pounds, but in six months, the fresh air and the freshness of everything so improved me that I weighed 153 pounds. There was a lot of mud around—there were no dykes. When we went to Vancouver, we went up a short way to a little wharf, but the mud was deep, and I thought it was the funniest thing when Mrs. McLeod called out, ‘let Bill pack you.’ They called it ‘packing.’ So the man picked me up and carried me under his arm to keep me out of the mud. Another man was carrying Mrs. McLeod.

“My sisters came in 1890. They opened a dress making shop, Miss Donnelly’s, in the Dunn and Miller Block on Cordova Street, and they were considered very clever designers.

“The accident to the party of sleighers? Oh, yes, that happened just a short way up Granville Street from Eburne, about the Magee Road. A tree fell as a party of merrymakers was passing; it killed one of them.”

JSM

NOTE ADDED LATER: September 1933 – This remarkable and tragic misadventure occurred, according to Miss E.J. Rowling, “about a quarter mile east of what is now the corner of Marine Drive and Argyle Street. It took place December 26, 1889. Four were killed, two escaped.” See H.S. Rowling; see Miss E.J. Rowling.

JSM

THE BURRARD ST BRIDGE and KITSILANO INDIAN RESERVE

BURRARD STREET BRIDGE crosses, 1931,
old Indian village. Last ragged
survivor of great forest (right)



CEDAR ST ENTRANCE TO BURRARD ST BRIDGE, AUG 14, 1931

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0063



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0064

12 AUGUST 1931 - THE INDIAN RESERVE. KITSILANO. BURRARD STREET BRIDGE. CORNWALL STREET. CEDAR STREET. BIG TREES.

A tall, ragged remnant of a forest monarch, a black monument, hollow and jagged, of a bygone day, stood before us today as we watched the noisy steam shovel, huge grunting, groaning leviathan, ripping up earth, stones, bushes and rubbish, as it tore its way out of what has been for so many years a primeval oasis in the centre of a densely populated city. They are making the approach from Cedar Street to the new Burrard Street Bridge; north of First Avenue West is the Indian Reserve, once a forest, but now very largely covered—where not utilised already for industries—with small tress, salmonberries, mountain ash, willows, maples and wild cherries.

The old black stump, a great sliver reaching perhaps seventy-five or a hundred feet into the sky, is a memorial of the once great forest which covered Vancouver; the only remaining, and last, relic within the old, the first city limits; sole survivor of the silent vacuum of our unknown past.

At the corner of Cedar Street and First Avenue West, and also at the corner of Cornwall and Chestnut, Mr. Rowland Towers, the photographer of Kerrisdale, he who photographed the internment of the German fleet (*internment*, not *surrender*—four ships a day), took photographs each way, four in all. On Cornwall at Chestnut Street, two urchins trundled a motorcar tire in the middle of the street; a few more months and the whirl of heavy, speeding traffic will sweep dashingly over that spot. Progress must be denied no longer.

Our old Indian friends, their canoes, their baskets, the pandemonium of the potlatch, even the silence of the old cemetery, all have gone. No longer will the young lads of Kitsilano hunt coons,

play Indian, climb for crow eggs in the old Reserve; the kok-kok of the cock pheasant has already gone.

Soon they will chop down the black, old fragment, the last of many thousands of forest monarchs out of whose dark and mighty depths grew this magic city.

JSM

NOTE ADDED LATER:

30 December 1931. I notice it has gone. JSM

12 AUGUST 1931 - HOLLYBURN. WEST VANCOUVER. "NAVY JACK'S." SCHOOL. POST OFFICE. THE FIRST HOLLY TREES. MR. AND MRS. JOHN LAWSON.

Paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, now resident at 22nd and Bellevue Avenue, West Vancouver.

When I arrived before 9 a.m., he was busily at work at the Post Office, now on corner of Marine Drive and 17th Street, and he informed me that, as was his practice, he had been on duty since before 6 a.m.; not a minor achievement for a man over 71. He was the first post master at Hollyburn, and so continues to this day. Mr. Lawson was born on 15 April 1860. He received me with marked courtesy.

I asked Mr. Lawson how he ever came to settle on that part of the shore of Burrard Inlet, now known as West Vancouver, etc., etc., but at that time quite unnamed saved for the sobriquet "Navy Jack's," sometimes "Navy Jack's place," and far beyond, another named point "Skunk Cove," now Caulfields. Mr. Lawson then related that he had joined the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1887, served first as brakeman, then conductor, and after twenty years service had retired. At that time, 1905, he was living at 1023 Pacific Street in the city, a muddy road not long opened up from Burrard Street West, and a chance remark of his brother-in-law (Mrs. Lawson's brother) one day, "I wonder what's across on that shore from Prospect Point?" brought the answer from Mr. Lawson, "I've been wondering that myself."

So the next morning, both got up early, got a boat, and started to cross. They knew nothing of the swift currents of the First Narrows, but were driven by them outside the Narrows in the general direction of the north shore, finally landed and took to the woods. They found a logging trail which had been graded for the Moodyville Logging Railway, but it had never been finished—no rails had been laid, although the ties lay all around, and there were half a dozen flat cars in the bushes. It looked as though they had been there some years. The whole place was badly overgrown. "We struck out," said Mr. Lawson, "up the trail, and soon came to the Old Keith Road, equally badly overgrown. It had been built about 1890 or 1891.

"We continued along the old road until we reached about here" ("here" meaning the corner of 17th Street and Marine Drive), "when we came to a fence, an old one, and my brother-in-law or I remarked, 'Here, what's this?' We investigated, and found Navy Jack's house. We went down to the shore."

What was Navy Jack's proper name? I asked.

"John Thomas. Navy Jack had gone up to Barkerville, and died suddenly. We afterwards found that J.C. Keith held the property. He had got it through lending two thousand dollars to Navy Jack, and finally it fell into his hands. Navy Jack married an Indian woman, and his daughter, Mrs. Williams, a woman of able mind, is living on the Indian Reserve now. You must see her.

"I felt when I saw this place that I had never seen a spot on this earth that I would so well like to make my home," said Mr. Lawson, with feeling emphasis, and then, as we subsequently walked over the actual location of his early efforts, and his recollections passed back of the years to the

early simplicity of his first home, he remarked with emotion, "It certainly was a beautiful place twenty years ago."

Today the original "Hollyburn" is somewhat the worse for wear, the fences down, the tennis court a patchwork of dried grass and dust holes in which children play with sand, a plentiful scattering of cigarette boxes, empty, lunch papers, and other debris of picnics.

NAVY JACK'S HOUSE.

Mr. Lawson then invited me to accompany him to view the original site of the house. We went down 17th Street to Argyll Street, then a little west along a narrow macadam road perhaps fifty yards, until we stood between a house numbered 1768 Argyll Street, and the old, now disused, Pacific Great Eastern Railway tracks. Here, among the cherry and walnut trees, was a clear space, quite small, the original site of the house that Navvy Jack built. It has been moved slightly to the west, and a little nearer the shore, and is now occupied by a Mrs. Hookham. It has been much altered, both inside and out, but much of the original remains, and in places the old-time square-cut nails show up in the lumber. The house has been raised to form a basement; the front has now stucco-covered posts. The interior still shows the narrow, perhaps three-inch, V-jointed lining, with a very deep V, and it is the old-time one inch, not the so-called one inch—actually three-quarters—of modern dimensions. The whole is now quite remodelled, and not recognisable from a photo of the first Navvy Jack's. The little creek runs to the east side of the house; formerly, it was on the west.

It is evident that one of the reasons which governed Navvy Jack in the location of his first shack was this creek; the old story of all our early houses, shacks, camps, etc., they were all built near water—springs or creeks.

"This is Navvy Jack's actual house, the one in which he lived; one can hardly say worked, for he left most of that to his women. Perhaps he did have a sort of shack prior to this house; I don't know," said Mr. Lawson.

Mr. Lawson afterwards showed me a photograph of the house. "It is identically the same here as it was when I first saw it, save for the addition of the two chimneys and the gable roof in front, which I added." The picture shows it to be about twenty feet wide with door in centre, and two large windows of four panes each, one on each side of the door. Four turned and ornamented verandah posts with peculiar batten and board roof, slightly concave, to verandah. The house roof is shingle, and the whole of one half, including the gable end, faces the shore. The two chimneys, one at each end of the house, pass through the ridge. Before the house stands the two famous holly trees, one partly hidden behind an old-style motor car; the occasion is that of the wedding of their eldest daughter about 1910, the first "church" wedding in West Vancouver. Otherwise, it is exactly as Navvy Jack left it.

Note: refer to "Jim" Smith's (J.A. Smith) story of the rooster crowing one 24th May (Queen's Birthday) and guiding a shipload of excursion from Victoria through the fog to the Narrows, 1888 or 1890.

12 AUGUST 1931 - HOLLYBURN AND THE FAMOUS HOLLY TREES.

The photo shows two small holly trees in front of the house. As they grew too large, they were subsequently removed, and are now on the west side of 17th Street, near the shore and picnic ground. Representations since made to the Reeve of West Vancouver have secured a promise that these trees will be protected from vandals, and a promise that he hopes to have them removed to the front of the Municipal Hall when additions are made to that structure. It is from these two holly trees that Hollyburn takes most of its name.

"I was working for the C.P.R. and one day in 1907 I took two holly trees, which were growing in my garden at 1023 Pacific Street, over to our new estate, and planted them. On my trips back and forth on the trains, I used to lie awake in my berth in the caboose trying to think of a suitable

name for the place. I tried many, until finally one night I thought of 'burn' which meant brook or creek. I added 'holly,' and that is how it was; I invented the word," added Mr. Lawson, and continued. "The walnut trees were about ten years old when we came here; that would make them 35 years old now, but the cherry trees are at least fifty years old. This property was preempted about 1872," and I remarked to him that that was about the time many preemptions were made; Greer's Beach (Kitsilano) was preempted, first in 1871, then in 1873. The fruit trees show, leafless, in the photo.

THE FIRST POST OFFICE.

The first post office—Mr. Lawson being the postmaster—was in a small room, probably ten feet by ten feet at the southeast angle of the house.

TAME DEER.

"Our first tame deer was a buck, and became so very tame that it entered the house," related Mr. Lawson. "One Christmas, Mrs. Lawson placed the Christmas pudding on the table, and while her back was momentarily turned, the deer ate the pudding on the table, and then jumped out of an open window. The second deer was secured when, being chased by some strange dog, it ran into the sea, and two men, passing in a boat, secured it and were about to cut its throat when Mrs. Lawson shouted to them to bring it in alive. It was a doe. I gave them \$10 for it. It was quite young. Soon afterwards, two men caught another one in the water; it was 'all in,' exhausted. I bought it, took it to the stable in a wheelbarrow, rubbed it and rubbed it, and finally it got its strength back. Later, it had two little fawns; that made five deer in all, so we built a little yard, then a larger one, and took in part of the creek. All these deer were caught close to the house."

Mr. Lawson was very fond of horses and had some splendid driving and riding specimens. Some of them appear in a picture given me of his farm on the shore. He had some splendid specimens of black Irish cattle.

The beauty of this Hollyburn forest retreat twenty or more years ago, its silence, its primeval verdure, its mountains and its sea, must indeed have been enchanting. No wonder Mr. Lawson looked back in fond recollection, and not without regret of its passing. The little old house framed in the green of cherry and walnut trees, the smooth lawn of the tennis court, the tiny creek rippling by, cold and clear, the boulder-strewn shore lapped by the waters of English Bay, the distant forest of Stanley Park, the noble bluff of Prospect Point, the verdant background of forest stretching away to the mountain top, the sunshine and the silence, the black cattle in the pasture, and the tame deer in the pen—a charming place of happy memory.

THE FIRST WHARF.

The remains of the old government wharf at the foot of 17th Street can still be seen, a narrow elevation of gravel between logs which originally supported it—the same gravel as has given its name to a certain quality commonly used in making concrete. The original "Navy Jack" (gravel) came from an excavation on the shore just east of the old wharf, a surface pit from which Vancouver got its first gravel for the concrete of its buildings, and which gave its name, or its owner's name, to a building material now universally known throughout British Columbia as "Navy Jack."

12 AUGUST 1931 - THE FIRST SCHOOL AND WEDDING.

The first wedding in West Vancouver was that of Mr. John Hart to Mrs. Lawson's sister, but the first wedding in a church, or perhaps "church wedding form," was held in the first school room, and was that of Mr. Lawson's eldest daughter Elizabeth Catherine, now Mrs. W.J. Pitman. A picture of this wedding, taken on the steps of Navy Jack's house, is in the Archives.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

(City Archives C.V.P. Out. 80 N. Out. 22.)

MR. AND MRS. JOHN LAWSON.

After our long conversation, Mr. Lawson invited me to his villa in a secluded nook of trees where the bend of Marine Drive meets the bend of shores, and here again were a number of holly trees, at 22nd and Bellevue Avenue.

Mrs. Lawson is a lady of splendid physique, behind whose gentle, gracious exterior the dominant personality of a mother of men of British Columbia was plainly discernible, one of those true types whose subtle encouragement has so contributed to the building of our homes where once forest grew; one of those who find expedients where others find difficulties; one of those women to whom British Columbia owes much. She welcomed us, and soon spread delicious refreshments.

They gave their only living son in the Great War; killed, near Cambrai, about a month before its end, whilst serving with the 46th Battalion—still another instance of the many only sons who fell in that awful conflict. Mr. Lawson himself joined the 158th Overseas Battalion (Duke of Connaught's Own) in September 1916, arrived in England November 1916, served in France at the age of 57, another of those splendid men who, rightly or wrongly, found the expedient of serving our land in the moment of its greatest distress by declaring, despite the natural debarment of age, that they were still under forty-five years old. Subsequently, he was president of the West Vancouver branch of the Canadian Legion. He is the tyler of St. David's Lodge of A.F. & A.M.

There is a rapture in listening to the narrations of such men and women. Here was a man who had seen the first trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway pass, who had himself helped in the difficult task of getting them over a roadbed and route through the mountains as yet in its raw state of rough newness, a difficulty not perhaps familiar to those who have not experienced it, nor lived in that age; who had carved out of the virgin forest his garden on the shore, and who, as others came, and it quickly grew into a self-governing municipality, became a ruler in its civic government; finally, as he grew older, to serve as a soldier in the greatest of all adventures.

And here was a woman who, after years of playing the silent part of a resourceful pioneer wife, not one whit less important than a man's because of its unobtrusiveness, finally gives her only son, their posterity, for Canada.

"I went there to become a millionaire," said Mr. Lawson. And then he smiled.

JSM

WEST VANCOUVER. LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN W. WARDEN, D.S.O., O.B.E., 102ND BATTALION.

West Vancouver was incorporated as a municipality in 1912. The first reeve was Chas. Nelson, a pioneer druggist and cricketer of Vancouver, followed by Mr. Lawson as reeve for 1913 and 1914. It was during Mr. Lawson's term that Col. Warden was councillor.

13 OCTOBER 1931 - CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL. DEAN RENISON, D.D., M.A.

This evening attended meeting of Church Committee at which Dean Renison said that he had accepted, with much regret, the Bishopric of Athabasca.

He said he had gone east on his holidays without the faintest notion of what had since eventuated. At Hamilton he had been offered a rectory at one thousand dollars more than he was receiving here per year, but had refused it. He was coming home, when one quarter of an hour before he reached Winnipeg, a telegram was handed him saying that he had been elected, at the triennial synod of the Church of England in Canada then sitting in Winnipeg, and asking his immediate acceptance. He was met at the train by a delegation. He wired his wife in Hamilton, who advised acceptance as a call to duty. The remuneration as Bishop of Athabasca is one thousand dollars per annum less than Dean of Christ Church Cathedral. He said that he had been extremely happy in his charge at Christ Church Cathedral during the past four years, and had expected to remain here for an indefinite period. He realised the comfort he would probably have

to give up, but the north country required a man, God had seen fit to decree that he should go, and he accepted the duty.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

Mr. A.E. Beck told me today that he was present at the committee meeting which arranged the details of the laying of the corner stone of Christ Church. Mr. William Downie (of the C.P.R.), afterwards Grand Master of the Freemasons, proposed that the freemasons should lay the cornerstone. Mr. Beck said, "I replied, 'why the freemasons? I don't know if there is any meaning to all the circling around and contortions they go through. The whole thing is as unintelligible to me as a lot of prairie Indians beating their tom toms and dancing around in a circle.' 'Well,' replied Mr. Downie," continued Mr. Beck, "when the freemasons circle around, Mr. Beck, each time they circle around they drop something in the cup." 'Oh, I see,'" Mr. Beck said he replied. "then in that case I think we had better have them."

Mr. Beck had been relating the difficulties they had experienced in financing Christ Church at the commencement, the old "root house," the insistence of Mr. Browning that something be done about the property purchased from the C.P.R.—payment, I suppose—how Mr. Browning had said, "that it was a valuable corner," rather ominously, and how he, Mr. Beck, had replied that that might be so, but that, equally ominously, if Mr. Browning did not "look out," and "did anything"—presumably dispose of the property over their heads—there would be trouble as he would offend many influential people. Mr. Browning was C.P.R. land commissioner. He had told Mr. Browning that they would ultimately come out all right.

J.S. Matthews

14 OCTOBER 1931 - KITSILANO BEACH. WILD ANIMALS OF VANCOUVER.

In view of Mr. William Hunt's story about finding a deposit of elk dung under a tree just south of the Kitsilano "hotel site" at Kitsilano Beach, and Mr. Pittendrigh's story of finding elk horns, bleached, at Little Lake (now Deer Lake), and the similarity of the flora, etc. at both places—wet, swampy muskeg bordering water—one story confirms the other that these animals did exist around Vancouver at one time, and that they found a pleasing habitat, and perhaps food agreeable to them in and around such peaty places.

THE "JUNGLE" OF 1931. HASTINGS SAWMILL, SITE, 1931.

In conversation with Alderman Warner Loat today, I remarked to him that when the "Jungle" was broken up by the health authorities in September 1931, that the men who lived in it had drawn up a crude memorial in testimony of their appreciation of the benevolence of the Commissioners of the Vancouver Harbour Board; that it was written on a piece of foolscap paper, nicely phrased, and signed by a large number of men. He said in reply that some newspaper had published a disparaging report upon the character of these men, that one of them had complained to him of it, stating that the men of the "jungle" were not "roughs" nor "toughs," but a body of well-behaved earnest men who desired nothing more than to be good citizens, support themselves, and find work, but who were penniless and unable to find work. Colonel Williams told me that one man, at least, was university educated, and Cambridge at that.

J.S. Matthews, 1931

14 OCTOBER 1931 – WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

The story is told as happening at Gibson's Landing in the summer of 1931. Colonel Malkin, lately Mayor of Vancouver, and recently appointed Honourable Lieutenant Colonel of the British Columbia Regiment, but who had never previously worn a uniform, was summering at "Gibson's," and was down on the wharf to meet the boat. He is a very mannerly man, precise, reserved.

The Reverend Canon Sovereign came down the gang plank. Colonel Malkin hurried forward with extended hand, and, many people being within hearing, greeting him with an effusive welcome, more than ordinarily loud for Colonel Malkin, "How do you do, Canon Sovereign?"

Canon Sovereign, who has a rather high-pitched voice which carries well, responded in kind with "and how are you, *Colonel* Malkin?" (Emphasis on "Colonel.")

Mr. Stirling, who was a friendly spectator to the performance, ejaculated, "Listen to the big guns roar."

"And pray what do you mean by that, Mr. Stirling?" ask Colonel Malkin enquiringly.

"Smooth bores," replied Mr. Stirling without hesitation and with a smile.

At the time Brigadier General Victor W. Odlum, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., was "running" for parliament for Vancouver South (approximately 1925), large advertising placards were appearing in street car advertising giving his full military title and the *initials* of his honours. It is reported that a stenographer, on reading the placards, exclaimed that they meant, "Come Boys, Don't Say Odlum, Call Me General." General Odlum was, so it is said, at one time the youngest general in the British Army (38) and upon his return from the war was, at first, much acclaimed, which afterwards led, unjustly, to a common assumption that he was domineering, self-opinionated, and self-important. As he grew older, he relaxed this stiffness.

14 OCTOBER 1931 - EARLY PUBLIC LIBRARY. CORDOVA STREET AND HASTINGS MILL.

Attention was drawn to an article which appeared in the *Vancouver Star*, 19 August 1931, in reference to the demise of Mr. H. Beeman in which it is stated that "Mr. and Mrs. Machin were the founders and first librarians of the city, which originated in a little store on Cordova Street."

Mr. H.P. McCraney says that this is an inaccuracy, and relates as follows:

"After the city" (Vancouver) "got started, the boarding house at the Hastings Sawmill was discontinued. Other boarding houses were springing up and there was no need to keep it on, so Mr. Alexander decided to close it. With the closing of the boarding house, there was no further use for the library there, and the books were collected in a pile and lay unused. Mr. Alexander mentioned the matter to the Reverend H.G. Fiennes-Clinton of St. James Church" (Father Clinton), "and asked Father Clinton if he could make use of them as they were no longer wanted. Mr. Clinton spoke to Mr. Carter-Cotton" (of the *News-Advertiser* afterwards.) "Mr. Carter-Cotton and I lived in the same house on Carrall Street. Mr. Carter-Cotton spoke to me. The three of us, Father Clinton, Mr. Carter-Cotton and myself got together and appointed ourselves a library committee and took over the books. Some of them are in the Vancouver Public Library yet" (1931).

"We took the books, went around town, gathered up all the old books and magazines we could collect, also collected some money whenever and wherever we could get it. We hired a room over McLennan and McFeely's store, the old store on Cordova Street on the south side about half way between Abbott and Cambie streets, and put George Pollay and his wife in charge. I think Mrs. Pollay is living yet; Mr. Pollay was afterwards killed in a mining accident, and George Pollay was librarian there for several years" (?) "before the Machins came. We kept minute books; I wonder what has become of them." (Continued.)

15 OCTOBER 1931 - THE ELLESMERE ROOMS. PENDER STREET WEST.

The Ellesmere Rooms is a tall wooden building still standing, in 1931, at the corner of Pender Street West and Homer Street (northwest corner), and lower portion of which is now used for cheap stores and offices. It was the first large "boarding house."

Mr. Beck, K.C., told me today that at the time it was erected, it was “up on the hill.” People wondered why “they built it up there.” He said that much the same thing was said of the Cambie Street grounds when first used. People said, “Why did they go so far out?”

Mr. W.F. Findlay, nephew of Lewis Carter (Welsh spelling of Lewis) of the Carter House, once told me that when the McDonough Hall was built at the corner (southeast corner) of Hastings and Columbia Street (where the top floor was used for a ballroom), people said, “why did they build it away out in the woods?” Away was a commonly used word to express “far off” or “remote.”

J.S. Matthews

15 OCTOBER 1931 - PENDER STREET WEST.

In conversation with Mr. H.P. McCraney today, he pointed out that “all the logging roads of the early days were located close to a spring of water or a creek. There was a logging road came out of the woods between Thurlow Street and Bute Street; that was how the logs from the West End were dragged out from points convenient, but the reason the road was there was largely on account of water, for horses and men.

JSM

THE BIG TREES. GEORGIA STREET WEST.

I told Mr. McCraney that there was some dispute as to where the big tree shown in “Vancouver Lots for Sale” (with nine men in the picture) photograph stood. “Yes,” he replied, “I know there is, but I surely ought to know—I cleared it away. It stood partly on the lot which is the southwest corner of Georgia Street and Seymour Street—on the back of the lot—and partly on the lane between Granville and Seymour, and partly on Georgia Street. When it fell, it fell almost parallel with Georgia Street, and in a westerly direction.

“The man with folded arms in that picture is A.W. Ross, M.P. for some point in Ontario. His wife, and Mrs. M.A. McLean, wife of the first mayor of Vancouver, were sisters. Mrs. MacLean is still living, though an invalid. A.W. Ross claimed that he was the man who persuaded Sir William Van Horne to adopt Vancouver as the terminal of the C.P.R.; perhaps he did, I don’t know.”

J.S. Matthews

Mr. H.T. Devine says that “at thirty feet from the butt it was nine feet diameter.”

JSM

15 OCTOBER 1931 - EARLY PUBLIC LIBRARY.

There is in the custody of Mr. E.S. Robinson, Librarian, Vancouver Public Library, corner Main and Hastings Street, now a book, title A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith,” on the flyleaf of which is written,

PRESENT TO THE LIBRARY OF THE
BRITISH COLUMBIA MILL COMPANY

AT BURRARD INLET

BY

THOMAS SAUEVILLE, M.A.

Jan. 7th 1869

J.S. Matthews

15 OCTOBER 1931 - CITY HALL.

There is a report of the Council Meeting of 8 November 1886 in the minute book of the proceedings of the City Council of Vancouver which is headed to the effect that the meeting was held at the "New City Hall." It would appear to be the first meeting held there, at the City Hall on Powell Street.

JSM

15 OCTOBER 1931 - A.E. BECK, Esq., K.C.

Mr. Beck was 71 in 1931. His son married a daughter of Sir. Richard McBride, premier of B.C. Mr. Beck told that Sir Richard died poor.

In 1931, the Conservative government then being in power, it was decided to give Mrs. McBride a pension. The opposing political party and others became noisy, and asked, "why should she have a pension, etc., etc." The matter was dropped.

I asked Mr. Beck if she ever got a pension, or what was done. He said, "I have heard nothing, and I don't like to ask. It is a delicate matter."

Mr. Beck was at one time a law student in the office of Honourable Joseph Martin at Portage la Prairie. He came west in September 1886, was responsible for the selection of the Cambie Street grounds, was first registrar here of County Court or Supreme Court, Collector of Votes, government agent, Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages, and was the first official to occupy the old Court House—the first small one—on Victory Square. He was an ardent exponent of Workman's Compensation in 1915 (afterwards successfully introduced) and in 1931 was engaged in an endeavour to bring about Compulsory Automobile Accident Insurance. He was at one time claims agent for the B.C. Electric Railway Company, and was, I think, secretary for the first electric railway and light company. He was very active in 1931, carrying on his profession as a barrister in an office building on Granville Street.

J.S. Matthews

17 OCTOBER 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. THE REGINA HOTEL, WHICH ESCAPED.

"There was a clear space back of the Regina Hotel, a sort of yard or clearing where the earth was free of bushes and branches, said Mr. W.F. Findlay (nephew of Lewis Carter of the Carter House) today. "That was the reason the Regina Hotel escaped; it divided the fire a little. The story told by Mr. H.P. McCraney about the hotel bar and contents being put to suitable use after the fire had passed is true except in one or two details. What really happened was that some of the people saw that they could not get ahead of the fire and reach Hastings Sawmill, so they ran down on the Cambie Street wharf. There they protected themselves as best they could, dashed or splashed water over themselves. The heat was terrific; some got into the water. There was a float down there, and they waded out to it. The *Robert Ker* sent her boats and it was from this float that most of the women and children went; there must have been one hundred and fifty people on the *Ker* at one time, all that the two boats could move before the fire died down or went past. Twelve or fifteen men remained behind; they were worn out carrying women and children to the float. Some of these afterwards went up to the Regina Hotel, and of course the bar was empty. They were exhausted by their work, and, of course, took a little stimulant. The float was a little way out from the wharf, and they had to wade out up to their middle."

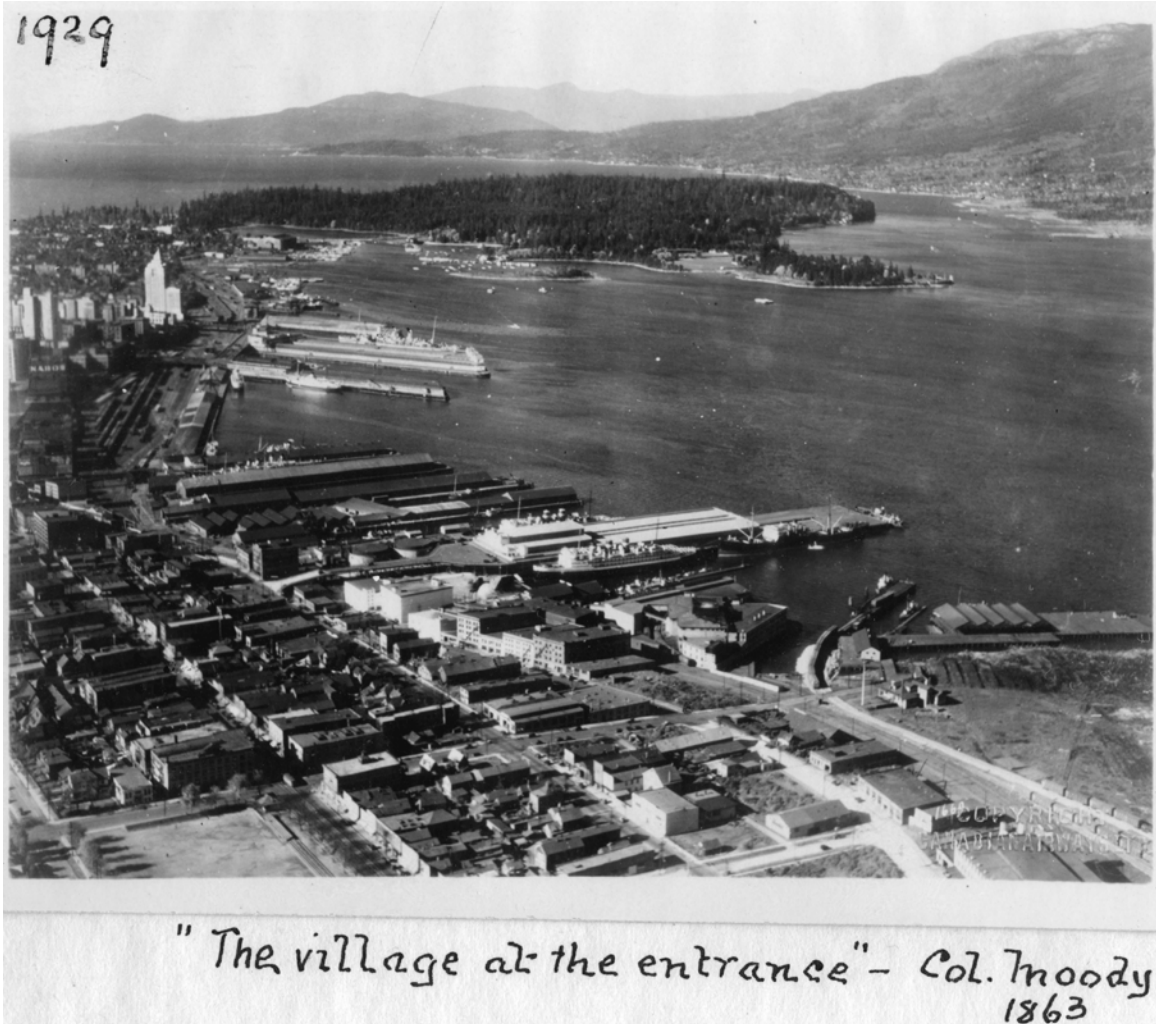
Who started the fire, Mr. Findlay?

"Frank Gladwin, he had orders to. He's dead now. Five or six men were up there on clearing work; they had a donkey engine, and that drew up the debris, stumps, branches, etc., etc. into a pile. He was told to set fire to it. I wrote a story about it in the *Vancouver Sun* about five years ago as a fire anniversary item, probably June 11th, 12th or 13th, about, say, 1926. I asked him if he set the fire; he didn't deny it, and my story after publication has never been denied."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Nonsense.

J.S. Matthews



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0065

17 OCTOBER 1931 - KITSILANO. GREER'S BEACH. FIRST NARROWS.

Mr. W.F. Findlay today threw some light on a letter, dated 13 March 1885, written by Mr. W.C. Van Horne, Vice President, Canadian Pacific Railway, to the Honourable Sir D.L. MacPherson, K.C.M.G., Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, in which he says, "Owing to the extreme forces of the tide at the First Narrows for large steamships will be almost impracticable except at low tide, and from investigations recently made it seems that English Bay must be utilised as the main harbour, and that the railway must be extended to run along that bay."

He then asks that several hundred acres of naval reserve at the south shore of English Bay be granted to the C.P.R. for railway purposes. This letter was used in connection with the famous Greer's Beach Case.

Just what Sir William had in mind when he refers to the force of the tide has been generally assumed to be the acquisition of still more land; they were the days of land grabbing; everyone

was into it; and, further, a syndicate of influential men, some of them high in gubernatorial circles, owned Lot 192, and probably wanted a railway there. (See *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach* by J.S. Matthews in Vancouver City Museum.)

Mr. Findlay said today, "One of the first C.P.R. Oriental liners was the *Parthia*. You must realise that steamships in those days were of very low power as compared with those of today. The old *Parthia* could not do more than twelve knots, and in the early days the tide in the narrows was at least two knots stronger than it is today now that it has been largely dredged. The *Parthia* could not get out of the Narrows easily when the tide was coming in; she had to take a run at it. I have myself beaten her out. I recall on one occasion I was out in the Narrows in a row boat trolling for salmon when the *Parthia* came along on her way out. Of course, I knew the tides between Brockton Point and Prospect Point, and took advantage of the back eddies; I could get out almost without rowing at all. On this occasion, I nearly beat her out of the Narrows, and it surprised me at the time that I should do so. The *Parthia*'s twelve knots was the best she could do under the most favourable conditions; under ordinary circumstances, she could not do more than about nine, and the tide at that time ran about nine knots when coming in full and strong, so she was pretty much at a standstill. On this occasion, she failed on her first try, and backed up almost as far as where North Vancouver is, and took a second run at it. The Narrows at that time was not as wide as it is now, and there was not much room for manoeuvring a big steamer. If they had waited an hour or so they could have got out easily in the slack tide. About the only thing to do with a big steamer when she could not 'make it' was to go astern and have another try; there was no room for manoeuvring.

"I forget now whether it was the *Parthia* or *Batavia* which came first; it was one or the other. The *Abyssinia* came later, and for a time did 'land office business.'"

From Mr. Findlay's story it can be surmised that Mr. W.C. Van Horne, afterwards Sir William, would probably have been advised, as early as 1885, by his engineers that difficulty would be experienced with the tides of the First Narrows in getting the low-powered steamers out of Burrard Inlet without delays for suitable tides, and that this prompted him to conceive the idea of docks outside the narrows. (The old map shows docks at Kitsilano.) He could hardly have known that the day was coming when steamers would have the power they now have, the speed of trains, and populations equal to a small city.

JSM

18 OCTOBER 1931 - DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN RIFLES. LIEUTENANT COLONEL C.A. WORSNOP.

In the summer of 1920 I was walking on Robson Street when I met Lieutenant Colonel C.A. Worsnop (he died 31 December 1920), (*NOTE ADDED LATER*: Colonel C.B. Worsnop says 31 December 1922) one of the officers who organised the first militia unit in Vancouver, No. 5 Company, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, and who subsequently was the first officer commanding the famous 6th Regiment, the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, a military unit of which H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., once said, "and I hope that in this respect you will long continue to set an example to the other regiments of Canada." Colonel Worsnop invited me to take a few steps with him; it was a warm summer's day, and he was enjoying the sunshine.

I asked him how it came about that we adopted our regimental title, and he replied in words akin to what follows:

"When General Hutton decided that we must be changed from artillery he offered me a choice of what we should be changed into at a private luncheon we had together in the old Hotel Vancouver. General Hutton sat on one side of a small table, and myself on the other. General Hutton said, 'What would you like to be, Colonel Worsnop, fusiliers or rifles?' I replied at once, 'Oh, I'd prefer to be rifles.' 'Then I'll see what I can do to get the Duke of Connaught to be your honorary colonel,' said General Hutton.

"That was how it was," continued Colonel Worsnop.

Colonel Worsnop had served in the North West Rebellion with the "Little Black Devils" (90th Regiment) of Winnipeg, a rifle regiment, which would explain in part his preference for the rifle uniform. One has but to refer to the history of the Rifle Brigade to gather why H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was thought of as Honorary Colonel.

J.S. Matthews

18 OCTOBER 1931 – 7TH BATTALION, CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE. LIEUTENANT COLONEL W. HART-McHARG.

"I can't understand Hulme," Major W. Hart-McHarg is reported to have said while in Vancouver, just before leaving for the front with the first contingent from Vancouver to the Great War. "I don't know why he doesn't jump at the opportunity. As for me, I have but a couple of years or so to live, and ..." but he did not finish the sentence.

The above incident was related to me by Captain W.H. Forrest, paymaster of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R., in which Colonel Hulme was officer commanding, Major Hart-McHarg second in command, and myself a company commander. He told it to me after the War, shortly before he died about 1920. Captain Forrest and Major McHarg were close friends; both were renowned rifle shots, and said that the conversation took place just after Colonel Hulme had declined or waived the command, to which as senior officer of his regiment he was entitled, of the first troops to leave Vancouver for the Great War.

But what Colonel Hart-McHarg did not take into consideration was that Colonel Hulme was a man of much judgment, a splendid soldier, and a man who throughout his life would rather serve others than serve himself. He, himself, had no war experience, while right at his hand was an experienced officer, one who had served as a sergeant in South Africa, a man of influence, dignity, ability, and held in the highest respect by all ranks of soldiers and civilians. It was a great sacrifice for Colonel Hulme, a sacrifice for which he has never had credit, in fact, a sacrifice for which he has been blamed by men of lesser reasoning, who asserted that he sidestepped a responsibility. Then again, Colonel Hulme was a barrister with responsibilities to clients which he could not drop at a moment's notice; he had a wife and three small children. Colonel Hart-McHarg was also a barrister, but he had partners, and was a single man, and had often left his practice for trips abroad. What Colonel Hulme should receive is our plaudits for his selection of Colonel McHarg.

J.S. Matthews

19 OCTOBER 1931 - THE "JUNGLE" OF 1931. HASTINGS SAWMILL. VANCOUVER HARBOUR COMMISSION AND COLONEL R.D. WILLIAMS.

It was a warm heart on a wet day, and Colonel Williams, which started that remarkable humanitarian haven for the destitute and distressed men—many of them splendid specimens, and fully half veterans of the Great War—which spontaneously grew up on the old Hastings Sawmill site during the spring of 1931, and existed throughout the summer until about September. By a strange whim of fate, this odd collection of crude habitations sprung up on that most historic site, the bare scene where once stood the first important settlement on Burrard Inlet, the Hastings Mill, now no more, once the terminus of the historic road, a mere slit in the forest, which led to and from New Westminster and civilisation.

Today the great transcontinental road, the Canadian Pacific Railway passes through it before finally reaching its Pacific terminus a half a mile further on, and it is, or was, this fact which contributed to the establishment of the "Jungle." Hundreds of forlorn men in search of work were, during 1931, "beating" their way backwards and forwards, first east, then west, on the car roads, in search of work, and as the freight trains passed into the terminals of Vancouver they dropped off at convenient points, this particular one being a popular dropping off point.

This is the story of one of our 1930 "Jungles."

One wretched afternoon in the spring of 1931, the rain fell in torrents and ran in streams down the window panes of the old Hastings Sawmill office, now used as the Vancouver Harbour Commission headquarters. Colonel R.D. Williams, a busy business man and administrator, one of the three harbour commissioners, rose from his polished desk in a sumptuously furnished office to witness the burst of the heavens, and reached the window just in time to see the legs of a man disappear under a pile of rails which lay on the C.P.R. right of way just east of Dunlevy Avenue. The rails were stacked four or five high; adjoining was that vacant area formerly used as the Hastings Sawmill lumber yard. The men had added some paper in sheets to add to the protection from the elements afforded by the rails.

Colonel Williams afterwards related to me, much as follows:

"It was a shocking afternoon, the rain came down in sheets. Through the window I saw a man disappear under some rails, put on my coat, and went out into the storm to investigate. I stooped down, and looked under the rails, and saw what seemed to be several men sheltering under there. I called out to them, and finally enquired if any were returned soldiers. One replied, 'yes,' so I told him to come on out of there, and he came. He told me he had been a bugler in the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the P.P.C.L.I.'s. After I had fished him out, I discovered there were thirteen more under there, and two of them were without boots.

"I pointed to those two wooden sheds you see over there on the shore, and told the bugler to take charge of the party. We had a stove down at the La Pointe Pier, so I sent over and got that, and then went round and bought canned milk, tea, sugar, and some bread and tobacco.

"Then we sent the men over to the fish wharf; you know, the commission operates a fish wharf; the fishermen over there gave them three ten-pound salmon. We got a few potatoes, brought the cook stove up, set it up, and started housekeeping with Bugler Hilton in charge.

"The fourteen men had no sooner moved out from the rail pile than more went under, and we had the whole situation duplicated again.

"Then the thing began to grow, and as they grew the men began to steal the grain doors which come in on the grain cars, and they took some iron they should not have taken—to make shelters—and a few more men came, and then still more, and finally the thing grew too big for Hilton, so I took Policeman Walters from the Ballantyne Pier, and put him in charge as a sort of majordomo, and to maintain law and order.

"Finally, the thing got a little too big even for him, so the office staff took charge, and undertook to run the 'show' in their spare time. Some of my personal friends took an interest; I think I must have clothed thirty men with the clothes which were sent to me to distribute. Mrs. Eric W. Hamber took a very great interest, and one day sent down two dozen pairs of boots, two dozen each of suits of underwear, socks, shirts, and ten pounds of tobacco. The fishermen over at the first wharf were very good all through the existence of the 'Jungle,' and always gave what they could spare.

"As the thing began to get bigger, all three Harbour Commissioners began to take a private and personal interest, and one day a ton of potatoes was mysteriously found in the basement of the office, and the strange thing was that that ton of potatoes was akin to the oatmeal of the barrel in the Bible—there were always more potatoes; in fact, altogether there must have been several tons. The fisherman at the wharf sent over fish every day; P. Burns and Company sent meat; Captain Binks came down one day with ten dollars worth of cigarettes; the Vancouver Club sent ten gallons of soup every morning, Sundays included, and all the bread and rolls and buns left over from the day. Once a week, sometimes twice, and oftener, the Terminal City Club sent down hot mulligan.

"We lined up all returned men for first choice as soon as the stuff arrived, then the men who had registered came next, and the rest followed. Every morning when the soup came down we lined them up in a ragged column on the boardwalk. The issue was a bowl of soup, one third of a loaf of bread, a piece of soap, and some cigarettes. By this time the 'thing' was getting too extensive

for Hilton, and afterwards for Walters, so our own office staff took charge. They were a quiet, orderly lot; one was a graduate of Cambridge University. The men themselves cleared out the 'Reds.'"

How? I asked.

"Beat them up," was the blunt response Colonel Williams gave.

He continued. "We had the usual sanitary arrangements of a military camp, with the added advantages of running water for proper latrines and for washing purposes.

"Thus it went on until a case of typhoid developed, and we had to take the patient to the General Hospital. Then the health authorities of the city stepped in, and we had to close up the 'encampment.' A body of workmen were sent down, and the whole 'Jungle' was warned to collect their belongings and clear out, and the improvised hutments, a nondescript collection of wonderfully unique architecture; old boards, sheet iron, packing cases and what not, went up in flames. Besides, the winter was coming on, and the rain was beginning. Summer was over.

"Had it not ended as it did, we have in mind getting tents from the Department of National Defense and setting up a tented camp.

"We started with fourteen; it rose to a peak of two hundred and forty, but the average roll was one hundred and sixty.

"One particularly gratifying thing was that at the conclusion the men presented the Harbour Commissioners with a rude testimonial, drawn up on a sheet of plan foils, and signed by approximately one hundred men, expressing their thanks and gratitude."

J.S. Matthews

Note: a copy of the testimonial together with a number of photographs of the "Jungle" are preserved in the City Archives Room.

19 OCTOBER 1931 - KITSILANO. ST. MARK'S CHURCH. BISHOP SOVEREIGN, B.D.

Bishop-elect Sovereign, now of St. Mark's Church (Anglican), 2nd Avenue West, Kitsilano, soon to be created Bishop of the Yukon, told me today in a conversation at his rectory, 2436 West 2nd Avenue, that when he first went to St. Mark's Church as its first rector, the whole area of land surrounding was a wilderness (1909). A single-track street railway on what had in the early days been the C.P.R. railway to English Bay ran to Kitsilano Beach, and from there the church was reached by a convenient trail, the remains of an old logging road which ran from the street car terminus on the beach diagonally across the land until it reached near the church. At night a lantern was carried when traversing the old trail.

There was but one road in Kitsilano then, the sinuous Point Grey Road, part of which is now known as First Avenue West. Point Grey Road was a narrow trail, a buggy's width wide, lined with small bushes, and with mud deep to the axles. It ran as far as Dunbar, and then turned south into the forest.

All that section west of Trafalgar Street was covered with trees, the larger of which had been taken out by loggers. Mrs. J.Z. Hall had a clearing in the bush, approached by a trail which led from Point Grey Road, where she and her family spent the summers. They had two cows, a garden, a Chinese helper, and a little pool for bathing in the creek. The little girls were not allowed to go too far away when picking blueberries which grew wild, for fear of the bears in the woods. (Photo of this clearing is in the Archives.)

East of the church there was nothing until Vine Street was reached; that street was the limit of civilisation.

"Then," said Reverend Canon Sovereign, "the boom came. At one time we counted one hundred and fifty houses being built at one time; we could count that number without moving from one spot. You could hear the hammers humming, almost like a beehive."

"We had a little 'groan box' for an organ, and we started the Sunday school with seventeen children; today we have six hundred.

"We are sorry to go," said Mr. Sovereign. "We have been very happy here. I love the place. There is no place in all Canada where I desire so much to be, but there is a great work before us in the Yukon, and we must go."

Mrs. Sovereign interjected, "You know they have no one up there; it is a missionary field. I'm looking forward to having much to accomplish."

Mrs. Sovereign is one of the daughters of the late Honourable Price Ellison, formerly Minister of Lands and Finance. She and her sister were, or are, the two first white girls of Vernon, B.C.

The Reverend Canon Sovereign gave me the *St. Mark's Church Year Book* for 1929 which includes a brief history of its history, and also an *In Memories* brochure printed in memory of Lieutenant Harold Owen, son of Reverend C.C. Owen, "Killed in Action," 31 January 1916, an especially well written historical biography of this remarkable father and son written by Canon Sovereign as a tribute to both.

JSM

SITE OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

"The particular location on which St. Mark's Church stands," said Canon Sovereign, "was selected on account of its commanding position; it is the highest in Kitsilano; the ground slopes in all directions downward. If there is any one man more than another who selected it, it would be Mr. H.J. Gilbert, now living at 2425 West First Avenue. The surrounding area was a wilderness of stumps, and Mr. Gilbert searched around until he found this location, then called on others to come and look at it. We selected it on account of its eminence; we hoped that some day, we should build a church with a tall tower or spire which could be seen for miles around; a landmark."

"I remember," said Mr. Calland of Point Grey Road, "the Reverend Mr. Sovereign coming to me one day when I was sitting on my lawn here, and asking me what I thought of the corner of 2nd Avenue and Larch Street as a site for the new church. I told him I thought it would be a very good site. I was on the committee for selecting the site."

JSM

FOSSILS OF EARLIER AGES IN VANCOUVER.

My attention to the fossils on Kitsilano foreshore was first brought to my attention by Dr. S.J. Schofield, professor of geology in the University of British Columbia, and who lived for several years at the corner of McNichol Avenue and Arbutus Street. One Saturday morning, he invited me to accompany him with a number of university students to collect fossils, and we went along the foreshore between Balsam Street and Trafalgar Street, and searched, hammer in hand, under the cliffs, the low cliffs, at this point. We found many, some with very distinct markings of leaves of trees.

In the summer of 1931, two very large specimens were cut out of this sandstone rock and placed in the Vancouver City Museum, one being long and narrow, the other square; they are very wonderful evidence of the forest growth at this point millions of years ago.

J.S. Matthews

20 OCTOBER 1931 - BIG TREES. WESTMINSTER AVENUE.

In the photographs of the first brass band in Vancouver, and also of the first cricket team to play (Dominion Day, 1887) on the Cambie Street grounds, the dark clump of trees in the background are trees still standing on Westminster Avenue, or rather up to Westminster Avenue. This last clump of trees remained there for a "long time" after 1886. They stood about where the Canadian National Railway station was in 1931, but close up to the street.

JSM

HORSE RACING. GRANVILLE STREET, 1887.

On 23 May 1887, a communication was received by the City Council (see Minutes, page 359) from the Horse Racing Committee informing the Council that they had gone over the grounds of the city with a view to finding a suitable place for horse racing, and recommended that Granville Street be fixed up for that purpose. The communication was referred to the Board of Works who, on June 6th, submitted the engineer's report to the Council for approval.

One page 366, June 6th minutes of Council, it was "Moved by Ald. D. Oppenheimer, seconded by Ald. Lefevre that the improvement of Granville St. be awarded to William Harkins. Carried."

In discussing this matter with Mr. H.P. McCraney, he said that it was intended to hold the horse races on Georgia Street, a wide street, and that they probably would have been had it not been that it rained so hard all that June that the new ground which he had cleared—he had the contract—was so muddy that it was impossible to race horses on that street, so they were held on Howe Street, the start being near Nelson Street, and the finish by the Hotel Vancouver where a small judge's box was erected. (See Mrs. J.Z. Hall's remarks.)

21 OCTOBER 1931 - THE LAMPLIGHTER OF VANCOUVER.

Probably the first and only lamplighter that the city of Vancouver ever employed officially was appointed to the position on 11 April 1887 by the City Council. As the summer of that year drew to a close, successful efforts to introduce electric light were commenced. (See H.P. McCraney's account of the "First Electric Light.") His name was Tom Clough (pronounced Cluff) and his salary thirty dollars per month, probably Vancouver's only lamplighter, for in September 1887 steps were commenced to install electric light.

THE BLUFF. HOWE STREET.

Few indeed of the people of Vancouver in 1931 could say where "The Bluff" lies located; its prominence has gone, it lies concealed in other and more artificial eminences; yet, in the earlier days, it was a most conspicuous landmark. It comprised that bold headland which now forms the northern end of Burrard, Hornby and Howe streets.

"The Bluff" rose almost straight from the water of Burrard Inlet, was crowned with forest trees, and stood out majestically above the low lying southern shore of Coal Harbour on the west and Gastown on the right, to the height of approximately eighty feet above high water mark.

There is a minute in the records of the City Council of 28 March 1887 which orders the ditching, grading, etc., etc. of "Howe Street from Georgia to The Bluff."

JSM

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. TAXATION.

The City Council, on 28 February 1887, exempted from taxation for twenty years all Canadian Pacific Railway yards, roundhouses, etc., etc. (See minutes City Council this and subsequent dates.)

28 OCTOBER 1931 - JOHN INNES, HISTORICAL SCENIC PAINTER.

Went to see him today, as he phoned he had completed the coloured preparatory sketch of Greer's Beach, Kitsilano, from my drawings and description. Am to get him more details. We sat chatting. He is now over 70.

He told me more about his early experiences on the prairies. Said he was on the survey crew. The chief surveyor was a cranky old boy who got drunk whenever a chance offered. On one occasion, he got so inebriated the DTs developed, and Mr. Innes was sent to look after him. On his arrival, the surveyor got tearful, said he was going to die, moaned "Goodbye, John, goodbye," so, said Mr. Innes, "there was a pillow close by, so I picked it up and gave him a 'bat' on the head." The chief acknowledged the blow by saying that he (Mr. Innes) was "most dishreshpeshful."

I asked if he found age and eyesight interfering with his work. He replied, "No, better than ever, more experience is improving me."

I asked how many pictures had he ever painted. He laughed and tossed his head. "Why," he said, "the Hudson's Bay have 21 in London now, and there is 30 in the store on Granville Street packed up, that's 51."

I asked, how long did he stay in New York. He replied, "Six years, but I was on illustrating work then; I don't think I painted half a dozen pictures during the whole six years."

JSM

MRS. MARY CAPILANO.

She is (may be—see the file Capilano. JSM.) the granddaughter of the brother of the chief Capilano who received Vancouver in 1792. Noel Robinson told me he asked Chief Matthias about it.

(Note: granddaughter of half-brother who was born long after 1792.)

A lot of rot—she was about 88 when she died about 1920 or 1930.

JOHN INNES.

Surveying on the prairies was onerous hard work, he said. "I was leading chain man, and what with taking notes of the soil, etc., and other work, it kept us very close and hard at it all the time."

JSM

28 OCTOBER 1931 - HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

The first Holy Trinity Church in Kitsilano was on Pine Street, and is now, 1931, used as the "Orange Hall," 2380 Pine Street, a small wooden building probably sixty feet long by twenty-five wide, laid out in the form of a cross, with domed or cupped chancel. The first marriage there was Mr. William Hunt and Miss —, 3 June 1901. Mr. Hunt is the son of that Mr. C. Hunt who painted *Granville Street 1884*, a forest trail scene.

About the same time, St. Mark's Church was at the southeast corner of Maple Street and First Avenue West. The two churches were in too close proximity to each other. Hence St. Mark's moved westward, and Holy Trinity moved southward. At the time of Mr. Hunt's marriage, the rector was Reverend John Antle, afterwards to acquire fame as the reverend gentleman in charge of the Mission Motorship *Columbia* of northern waters with headquarters at Alert Bay Hospital, Alert Bay. See further on history of St. Mark's Church.

JSM

KITSILANO. SALMON IN EARLY DAYS.

In conversation with Mr. William Hunt, an early resident of Greer's Beach (see previous conversations with him), he told me that the pool which was part of the creek which ran along Third Avenue West, finally passing diagonally across the muskeg until it emptied into the sea at the foot of Yew Street, was at the corner of Cedar Street and Third Avenue. He tells me that he has many times seen two or three dozen salmon in that pool struggling to get higher up the creek, and sometimes effecting their purpose. He says it was not an infrequent sight, but a regular one. He says he recalls one occasion about 1900 when he interested some visitors from the Australian Royal Mail Liner *Miowera* or *Warrimoo* by showing them the fish swimming about; they were astonished.

J.S. Matthews

29 OCTOBER 1931 - "PRINCESS LOUISE TREE."

This tree stood on the shore of Burrard Inlet at the foot of Gore Avenue, a tall fir or cedar, for several years a solitary sentinel and sole survivor. Its story is interesting.

JSM

WATER SUPPLY OF GASTOWN.

On mentioning today to Mr. T. Mathews that the story of the water supply of Vancouver could not properly be written without some references to the early water supply of Granville, he told me that our earliest citizens on the low land of Gastown got their water supply from wells. "But the rats," he said, "were an awful pest. You know," he said, "one day we dug a well, and got down about twelve feet by evening, covered it with boards so that no one would fall in. When we started again in the morning there was about a foot of water in it, and twenty-four drowned rats. All the wells, of course, were covered, but the rats used to fall in between the cracks in the board coverings, or in some one similar. They were a nuisance."

GASTOWN.

Mr. Mathews said that the tiny inlet of the sea, which penetrated south of Water Street just west of Carrall Street, did not reach as far as the Alley (lane between Cordova and Water streets) but about part of the distance. It was crossed by a trestle.

The Maple Tree, the famous Maple Tree at the corner was burnt in the Great Fire of 1886.

30 OCTOBER 1931 - VISIT OF DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK (H.M. THE KING AND QUEEN.)

Had dinner this evening with Mrs. C.A. Worsnop, relict of Lieutenant Colonel C.A. Worsnop (and mother of Lieutenant Colonel C.B. Worsnop, D.S.O., now of 1942 Orchid Avenue, Hollywood, California) who is staying with Mrs. J.W. Whitehead, relict of J.M. Whitehead, late Belgian Consul at Vancouver, and Miss Whitehead. Small party, Mrs. Worsnop, the two Whiteheads, my wife and self, five.

Mrs. Worsnop is to be 81 next month. She is wonderfully active for her age, and from her movements, etc., one would easily pass her for sixty, perhaps 65. I asked her to tell me about the visit of the King and Queen to the Drill Hall in September 1901, which as a young man of 23 I had witnessed from among the ranks of the crowd at the Drill Hall entrance. She said:

"We had the dinner in the Officers' Mess, the same one which you use now. It was a very small affair, just the Duke and Duchess, their personal staff, His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Townley, and Aldermen and the officers of the regiment. The Mess is small and would not accommodate many. Lady Tupper, Mrs. A.J. Dana (wife of C.P.R. purchasing agent) and myself prepared the

tables for the luncheon. We rented some of the chairs from Weigand or someone, but most of the silver, etc., was from our own homes. I had a beautiful Chinese screen, and I remember how the Queen admired it, and said that she was surprised that she should have come so far to see that beautiful thing, the finest she had ever seen. Of course, it was beautiful; it had been presented to Hub" (Colonel Worsnop) "by Prince —" (naming some Chinese prince whose name I forget.)

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Most likely the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, who passed through Vancouver in September 1896 (see his file).

Colonel C.B. Worsnop says it was Kang Yu Wei, and that he now (June 1940) has the screen at his home, 1942 Orchid Avenue, Hollywood.

"The table decorations consisted of small individual nosegays of geraniums and maiden hair fern; we chose them because red is royal mourning, and in the centre of the top table was a large bowl of maiden hair fern.

"Then we fixed up one of the rooms for a dressing room for her."

(NOTE ADDED LATER:

Mrs. Grange Holt says "we" is too broad altogether, as Mrs. Worsnop was not one of the ladies who "fixed up" the dressing room. JSM.)

"I have the brush and comb yet, of course, I don't know if she ever used it. We brought down some of our own toilet ware, and Mrs. Grange V. Holt (née Miss Rose Townley) and Mrs. Dana put two silver picture frames, one on each side of the looking glass. Then Mrs. Dana said to me anxiously, 'Now what on earth shall we put in those?' and then immediately answered herself by saying, 'Oh, I know,' and later she came back with two pictures which she had cut out of some illustrated newspaper, of the two princes, the Queen's sons."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Mrs. Grange V. Holt, née Miss Rose Townley (sister to Colonel His Worship) and the Mayoress Mrs. T.O. Townley (mother of Fred Townley, architect and designer of City Hall, 1935-6) arranged the dressing table.

Mrs. Grange Holt confirms the facts, but says, "I was not presented to Her Royal Highness. Owing to illness, I could not be there, but the details of every happening were told to me, and perhaps I was especially impressed as my eldest daughter was about a week old at the time."

"When the Queen" (Duchess) "came in to the improvised dressing room, she went almost straight to the dressing table, and gave a little start, observed the two pictures. She looked very earnestly, and then cried. Then she sent for me. She said, 'I want to give you my heartfelt thanks, and also my husband's. Everywhere I have gone, I have been handed bouquets, and now I am here, and at home. Oh, how I do long to see my boys. None but a mother would have thought of this.'" She asked who it was who had placed them there, and when told Mrs. Dana, desired to see her, but we told her Mrs. Dana had remained away on account of wearing black" (mourning), "so she asked us to convey to her her thanks. Then she sent for the King, and when he entered she showed him the pictures, and as the tears ran down her cheeks, the King" (Duke) "took her in his arms.

"We had some floral decorations, too, some small bunches of violets; we thought they would be most suitable on account of the royal mourning" (for Queen Victoria), "and she bent over them and said, 'I understand.'

"After the dinner was over she much admired the maiden hair fern in the large central jardinière, and asked permission to take a small root. So we got a small pot and it was sent down to her railway coach."

Mrs. Worsnop's narration of the incidents outlined was so delicately and feelingly conveyed, and with such sympathetic tenderness, that the warmth of Her Royal Highness's emotion seemed to have been preserved in its fullness in her memories throughout the thirty years since. Her Majesty's sensibility to the tender compliment intended found utterance in words and gestures so discriminatingly gentle and heartfelt as to deeply impress all who were the witnesses—the incident must have been a touching spectacle.

"News-Herald," on, or about January 10th 1939

Reminiscences Of Royal Visit In Sept., 1901

Compared with the plans under preparation for the coming visit of their Majesties, the program arranged to welcome the present King's father, the late King George and Queen Mary in September, 1901, were very modest.

There was no two and a half hour automobile tour through city streets such as is now proposed to encompass virtually the entire city. But in keeping with the very much smaller population and city area and from the standpoint of street decoration the celebration was elaborate.

From the C.P.R. depot the royal procession passed through an arch at the junction of Cordova and Granville Streets. Then via Granville it turned on to Hastings where it passed under another elaborate arch at Richards and Hastings Streets.

Two other arches were encountered before Main Street was reached where the parade turned north on Main Street and west on Cordova. On the latter thoroughfare another floral arch had been erected. Via Cambie Street the old Courthouse was reached on the site now known as Victory Square. Virtually on the exact spot where the Cenotaph now stands the mayor of the day, Thomas O. Townley father of Fred Townley, architect for the new city hall, presented his Royal Highness, who was known as the Duke of York at that time, with an illuminated address and cordial welcome.

The procession was reformed and made its way to the Beatty Street drill hall where the official luncheon was held in the officers' mess of the 6th D.C.O.R. And here occurred an incident that carved a warmer spot than ever in the hearts of Vancouver folk for the Duchess, now the Queen Mother.

The Queen Mother wept. It was one of the rare occasions when any of Britain's ruling monarchs have been overcome by extreme emotion in public.

Mrs. C. A. Worsnop, widow of the late Lt.-Col. Worsnop formerly commanding the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, was one of a committee of four in charge of preparing the tables. A dressing room had been set apart for Queen Mary and on the dressing table had been set two silver frames containing recent portraits of the then Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York now the present king.

When the queen came in, related Mrs. Worsnop later, she went almost straight to the dressing table, sat down and gazed earnestly at the pictures.

"Tears filled Her Royal Highness' eyes," said Mrs. Worsnop, "as she turned to me and said, 'I want to give you my heartfelt thanks and also my husband's. Everywhere I have gone I have been handed bouquets and—now I am here at home. Oh, how I do long to see my boys. None but a mother would have thought of this.'"

The pictures had been the thought of Mrs. A. J. Dana, also on the committee. She was not present through being in mourning, but Queen Mary sent her warm thanks. Her Highness then sent for the King and showed him the pictures. As she did so the tears ran freely down her cheeks, and her husband took her in his arms to comfort her.

After lunch the royal party were driven to Stanley Park via English Bay. At Brockton Point the children of the city had their opportunity of seeing the visitors before the procession was reformed and headed for the harbor where their Royal Highnesses went aboard the Empress of India en route for Victoria.

During the past week M. Matthews, city archivist

*2 feet or two only
slid down—that
was all*

31 OCTOBER 1931 – PERSONALITIES.

Had dinner last night with Mrs. Colonel C.A. Worsnop. She told me she pinned the medals for the North West Rebellion on the troops at Winnipeg. Said she ought to have been a soldier. Her two grandfathers were admirals (Colonel C.B. Worsnop says “not admirals, but colonels”), her father, her husband, and her only surviving son were, or are, colonels. It was Mrs. Worsnop who, as C.O.’s lady, received the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, now King George V and Queen Mary, at the Drill Hall, September 1901, and who was the leading spirit in arranging the dinner in the Officers’ Mess. She was much incensed over the treatment of her husband about 1919, blamed General Odium, and said that Colonel A.B. Carey, D.S.O. (of the 102nd Battalion) came to her some months afterwards and said he had had no idea he had been used as a political football in his appointment as Collector of Customs, thus forcing her husband’s superannuation without the appointment after many long years of service, and the last part of which was Acting-Collector.

Said that the connection between her husband and the Duke of Connaught was first formed in the North West Rebellion (could not be; she must mean Fenian Raid, 1869) where both served as officers; her husband as an officer of the 90th Regiment (“Little Black Devils”). She had a photo sent her late husband by the Duke, in mufti, on which was written in the Duke’s handwriting, “From your old pal.” This explains Colonel Worsnop’s desire, in 1899, to have General Hutton convert the artillery of Vancouver—as it had to be converted into something—into rifles with the Duke of Connaught as Honorary Colonel.

Mrs. Worsnop is now nearing 81—will be 81 next month—and is as frisky as a “flapper” of 18. Must have been much loved by her husband, and returned his love in the full.

JSM

I was told today that Mrs. M.A. MacLean, wife of the first mayor of Vancouver, and still alive, was the great-great-granddaughter of Flora Macdonald.

JSM

Mrs. Angus Fraser, whose husband logged off Jericho Beach, etc. (Fraser’s Camp) is, they say, living in Colonel McSpadden’s old house on Granville Street. Her daughter is Mrs. McIntosh.

JSM

NOVEMBER 1931 - ST. MARK’S CHURCH. KITSILANO.

“I came to Vancouver in the fall of 1907,” said Mr. H.J. Gilbert, one of the builders of St. Mark’s Church, Kitsilano, “and attended Christ Church.

“I had a lay reader’s license, and soon as the Reverend Mr. Tuson resigned on January 1st 1908, the Reverend C.C. Owen asked me if I would help to look after St. Mark’s until he could put a permanent man in charge, and I then took charge of the Sunday school, and, when they could not send a clergyman from Christ Church, the services. I have been teaching Sunday school there practically ever since.

“Then, on March 11th 1909, they set the boundaries of St. Mark’s Parish, and we had to move the church site within these boundaries. I was then working for A.E. Austin and Company, real estate brokers, and I took Mr. Owen up amongst the stumps to the lots which I thought were the best, and which were finally chosen, and Mr. Owen said he would like a large hollow stump which was there for the pulpit.

“Mr. J.Z. Hall was the wealthiest one amongst us, and he was made church warden, and I gave \$275 and others gave what they could, and then Mr. Hall financed the first lots, costing \$6,000. We had two carpenters, Mr. Wenmoth and Mr. Acheson, and we agreed to give our voluntary labour and have a bee, and so the first church was built, which is the present chancel of St. Mark’s. Then we wanted to get a minister to suit us, and considered the best way was to choose

just one name and stick to it, which we did. Bishop Dart wanted to put his son in, and claimed we would have to give him more names, for he would not appoint Mr. Sovereign. I was delegated to take the bishop down to meet his tram, and while going down, said to the bishop, 'Surely, surely, you won't wreck us at the start' by not giving us the man whom we are all unanimous for. Well, he said he would give his answer to Mr. Sovereign if he would call on him at the See House in New Westminster next Wednesday, so when I got back I told Mr. Sovereign that the bishop would give him his answer next Wednesday, and when he met him the first words were, 'Allow me to congratulate the first rector of St. Mark's,' and so we were well away, and have continued to prosper ever since."

(Original of above statement is in Archives.)

The End!

Of the Greatest of all Wars

VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1926.

"Germany Surrenders"

How Vancouver Receives the News of the Signing of the Armistice.

Major J. S. Matthews

By an officer of the 6th Regiment "The Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles," who served overseas with the "North British Columbians," was wounded in the capture of Regina Trench, invalided back to Canada, and spent the night of November 10-11, 1918, in recording his impressions of the news that hostilities would cease at once.

PEACE! I must write fast that the emotions of this historic moment be not left unrecorded. Our punishment, the world's punishment, alike both to victor as to vanquished, is complete. It is over, it is finished; or rather, perhaps, the first stage. Punishment en extremis for the Germans through whom God chose to express his anger at the whole; humiliation and the humbling by sorrow for the lesser offender. The Germans did not try to do right. We, at least, were led by the desire, even although we failed in its execution. Can it be possible that we were the servant He chose with which to chastise the wicked?

I find no desire to rejoice other than in a most solemn way. There is an inclination to pray, to offer thanks to the Almighty that He has given us victory, that we have found such favor in His eyes that He has spared us the humiliation of defeat, that we have deserved that favor, and that we have been found worthy of being entrusted with the care of our weaker fellow-beings, even though they have been our enemies. May the great leaders of our Empire, while safeguarding our own as it is right they should, still always bear in mind that they must not abuse the great power that has been thrust upon them, but must care for and husband those who have fallen into our hands. That by example rather than by force the greatest good can now be accomplished, and that, having set those poor misguided creatures who call themselves the German nation upon the right path, their duty is done.

WHISTLES AWOKE HIM.

I was asleep when, at thirteen minutes to one, the blowing of factory and steamer whistles awoke me. I called Hughie, who jumped out of bed, and we opened the windows, and the glad tidings came in the easier. He looked out, and said that most of the houses around (Kitsilano) were lit up, and that people were walking to town.

It is now ten minutes to 2 a.m., and there are still sounds of whistles blowing, and people shouting, and beating cans, but most of my neighbors must have gone back to bed because their homes are dark again. A few firecrackers and pistol shots are ringing out, and by the distant sounds I imagine the revelry in the city must be intense.

At first, as I lay in bed listening to be sure if the sounds that I heard really heralded the news which, while we expected it, still had grown somewhat indifferent about owing to the recent news that victory was certain, I felt strangely sad; sad with sympathy for those poor mothers whose sons have fallen; sad for those wives and children who, hand in hand, will watch our returning soldiers in vain for their daddy to come home; pity for those brave men who have lost their lives while the last shots are being fired. God has visited us with a great sorrow during the last few years, and there now lies before us a great and a grand task, which otherwise could not have been, the task of showing that, even in the greatest of our trials, we can still be true men and women, strong, steadfast, sympathetic and just.

OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE.

The opportunities to serve, the great privilege of serving others—the noblest work of man for man—now lie around us on all sides in great abundance. That pleasing satisfaction which falls to those who devote their lives to the services of their fellows, will soon, as our broken men come trooping home, be available to the humblest. The sorrows which this war has created are so numerous and so varied that none may pass a day in which the opportunity to assist some poor sufferer from its horrors will not avail itself, and those in need of it will be more receptive, by reason of their humbled pride. The watchers, who stand idly by, will be less suspicious that personal gain is the motive of such noble acts as may fall to their view.

After repeating the Lord's Prayer with especial stress of thought on the sentence, "Thy will be done," I felt I should be more profitably employed if I got up, and recorded for the benefit of those who follow me, the first impressions of one mind at the receipt of the news that the greatest of all wars had ended. The gun at Brockton

Point has ceased to fire, but I can hear, in the distance a few whistles still hooting, and nearer some persons blowing horns. Otherwise all is now still save the ticking of the clock. It is now a quarter to 3. Those whistles will not cease, I expect, until daylight.

How well I remember that beautiful August day four and a half years ago when little Hughie, from playing among the ferns and bracken with his brothers, ran after the train to the water tower at Ladysmith, B. C., to buy me the Colonist, which brought the news that Great Britain had declared war. My little boys half noticed that I was perturbed, but went on with their playing. My slight training as an amateur soldier, eight years in the Duke of Connaught's Own, made me realize even then, in my simplicity, that it would degenerate into a holocaust before it was over. How lightly the public took the news. True they seemed to be a little more than ordinarily interested in the newspaper that morning, but went nonchalantly on with their work as they carelessly laid it down again. We are seven thousand miles distant, and some of the zest must have been lost on the way. And now—it is all over.

Yes; it was worth it, every bit of it was worth it. It was not England's seeking. But to the everlasting glory of her administrators, the epoch in British life in which it has been my fortune to live will go down to posterity and history as one glorified by the nobility of mind of those in that period. Greece was famed for her art, Rome for her conquest.

BRITAIN FAMED FOR JUSTICE.

The British people will go down through the ages for their justice. Let us "do unto others as we would have them do unto us." It was worth it, yes, every inch was worth it, that those vandals whose ignorance and arrogance brought such suffering upon the world should be brought under control, and be turned by time and patience into better men.

It was worth it that those who violated the peaceful homes of harmless Belgian women should not go unpunished for crimes which they must have known were wrong before they commenced them, for there is no men or race of men, be they white, black, yellow or red, who have the right to perpetrate such needless misery upon others as I have seen visited upon poor French and Belgians as a result of the German invasion.

The German mind was running away, like an uncontrollable horse, in the wrong direction. It was gigantic and powerful. To stop it and turn it in the right direction called for a herculean effort and great sacrifice. Great deeds always call for great sacrifices. They are worthless if they do not. The sacrifice has been appalling, but the mad beast has been turned, and to his own good, as well as the good of others. It matters little to which land or race of people the greater credit for the feat belongs, but it is pleasing to know that one's own country can claim a large share without violating modesty.

It is now quarter to four a.m. A newspaper boy, riding through the darkness on his bicycle, has just passed calling "Extry, extry." I gave him ten cents extra for the good news. Oh, how thoughtless of me. I should have given him \$5. "Peace" in huge letters was the one great word the single sheet of newspaper, hurriedly printed no doubt, bore, and beneath it the picture of Jesus Christ, looking down from heaven above on the shell destroyed battlefield, and below the words, "Peace and good will on earth to all men." To it I added the words of Miss Edith Cavell, on the eve of her execution, which I admire. "In the presence of God, and the awful prospect of immediately entering eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough."

The greatest of all sentences arising out of the Great War.

All is still, I am going back to bed. It is 4 a.m.

* * *

HOW VANCOUVER CELEBRATED.

Same day,
Nov. 11, 1918, 8 p.m.

Truly time waits for no man, and famous days, like famous men, must pass away. The great events of November 11, 1918, will soon be history. What a day it has been. The weather has been cold and clear, just the kind for the celebration that our vast Vancouver crowds have enjoyed. I arose again at 8 a.m., and after a hurried breakfast made my way in an almost empty street car to the office. Only one, out of forty who should have been there, was at the office—Mr. Johns—and after a short talk we drove off in his car to see what was going on in the streets. We bought a few Belgian, French and American flags, and decorated the car. Hughie sat on my knee. There were signs that pandemonium was about to break loose in Vancouver. Then we went home, and broached a small beer bottle full of whisky given me by my greatest competitor in business. (Total prohibition was in force in British Columbia in 1918.)

Well, the afternoon was one of the proudest of my life. At 2 p.m. several hundred, probably a thousand, veterans who had fought in France formed up on the Central School grounds, and arranged themselves into groups representing the battalions with whom they had served in France. My old unit, the "102nd North British Columbians" and the "54th Kootenay Battalion," formed up as the 11th Brigade. All that was left of them, left of 2000 was little more than a platoon, perhaps 100 all told.

At the head of them, I, as senior officer of the brigade, marched in that memorable procession. Marched, not rode, for much as I would have liked to have been mounted, it would have been impossible to control a horse in that alley of spectators through which we squeezed our way. North American crowds do not show their elation with cheers, but by making a noise, and occasionally a clap of the hands. They beat cans, blew horns, showered confetti.

With a rough banner, hurriedly daubed with the name of their former unit, each body of returned soldiers, in column of fours, and headed by bands and pipes, wended a sinuous way through the assembled populace of this great city. There never was nor never will be a greater crowd upon those streets, for space was required even to stand upon.

We marched, we sang, we smiled, or looked grave, as each emotion succeeded the other, and as each thought of the days just passed were brought to memory by some trifling sight or happening.

"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" seemed to be the favorite songs, and I am afraid I was guilty of the indecorous behavior of bawling out, on the main streets of Vancouver, the words of those two historic tunes, just as lustily as I knew how, in company with my gallant followers. We marched via Abbott,

Hastings, Granville, Robson, Richards, Dunsmuir, Granville, Hastings and Cambie streets, back to the old school grounds, where we sang the national anthems of our own and Allied lands, and then dismissed, to join the madly jubilant masses which thronged the streets from curb to curb. The thousands of autos bedecked with such hurried decoration and flags as time allowed, filled the streets, and followed each other in long trains; now and again a huge lorry loaded with boys and girls, old men, and others, who could find no better conveyance.

NOISE WAS TREMENDOUS.

The noise of the multifarious contrivances invented to demonstrate the jubilation of each participant was deafening; some drew or rather bumped old cans behind their motor cars, others beat cans, blew horns, waved flags or yelled. The old courthouse square, now being used for exhibition purposes as "No Man's Land," was occupied by soldiers, who, with a small anti-aircraft gun, kept throwing harmless but noisy bombs far into the sky, and the fire brigade answered twelve false alarms during the day. The absence of accidents among so dense a mass of recklessly happy persons was remarkable.

But midst all this great scene of gladness, this abandonment to rapture, there was a tinge of sadness. Many a face that was wrinkled with laughter for one moment, sank at intervals into an expression of gravity and pain. There was little need to ask why. The newspaper tonight says that 35,000 Canadians have lost their lives in the world war, and then, too, while the tumultuous crowd worked itself into ecstasies of joy, the "Princess Alice" steamed into the harbor with 100 bodies from the "Princess Sophia," lost last week on Vanderbilt Reef with over 300 souls, not one of which lived to tell the tale. When shall we again witness such an eventful and memorable day?

* * *

November 13, 1918.

"When I think of the British Empire," said Lord Milner before the

Vancouver Canadian Club some years ago, "I feel more like going into some corner to pray than waving a flag in the street." He must have known the truth. How did he discover it?

Turning from my office seat, I walked over to my little friend, Miss Rae, one of three sisters and whose only brother was killed on the Somme. She had always a kindly feeling for me since I extended my sympathy on that sorrowful occasion.

"Well," I said, "how do you feel?"

"Nothing worth speaking of, Major, rather doleful, somewhat miserable," she replied. Later in the day, just before we closed the office I again walked to her desk and said to her,

"well, how now." "Not very well, pretty miserable. I think it has been my most unhappy afternoon," she replied. I walked silently away. As Tennyson says in "Crossing the Bar," "too full for sound or foam."

So I went home, and after tea phoned Mrs. W., whose husband, one of our machine gunners, had been killed in the fight on Vimy Ridge, leaving a penniless widow and four little girls, the eldest 13. She had been trying to find a large house to start a boarding establishment. The scarcity of houses is due to the war, and she has become worn and tired with worry and tramping the streets in search of one, but she was lucky today,

has found one, and that much has been done towards repairing the havoc that war has brought to her door.

"As I walked home, after completing the arrangements for the house, I passed a group of little children playing on the sidewalk, and one said: 'Daddy's coming home, daddy's coming home.' I have had, Major, a most miserable day," she said.

Even an ill wind can blow good, and even glad tidings may bring sorrow.

*Written at 1343 Maple St.
Commenced a few moments
after the blowing of the
whistles, and closed as
dawn approached*

*J. S. Matthews
1932*

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0070



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0071



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0072



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0073

14 NOVEMBER 1931 - OUR PIONEER PARK—THE HISTORIC CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS.

BY MAJOR J.S. MATTHEWS, V.D.

(UNPUBLISHED)

Dear old "Cambie Street"! Who of older Vancouver has no fond recollection of our earliest, and at one time our only park, historic, romantic, workaday "Cambie Street"?

A plain oblong of flat, grey earth, utilitarian, unpicturesque, unadorned by monument, unrelieved by verdure, never named, never ceremoniously opened, which has cost us less and served us better than any like possession, and in whose past our rich story of civic achievement and event is entwined. "Cambie Street" just grew, and growing, grew with us.

"Cambie Street" was our first playground; we have ninety-eight parks now. It was there before the railway, before Stanley Park, before the Parks Board was created; the "common" of our pioneers, the scene of all or nearly all their early assemblages, their games, their contests, their early band concerts. There paraded the old artillery, our first volunteers; there the gallant jack tars from the long since departed British fleet on the North Pacific marched and countermarched in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Victoria the Good; from its rough slope departed our contingent to the South African War; so did the Yukon Field Force in the Klondike gold rush days.

Their Majesties The King and Queen, then T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visited "Cambie Street" in 1901, and there, too, burst forth our first cheers for them when, ten

years later, they ascended the throne. "This is not your land," petulantly exclaimed a native chieftain (Chief Joe Capilano) in 1912, and gruffly ordered the manoeuvring troops to depart and begone, thereby settling, to his own satisfaction, and in short order, the troublesome, endless Indian Land question. Our splendid regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, first displayed their gay uniforms on "Cambie Street."

The first stern command, "Fall in," for the Great War was given there, and then again in 1919, the last solemn, and, to comrades forever parting, the sorrowful order, "Dismiss" upon their return.

It has seen untold numbers of celebrations, ceremonies, carnivals, circuses, cricket, lacrosse, baseball and football matches, trooping of the colours, memorial parades, civil commotion, even riots and battered heads. Quack doctors have thumped their drums and bawled out the marvellous cure-all qualities of the "pink pills for pale people."

Astonishing as it may seem now, in the early 1880s—forty-five years ago—"Cambie Street" was a dark, damp jungle of luxuriant forest; towering cedars screened in everlasting gloom the habitat of bears, wolves and deer. An ancient Indian trail corkscrewed a shadowy, uncertain way through fir and maple vine to the foot of (now) Granville Street, False Creek; a tiny rill trickled through the solitude; hunters from the village of Granville ("Gastown") searched "up on the hill" for meat and sport, and finally loggers invaded the profound stillness, hewed down the largest trees, and with oxen "yarded" the great logs down forest trails to the nearest water—False Creek and its log booms.

Then came the empire builders, and afterwards the railway. The surveyors struggled to cut lines through the forest, then marked squares on their maps; one square they numbered "48." The remaining forest was cut down; the land lay destitute and empty, a disheveled confusion of slashings and stumps; the sun shone where it had not shone for centuries.

Then the scorching breath of fire, the Great Fire of 1886, driven by a gale of wind, swept down on "Cambie Street"; noon saw writhing flame, dusk blackened ruin, darkness and night the twinkling lights of many fires.

A tragedy followed, for which posterity must ever suffer. Stupid improvidence permitted the whole vast tract upon which our city stands to be offered for private sale; it was given wholesale to the builders of the railway. Of all the hundreds of vacant lots and blocks throughout that great expanse of virgin land, not one single acre was reserved for public use; today the densely peopled centre of a great metropolis lies parkless. "No. 48" alone was saved to hear shouts of glee succeed the silence of the age, to bear the tramp of multitudes of feet. Our pioneers looked on, amazed and helpless.

Chance rather than design, and a few batsmen at the noble game of ball, principally cricket, saved us "Cambie Street." A young law student made the actual selection of the site, and still lives to receive our thanks. His name is A.E. Beck, K.C.

This is how it happened.

In September 1886, Mr. Beck—afterwards our first Registrar of the Supreme Court, then studying law at Portage la Prairie under the late Honourable Joseph Martin—decided to "follow the steel" to its end at Port Moody. There the old screw propelled *Princess Louise* en route to Victoria with passengers and freight via way ports of Hastings, Hastings Mill, and a little old wharf on piles at the foot of Granville Street, brought him to Vancouver where he disembarked.

Former acquaintanceship with the late Major C. Gardner Johnson, ardent cricketer, and near relative of our first magistrate, Mr. John Boulton, led to an invitation to make his home at their residence on Westminster Avenue (Main Street) near the old bridge which then spanned False Creek. Magistrate Boulton's villa stood over the edge of the water, and in the dusk's imperfect light of the evening of Mr. Beck's arrival, he mistook that immense area of mudflats, now filled in and known as the Canadian National Railway station and yards, for a perfect playing field, and arose early the next morning eager to be upon it. Imagine the astonishment of this young prairie athlete when daylight revealed a great lagoon of water edged with green overhanging forest.

The “perfect playing field” had vanished—during the night, and beneath the flowing tide.

The simple mistake naturally caused some slight amusement, but was not without its subsequent value, for two months later, Mr. Beck almost inadvertently became one of the principals in an incident which gave us the Cambie Street grounds.

Six months previously, in April 1886, the collections of hutments clustered around Water Street had been incorporated into the City of Vancouver; a city not parkless, but almost wholly park, for save in a portion of the West End, which was stumps, all else was verdant forest. Midst such a scene of primitive disorder, the location alone, much more the creation of a playing field, was a considerable task; however, a start was made. A petition was prepared—it had 350 signatures—praying that a playground be provided, and on 25 April 1887 was presented to the City Council.

A picturesque grove of greenery stood on a point of land which jutted out into False Creek between Jackson Avenue and Heatley Avenue; an old Indian Encampment. It was a little paradise on the shore, once known as Grove Crescent, now no more. It was considered but discarded. The map showed a large area of land, where now stands Stanley Park, marked “Government Reserve,” the former “Coal Peninsular” of the Royal Engineers, and it was reputed to have a “flat place.”

A boat was hired at Andy Linton’s boat house at the foot of Carrall Street, now the site of the Union Steamship docks. Mr. Gardner Johnson and Alderman L.A. Hamilton—the latter being a member of our first city council as also chief surveyor for the C.P.R.—got in, and young Mr. Beck was invited to “come along” to give an athlete’s expert opinion. It was a winter’s day in November 1886; they rowed towards Brockton Point.

“Why Brockton Point?” Mr. Beck was asked recently.

“Well, you see,” he answered, “we were without funds; there was no parks board then. We thought something might be arranged on a government reserve without much expense. We reached Brockton Point, clambered over the boulder-strewn shore, and plunged into the forest, which stood in its original state save for such large trees as loggers had removed; there were no roads or trails.

“We broke through to the far side, to the Narrows. Mr. Hamilton pointed out the beauty of the site, encompassed by the sea, the snow-capped mountains; and, it was level. Presently my opinion was asked. I remarked that it was a truly beautiful place, but would take a ‘million dollars’ to clear it; I pointed out its inaccessibility; it might make a wonderful place for wealthy men with time and money to spare; young men in stores and offices had neither; we should never be able to get the teams together; it was too far to row over for a game. There was no bridge then.

“So we scrambled back to our boat, rowed across Coal Harbour, landed somewhere about the foot of Bute Street, scrambled up the old skid road until we got to Georgia Street, and then struck east on that narrow, muddy track.

“Mr. Hamilton led the way, and as we walked past a desolate region of black stumps, the wreckage of a forest, where now stands the Court House, Mr. Gardner Johnson pointed to that block, and termed it ‘a nice flat place.’ ‘You cannot have that,’ retorted Mr. Hamilton, with assurance. ‘The C.P.R. will want that for a hotel park,’ so we trudged on in the mire. We crossed Granville Street where the Hudson’s Bay store is now, and kept straight on east to where the dirt road ended, and progress was blocked with sticks, stones, stumps and dead branches. It was the corner of Richards Street and Georgia Street.

“Before us lay a wild profusion of debris, humps and hollows; the ground sloped gently towards False Creek. In the distance a few houses along Westminster Avenue were visible, beyond that the mudflats and scattered trees, and on the horizon the green forest of what is now Grandview, then unnamed. We stood surveying the landscape; I climbed a stump. ‘There’s a C.P.R. block down there you could have,’ exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, and he waved in the general direction of Cambie Street.

“‘But it slopes,’ I answered. They assured me the defect could be remedied.

“‘We’ll take that,’ I replied. That was all.

“‘All right,’ replied Mr. Hamilton, ‘I’ll try and get it for you.’

“We all turned around and retraced our steps, somewhat weary with the long afternoon’s exertions, and the prospect before us of a tedious long walk home. In those days, there were no street cars to speed you about; you walked or you did not go. However, we had concluded an eventful task, and were grateful.

“Our choice did not meet with universal approval, for some asked, ‘Why did you go so far out?’ to which we gave the stinging reply, ‘Well, it’s not as far as Brockton Point anyway.’

“After the workmen had completed the roughest of the work,” continued Mr. Beck, “a group of cricketers, armed with picks, shovels and rakes, got together, selected a flattish place at the top corner, now that nearest to the Y.M.C.A. building, and diagonally across the grounds, and tackled the job of putting it in shape. We worked morning and evening before and after office hours. Among those who rolled up their sleeves, pulled out roots, collected stones and filled hollows, were the late Chas. Nelson, the druggist, Samuel Prenter, former harbour commissioner, James Schofield, M.L.A. of Trail, and many whose names now escape me.

“At first, we used coconut matting for a pitch and, of course, when the cricket balls fell, they usually stuck where they dropped; the rough ground was soft and wet with seepage. Our most notable match, perhaps, was that of Dominion Day, 1888, when we played a cricket match between Victoria and Vancouver in a downpour of rain.

“Our dressing room was a little cabin at the northeast corner, where the late Mr. Al Larwell lived by himself, and allowed us to use it. His many kindnesses are a happy memory. He was very fond of children, was much beloved, and a good all-round sport.

“Other well-known cricketers of that day were the late Father Clinton, E.E. Rand, C. Gardner Johnson, W.F. Salisbury, A.J. Dana, and Campbell Sweeny.

“Ultimately, we moved to Brockton Point, but on Mr. Hamilton’s ‘block down there’ countless thousands have since enjoyed themselves, and will continue to do so perhaps for time immemorial.”

The Cambie Street grounds takes its name from the adjacent street which was named in honour of Mr. H.J. Cambie, first divisional engineer of the C.P.R. in British Columbia. The word “grounds” is an appellation common to our earlier playgrounds, but which has fallen into disuse; today, we call them “parks.” It was first used by Mr. Thos. F. McGuigan, our first city clerk, who thus describes it in official records.

Five dollars per annum was the first annual rental paid the C.P.R., but in February 1902 the city purchased it, paying the trustees, Lord Strathcona and Mr. R.B. Angus, \$25,000. Today it is assessed at a value of \$230,000.

The cost of blowing the stumps and clearing our first park is illuminating. Three hundred and ten dollars was the price asked by the successful tenderer, William Harkness, to clear an area of almost three acres. Much of the levelling was done by the cricketers, more by the baseball players, and the prisoners of the “chain gang,” under that historic character John Clough, the “lamplighter of Vancouver,” aided, until finally, as the years passed, its slope was covered with an undulating sward of green grass, crisscrossed by footpaths, and kept short by the grazing of some tethered animal. Subsequently, it was completely levelled, and the present extensive grandstand and dressing room erected.

Long straggling hutments were erected in the winter of 1916 during the Great War for the use of the 158th Overseas Battalion then being recruited, and used again after the Armistice as headquarters for the 11th Canadian Machine Gun Battalion, finally to be demolished.

It was on the Cambie Street grounds that the famous New Westminster lacrosse players first got the sobriquet "Salmonbellies." It was given them by an Italian bootblack, a well-known character about town, formerly of New Westminster, latterly of Vancouver, and who, following the usual custom of those days, carried his polishing outfit over his shoulder wherever he went.

One day in the early 1890s, the Westminster lacrosse boys came over to Vancouver for a game with the sticks. Vancouver gathered together a scratch team, and both teams, followed by a straggling crowd of pioneer "fans" assembled on the Grounds to play it off. The bootblack was "rooting" for New Westminster.

The New Westminster men got the ball down towards the Vancouver goal, and tried to rush the net. The bootblack was "rooting" vociferously, and in his excitement yelled, "Git there, salmonbellies."

The epithet tickled the jocular fancy of the onlookers—everyone heard it—much hilarity followed, especially among the Vancouver supporters, and the descriptive nickname fitted so well that it has survived ever since, and in a measure has attached itself to all who hail from the old salmon town. In the earlier days of the salmon industry, it was centred largely on New Westminster, and perhaps Ladner's; not on Steveston as it was afterwards.

Originally, the Cambie Street grounds sloped from Cambie Street to Beatty Street, and was levelled piecemeal, a little at a time from year to year. In 1902, it was still in its natural slope, with a small grandstand on the eastern side, perhaps 100 feet long. It had been completely levelled prior to 1914, and the long grandstand erected. Later the present dressing shed was erected, before the War.

There is a minute in the Council meetings of 1887 prior to April 25th, mentioning the securing of Block 105 D.L. 196 and Block 110 D.L. 181 (on False Creek shore between Jackson and Heatley Avenue, and flanked by Grove Crescent) which refers to these blocks being investigated for a park site. Mr. T. Mathews, a pioneer, says there was a pretty little space there, partly cleared, on the shore (See Sentell Brothers. Also first official map of Vancouver, 1886.)

Mr. A.E. Beck once told me that the first international game of baseball on this coast was played on 27 June 1887, at the time of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee celebrations, at Victoria, and between the Victoria "Amities" and the "Williamettes" of Portland, Oregon. He played third base.

Illustrations suitable for Cambie Street grounds can be found in the City Archives, as follows:

First cricket team. First City Brass Band.

Naval parade, Diamond Jubilee, 1897.

29th Battalion going overseas, 1915.

102nd Battalion dismissing, 1919.

6th Regiment D.C.O.R. 1900 to 1920.

The B.C. Garrison Artillery, about 1898.

Trooping the colours, The B.C. Regiment, 1925.

The Military Records are in the Vancouver City Museum.

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Not now but in City Archives.

14 NOVEMBER 1931 - THE LAMPLIGHTER OF VANCOUVER.

Page 265 of the minutes of the first City Council of Vancouver contains the following:

Council Meeting, Feb. 28th 1887

Fire, Water and Light Committee:

We would recommend that John Clough be appointed lamp lighter at a salary of \$10 per month to date from the first of March.

R.H. Alexander, Chairman

Report adopted.

Moved by Ald. Oppenheimer, seconded Lockerly.

Page 313 of the same minute book reads as follows:

Council Meeting, April 11th 1887

Fire, Water, and Light Committee:

That a lamplighter be appointed permanently at a salary of \$30 per month, and that the lamplighter employed temporarily be paid for the number of days he worked in March, and that his wages as permanent officer date from the first of April.

R.H. Alexander.

Adopted.

Moved by D. Oppenheimer, Seconded Sanders.

Note: coal oil lamps, not gas.

16 NOVEMBER 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. H.P. McCRANEY. C. GARDNER JOHNSON.

Mr. McCraney told me a few days ago that when the Great Fire broke out at midday on 13 June 1886, his horses, used in making the deep cutting—now that portion of Cordova Street which leads down from the extreme northern end of Granville Street to the C.P.R. stations and docks—were in their stable. Some kind person, whom he never discovered, moved them out of the stable, and placed them in the deep cutting for safety. The removal was not necessary—though it might have been—for the fire did no damage in that section. The horses were found tied to the wagon wheels in the cutting.

A.C. Beck, K.C., told me that C. Gardner Johnson and Mr. John Boulton, our first magistrate, ran before the fire, but were cut off and took shelter in a hollow torn out by the roots of a large fallen tree near the corner of Westminster Avenue and Hastings Street, and covered themselves with sand, gravel and earth. In some manner Mr. Johnson's leg was burned, and when Mr. Beck arrived in September 1886, Mr. Johnson was still in bed in his little shack near the bridge. Mr. Beck said he understood a burning piece of wood fell on the leg.

JSM

EARLY C.P.R. DOCK, 1886.

Mr. McCraney, who cut the above road to the railway, told me that the contract for the first C.P.R. wharf was given to the San Francisco Bridge Company. The bottom of the inlet at the foot of Granville Street was hard, the piles did not penetrate, but the bridge company went on with the work, until one night the whole structure of piles toppled over, and had to be reconstructed.

No photographs earlier than the arrival of the first trains, 23 May 1887, are known to me, but from this, together with previous descriptions given, it is now possible to reconstruct fairly accurately that portion of the shore of Vancouver once known as "The Bluff."

JSM

NOTE ADDED LATER:

5 February 1934

This splendid old gentleman, probably today the foremost painter of historical incidents now living in North America, is practically destitute. He has an office at 602 Province Building, but the odd jobs of illustrating, given him by the *Province* newspaper, are debited against the rent for the office—so he gets nothing from that source, and says, “I have not sold a picture for two years.”

I got \$75 for him last year by wiring a friend at Imperial Oil Limited, Toronto, and, after argument, arranged for him to apply for Old Age Pension, first being sure it would be granted. He got his first cheque (part month of January: \$4.72) yesterday, and will get \$20 a month hereafter. I also got \$25 from a special fund, and Mayor Taylor has promised me \$25 towards the painting of the first meeting of the first City Council; the first dozen figures are now penciled in on the canvas.

And as Mr. Innes says, somewhat bitterly and with disgust, but not without cheerfulness, “Fancy, after fifty years in the West.”

His wife is 68 and will be eligible for extra \$20 Old Age Pension, and he has a family to support—grandchildren whose parents are dead.

J.S. Matthews

Feb. 5th 1934

This splendid old gentleman, probably today the foremost painter of historical incidents now living in North America, is practically destitute. He has an office at 602 Province Bldg, but the odd jobs of illustrating, given him by the "Province" newspaper, are ~~not~~ debited against the rent for the office - so he gets nothing from that source, and he says "I have not sold a picture for two years".

I got \$75 for him last year by wiring a friend at Imperial Oil Ltd Toronto, and, after argument, arranged for him to apply for Old Age Pension, first being sure it would be granted. He got his first check (part month of January \$4⁵²) yesterday, and will get \$20 a month hereafter. I also got \$25 from a special fund, & Mayor Taylor has promised me \$25 towards the painting of the first meeting of the first City Council, the first dozen figures are now pencilled in on the canvases.

And as Mr. Jones says somewhat bitterly and with disgust, but not without cheerfulness "Fancy, after fifty years in the West"

J. S. Mathew

His wife is 68, & not eligible for extra \$10 old age pension

and he has a family to support - grandchildren whose parents are dead

17 NOVEMBER 1931 - JOHN INNES.

I asked Mr. Innes today if Mr. Radford ever published "that article." He replied, "Yes, yesterday, here's a copy." (Copy herewith.) I said, "Is it true?" "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Innes, "it's correct; just a sketch though." I remarked, "What an awful heading!" Mr. Innes laughed heartily. "Ha ha ha," he went on, "in about a hundred years from now they will discover I painted other things as well as Christmas cards."

JSM

Nov. 17th 1931.

JOHN INNES:

I asked Mr Innes today if Mr Radford ever published "that article". He replied "Yes, yesterday, here's a copy. (copy herewith) I said "Is it true?" "Oh, yes," replied Mr Innes, "it's correct; just a sketch though". I remarked "What an awful heading?". Mr Innes laughed hartily. "Ha ha ha," he went on, "in about a hundred years from now they will discover I painted other things as well as Christmas cards"

J. S. Matthews

THE VANCOUVER STAR, Monday, November 16, 1931

Cards Produced Here Prove Popular in U.S.

*John Innes, Noted Vancouver Artist, Starts Work on
New Series of Christmas Paintings for
Distribution on This Continent*

By JOHN A. RADFORD

John Innes has completed another series of Christmas cards typifying the West and is now drawing a set with a different theme for the season of 1932. His first series sold by the million in the United States.

This Vancouver artist has had a colorful and eventful life. Probably no Canadian artist has painted the West so well, or so truthfully, as Innes, and no artist from abroad has approached him in the knowledge of his subject.

Innes is a pioneer of the West and knows its burning alkali plains, the beauty of its Northern Lights, the lure of its Indian Summer, the biting blasts of its blizzards, the odor of its sage, its trails, passes, fords and mountain reaches.

He knew the plainsman, of early days, the rancher, fur traders, cattle men, big game hunters, railroad contractors and engineers, many of whom deem it an honor to be called his friend.

Innes is proud of our vast heritage, and his first essay into it was before the advent of a railroad and when Red River carts, prairie schooners or horseback was the only conveyance.

Trained As Engineer

He was born in London, Ontario, only son of the late Dean Innes, D.D., educated at Hellmuth College, where he was a schoolmate of the late B. T. Rogers, of Vancouver. Later he went to England and entered King's College, Sherbourne. The family decided engineering was to be his vocation and the Imperial Service in India, the scene of his activities, but as the only examination in which he was successful was design, drafting and painting, he was allowed to study art.

Living among a group of clever painters and sculptors he made progress, and was fortunate in being permitted entry to the famous

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0075

studios of London. One in particular intrigued him, that of Sir Frederic Leighton, R.A., and he visited the best galleries under able instructors.

Returning to Canada he entered Dufferin Military Academy, leaving there to study engineering under the late Col. Tracy, of Vancouver, then city engineer of London, Ontario. He then joined a surveying party going to the Rocky Mountains, where he made many maps and sketches. The survey completed, he turned to horse ranching and wrangling. His breaking corral and stable were in the old town of Calgary, east of the Elbow River.

Established a Ranch

When Calgary became somewhat settled he established his ranch near the mouth of High River, and when the Riel Rebellion broke out, he sold many horses to the federal government forces, and had an exciting time with his neighbors, the Blackfeet, whom, fortunately for him, refrained from taking his scalp.

When a man who is now a well-known judge was owner of the Calgary Herald, he managed to publish primitive cartoons in that journal. The publisher was sent to jail for contempt of court for his activities, and to this day declares that a grave miscarriage of justice took place, and that John Innes is the one who should have gone to jail.

Men of those days saw enough of Indians and pioneers without having paintings of them on their walls, so his art languished, but not his desire, and as Calgary grew up he was compelled to seek a more promising field for gaining a livelihood.

The Bell Telephone Co. decided to put in an exchange there, and pitched on Innes as the proper person to establish and run the plant. He managed it for more than a year. At the same time he imported an engraving plant and executed much work illustrating the papers.

Paper at Banff

The telephone venture was not a financial success for Innes, so he moved to Banff, where, with Charles Halpin, he started a paper called "Mountain Echoes". The returns did not overwhelm him and

in fact became an echo. He then joined the government staff engaged in developing the National Park. George A. Stewart, the



JOHN INNES

From a dry brush sketch from life by John Ford Clymer, magazine illustrator.

superintendent, being called to Ottawa, Innes was left in charge of the park. A political suggestion was made him that did not appear to him as being in the best interests of the public, so he lost the position for telling the deputy minister what he thought of him.

This occurred in the railroad building days, and it was not long before he was offered a position on the engineering staff of Ross, Mann and Holt, then building the C. and E. branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Here the late James Ross (later Sir James Ross) became interested in the forceful sketches Innes made in odd times on slips of paper. The season having ended, he left railroading and joined the staff of "Prairie Illustrated" as cartoonist and engraver.

Stranded in New Westminster

This paper was created for election purposes. The election won, it silently gave up the ghost, so Innes painted and journeyed hither and yon until he received a call to New Westminster to illustrate the Ledger under William Bayley. With the easy grace that characterized the papers of those days it became defunct and Innes was left stranded, with an engraving plant on his hands.

The only thing to do was to launch another publication, and thus the "Hornet" was plunged into the maelstrom of public opinion. The editor was the late A. M. R. Gordon (MacGregor Rose), a particularly brilliant writer. It was in the "Hornet" that his much quoted verses on the Kaiser "Meinself und Gott," were printed. The only thing wrong with the "Hornet" was that the staff had appetites and the advertisers a penchant for delayed payments. So, Innes painted more pictures, some of which sold, many more did not. However, he was awarded a silver medal in 1893 and carries it as a pocket piece.

Toronto lured him away from the wild and woolly west, where he free-lanced, till Mr. Bernard McEvoy (Diogenes), at that time editor of the weekly edition, gave him the position of staff artist and special writer on the Mail and Empire. It was then his pictures began to be shown at the Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists exhibitions.

Went to Boer War

But the west was calling, and in 1899 he packed his duffle and hit the trail for Calgary, riding the 69 miles to the B-U ranch for the fall round-up. This trip was productive of many canvases. In the meantime the Boer War broke out and he enlisted in the Canadian Mounted Rifles bound for Africa. While there he made copious notes and sketches which were purloined by some misguided Tommy at Halifax. Upon his return to Toronto he recreated the notes and sketches and they appeared weekly in the Mail and Empire. He received a medal with three clasps for services rendered fighting in hot spots on the veldt.

In 1904 he was elected a member of the Ontario Society of Artists. The following year he was running a pack train through the Rockies in company with the late John P. McConnell (part owner of the old "Saturday Sunset") and John Miller, a prospector.

The trip ended with men and horses on Hastings Street, Vancouver. This episode was the foundation of a great many pictures. Shortly after returning to Toronto he received a call as staff artist for the Hearst Sunday Magazines, New York City, and it was not until 1913 that the west enticed him to return. It was that year he became cartoonist for the Vancouver Sun.

His cartoons of the Great War were widely copied, in the Literary Digest and other journals. In one instance a foreign power ordered several thousand extra copies for distribution.

Historical Events

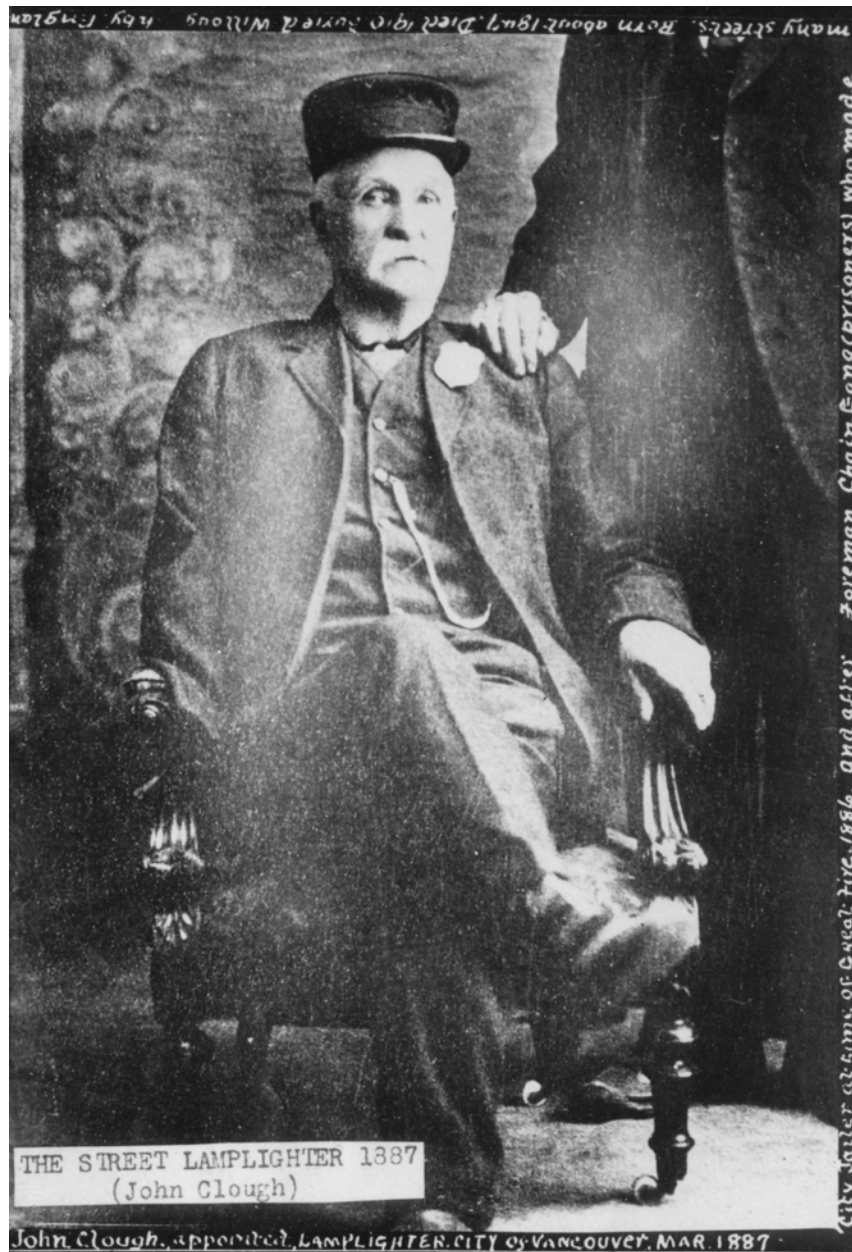
Since the war Innes has been busy and produced many canvases. His pictures of historical events in British Columbia was the gift of the Hudson's Bay Company to the University of British Columbia.

Then came that fine pictorial series the "Epic of the West". These were exhibited in a specially erected gallery at the Hudson's Bay Store on Granville Street. These were purchased by the company and shown in Leipzig, Germany, last year at the Fur Congress, and met with much favorable comment. They are now in London, England, and were shown by the Canadian

government not long since. His last achievement is the "Epic of Transportation". Twenty-one large canvases, following the growth of the west and the means of transportation from the trail of wild animals to the modern railroad.

Innes is a thinker, etcher, scenic artist, illustrator, cartoonist, choir master, prospector, short-story writer, historical painter, inventor, traveller, soldier and poet.

His life has been full of interest, movement, thrills, ambition, endless hard work amid bitter disappointments. He is one of the most versatile of men and gives freely of his extensive store of information to those who ask it of him and has helped many a struggling artist on his way to success.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0078

19 NOVEMBER 1931 - JOHN CLOUGH. THE CHAIN GANG. THE LAMPLIGHTER OF VANCOUVER. OUR FIRST JAILER. THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886.

Called on Mr. Edgar Clough, son of Frank Clough and nephew of John Clough, at 255 Broadway West. Mr. Clough is now perhaps 60.

He told me that John Clough was born about 1847 at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, and was buried there in 1910. He left England in 1869 at the age of 22, and went to New York, where he engaged with a Mr. Jones to drive stock through to California. A trip such as this took two years, the stock would rest, then go on, rest, and then go on again; they encountered Indians, had to make wide detours to avoid them, etc. He then went to the diggings in Sacramento, California, was successful, or lucky, digging gold, made a stake of \$16,000, and then came to San Francisco, where he bought passage back to England, but meeting with other miners, had a jolly party, a

“spree,” and lost his passage. The vessel was afterwards destroyed by fire at sea, and all hands lost. “Uncle John,” said his nephew, “used to say, ‘You can’t tell me that drink ever did me any harm.’”

Then he came to British Columbia, went to the Cariboo, but was not successful. He was afterwards foreman for Onderdonk, who built the C.P.R. right of way in part of B.C., and there it was that he lost his arm. He went back to examine a blast—they used black powder in those days—which had not exploded. It exploded just as he reached there. For a year or so, Mr. Clough, his nephew said, that he had no knowledge what his uncle did, but he was ultimately taken on (March 1887) as lamplighter in the city of Vancouver (see minutes City Council and previous narratives herein). He carried a light ladder for this purpose.

Previous to this he had been City Jailer—of a sort. When the Great Fire of June 13th broke out, Chief of Police Stewart had the prisoners in a tent tied to stakes. Clough was ordered to cut them loose, which he did, as the fire was driving down on them.

Mr. Clough could not say exactly when his uncle’s duties as lamplighter ceased, but presumed it would be when the electric light was installed later in the year 1887. He remembers seeing numbers of lamps—scores of them, he said—in an old back room at the City Hall on Powell Street. They were coal oil lamps, of galvanised iron, about seven-inch base, with circular sides sloping up to the base of the burner, which burner screwed in to the galvanised container. They had a glass chimney, of course. The whole lamp was inserted in a glass protection, shaped somewhat like a keystone, on the top of the street lamp post. (A photo of one can be seen in the photo of the first parade of soldiers in Vancouver, Dominion Day, 1887.)

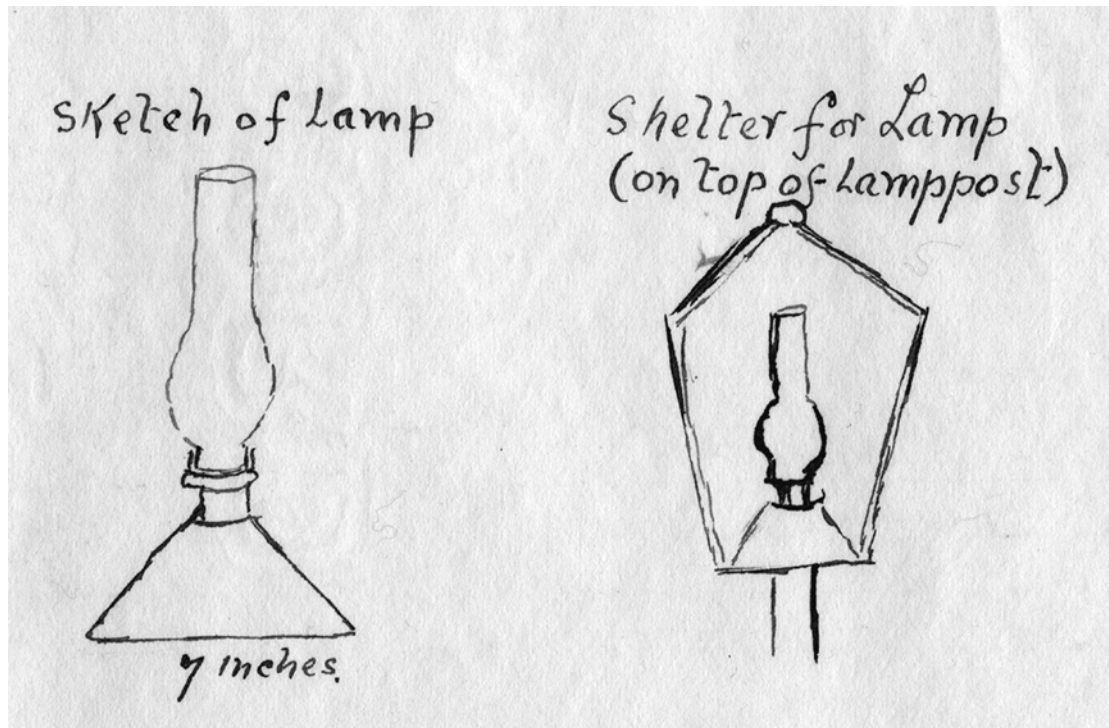
“Mayor Cope,” related Mr. Clough, “used to relate about my late uncle that, one night in 1894, when the City Council had been sitting late, after 11 p.m., he came out of the Council Chamber and saw Mr. Clough sitting there, and said to him, ‘Why, John, why are you still here, why not go home,’ to which John replied, ‘Someone has got to stop to put these lights out, and save the city expense.’ The habit of lighting the lamps had become so engrained,” said Mr. Clough, “that my uncle had forgotten for the moment that the lights were electric lights.

“My uncle was a character, a great character,” said Mr. Clough. He never had any money for the reason that, if he could stop it, by furnishing the money for her fine, he would never allow a woman to be locked up, and, as men were often discharged from jail in a penniless state, he often “staked them.”

The chain gang was a gang of prisoners which consisted of any prisoner who had been sentenced to three or four months or so imprisonment, and I recall as recently as 1900 or perhaps later seeing the wagon in which they were taken to work every day, coming at a snail’s pace up the main streets of Vancouver. As a rule they avoided the principal streets, but this was not always possible. The men sat lengthwise on seats, John Clough driving, picks and shovels with them; a mournful spectacle, but apparently a happy body of men from outside appearances, which remark Mr. Clough the nephew confirms. The chain gang worked on the construction of our lanes; they must have constructed a very large number in the West End, Fairview, Mount Pleasant, and the East End west of Grandview.

The men took their lunch with them, and during noon hour could be seen sitting on stumps or logs enjoying the meal. My recollection is that Mr. Clough treated them very kindly; he may have carried a rifle or revolver, but it was never seen; the men wore leg irons.

Mr. Clough, the nephew, said he had often driven the wagon for his uncle. Grady succeeded Mr. Clough as chain gang foreman, Mr. Clough being pensioned off when the Police Department moved to the new jail on Cordova Street East.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0079

Mr. W.M. Horie, of Baynes and Horie, tells me that the chain gang worked on streets around Balsam, York and First Avenue West in the winter of 1907. Grady was then in charge, and used to come to his house appealing for gloves, overcoats, etc., etc., "for my poor fellows, some of whom are not properly clothed for this sort of weather."

JSM

19 NOVEMBER 1931 - GRANVILLE AND SEYMOUR STREETS.

In the early 1890s and later, a shallow valley existed under, approximately, the corner of Granville Street and Dunsmuir Street. Mrs. J.R. Seymour, accompanied by Mr. Seymour's sister, Emma Seymour, once went gathering skunk cabbage in that shallow ravine, took a good armful home, thought they looked beautiful flowers, but could not understand where the awful smell came from as they carried them. They were then new arrivals in Vancouver. This ravine ran diagonally northeast and crossed Seymour Street between Pender Street and Dunsmuir, where, for years, the sidewalk on stilts was high above the ground beneath. The tree tops grew about to the level of the sidewalk, this is, second growth willows, etc. Old photos will illustrate the exact contour. Mr. J.R. Seymour was one of our early druggists and a well-known public man. In 1931 he was living in the 2000 block on Whyte Avenue, Kitsilano Beach. One of his two sons is a barrister in St. Catharines, Ontario, the other superintendent of the Edmonton General Hospital; his two daughters are unmarried. See *Who's Who*, 1923.

J.S. Matthews

J.R. SEYMOUR.

Of Mr. Seymour's two sons, one, Ainslie, was captain of the Vancouver High School Cadets, which made the trip to Australia in 1912; the other, Murton, was one of those interested in the very early aeroplane owned by Mr. Stark, photo of which is in the Archives, which is claimed to be the first aeroplane in Vancouver which flew. It was a queer looking contraption with the engine

beneath the wings, the pilot's seat in front, and the propeller in rear, and was entirely without a cabin, the pilot sitting out in front on a framework of bamboo poles. It flew from Minoru Park, afterwards was equipped with pontoons, and actually rose out of the water of the First Narrows and flew over English Bay.

JSM

20 NOVEMBER 1931 - WATER WORKS. BOULTBEE. HASTINGS SAWMILL. COMMERCIAL DRIVE.

Mr. Robinson, City Librarian, told me today that the Town Planning Commission had called him on the phone asking for the names of some Waverley novels, as they wanted to name some new streets. I rushed down to City Hall and saw Mr. Harrison, the secretary. He told me that Commercial Drive was now curved at its southern end, near Clark Park, whereas formerly it went south, then east, then south again, and that the curved shortcut, formerly a cutting made by the B.C. Electric Railway, would be named Commercial Drive, which would leave the short street running north and south from 15th Avenue to 18th Avenue, east of the cutting, without a name. They had selected a name out of a book, one which, I think he said, was the old name for Scotland. I protested very mildly, and he asked me what name I suggested.

I said, "How about Hendry," in honour of the manager for many years of the Hastings Sawmill. He replied, "Too near Henry." I suggested, "Boulton." He replied, "Excellent," after I had made the necessary explanations. They follow.

John Boulton was our first magistrate. He lived for some years on Westminster Avenue, east side, near Westminster Avenue Bridge across False Creek. Very nearly opposite lived the well-known C. Gardner Johnson, his brother-in-law, in a small cottage or shack. Magistrate Boulton's house stood over the water of False Creek, now filled in and used as flower beds for C.N.R. Station.

Lieutenant Colonel F.W. Boulton, who afterwards commanded the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. about 1907 to 1910, was in the earlier days a clerk in the Vancouver Water Works, a private company, and when the city took over the water works, about 1892, F.W. (commonly called "Tom") became first city water works chief clerk, or office manager, and he remained as such until he resigned about 1913—about 21 years.

A son of John Boulton is E.L. Boulton of Macaulay Nicolls and Maitland, real estate.

The history of the water works of Vancouver would not be complete without some reference to the Hastings Sawmill flume which, in very early days, conveyed water for the Hastings Sawmill, Burrard Inlet, then practically the only settlement on that inlet.

The old flume ran from Trout Lake westerly, and when the Great Northern cut the deep cutting through Grandview to bring their trains to Vancouver, traces of the old flume were unearthed, according to Mr. T. Sanderson, now of the B.C. Mills, Timber and Trading Company (1931) who says he recalls seeing sections of it. The flume then continued along the head of False Creek in a northwesterly direction to the Hastings Sawmill. The old map in the City Archives, signed by Mayor MacLean and dated 1886, shows the water tank at the Hastings Mill. The flume ran through the forest, was a privately owned affair, never had anything to do with the city of Vancouver. The Hastings Sawmill had the logging rights over the adjacent territory, and when they sold such property as they possessed, retained Trout Lake and its environs for the water. Afterwards, between 1920 and 1925 approximately, they presented it to the city, who have converted it into a park. This lake is within a few hundred feet of the short street which it is proposed to rename.

Messrs. Raymur, Alexander and Hendry were successively managers of the Hastings Sawmill. The two former already have streets named after them; that of the latter was not acceptable as already explained. Hence, Boulton, the name of a pioneer family of distinction, one of whose members was closely identified with the early water systems, suggested itself.

It is appalling to think that with so many historical names available by which to honour our pioneers, that recourse should be books of fiction for names. The changing of historic names, some given in the very earliest days, to gratify the fanciful whim of some newcomer temporarily in power, and with a mad penchant for systemising everything, and devoid of any spark of emotion or romance or affection for our forbears, is deplorable. The changing of Grove Street to Atlantic Street is an instance of it.

JSM

25 NOVEMBER 1931 - EARLY VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY. GEORGE POLLAY, FIRST LIBRARIAN.

The widow of our first librarian, Mrs. Janet S. Pollay, having written me that she desired me to call, I went to 743 East 18th Avenue, where she resides with her niece. She is now 90; she must have been a great little lady in her prime. I asked her how it was that Mr. Pollay came to receive the appointment of librarian; she had said that his occupation was that of cooper. She replied that he was a great reader. He was at one time a Methodist, but accepted in later years the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg, 1688-1772, of Stockholm. She showed me a copy of this writer's book, *The True Christian Religion*, published in London, England in 1867, and said that Mr. Pollay was sent a complete set of his works—as a gift, all he had to do was pay the freight—and that perhaps they may be in the library yet. I read to her Mr. H.P. McCraney's account, dated 14 October 1931, of how the public library started, and she nodded acquiescence and added that her husband was asphyxiated in the mining accident, his body brought from Discovery, B.C. to Atlin, that he was chaplain of the Arctic Brotherhood when he died, his funeral consequently conducted with considerable ceremony, and afterwards his remains placed in the Atlin Cemetery. She gave me one of his letters, dated Discovery, 9 December 1911, to his nephew Robert Nightengale, which commences with the words, "Life, and its manifold manifestations is the most wonderful of all other phenomena," etc. Mr. Pollay died at Discovery in June 1912. She told me that their first home (which they built themselves) was at the corner of Gore Avenue and Hastings Street, and that the site was subsequently sold by them, and upon it was built the First Presbyterian Church. She remarked that it was a peculiar coincidence that a man of so pious a turn of mind as Mr. Pollay should sell his home for the purpose of building a church on its site.

Mrs. Pollay, who had been engaged, at 90 years of age, in washing dishes when I arrived, then revealed the purpose of her desire for my call. It was to present me with a chronicle which she herself had written, at my former suggestion, of the circumstances under which the first library started. It read as follows, and is now preserved in the archives.

743 18th Ave. E.

November 21st 1931.

Mr. Matthews,

Dear sir:

When you called on the 23rd Oct I was deaf; my hearing is good again. I will tell you about the beginning of the first library.

In 1888, on the south side of Cordova Street between Abbott and Cambie Street upstairs, in a small building. Two rooms were secured. Mr Devine, sen. and his son Harry T. having another room for business on the same floor. Mr Jackson jeweler had a little place at the east side of the entrance, to the stair no door to it & Mrs Hannafin milliner on the west side of the entrance. [*In error, was over Dunn's. Criticism, H.P. McCraney.*]

FOUNDERS

Rev. Finnis Clinton (*Fiennes-Clinton*), Rev. W. Pedley, Father Fay, Dr McGuigan, Dr Bodinton (*Boddington*) [*not here at commencement. Criticism,*

H.P. McCraney., Carter Cotton (*F.C. Carter-Cotton*), Mr Powell, Mr Hearshal [*Hersberg. Criticism, H.P. McCraney.*], Mr. Mouat, Tom Dun (*Dunn*), Mr McCraney (*H.P.*), George Pollay.

Mr Alexander handed in the books they had in use from the Hastings Sawmill. He was manager and their reading room was given up, at the Mill, and go to Cordova Street rooms.

To publish their endeavour a few lectures were given by Dr McGuigan and Rev. W. Pedley & C— and George Pollay had charge of the reading matter, & was first librarian. No salary attached to it till it was in progress two years before the City gave any help.

Truthful account

Janet S. Pollay

743 18th Ave E.

Mrs. Pollay preserves her faculties, conversed freely, and naturally, at her age, somewhat feeble. She receives the Old Age Pensions allowance of \$20 per month, but protests it is not, in her case, "Old Age," but an allowance as a pioneer. Her personal estate, she said, was almost negative.

Mrs. Pollay was born August 5th, and in 1931 was 90. She was 92 on 5 August 1933, and still residing with her niece Mrs. M.M. Nightingale, 743 East 18th Avenue, Vancouver.

A framed photograph of Mr. Pollay is in the Public Library.

26 NOVEMBER 1931 - C.P.R. RESERVE ON FALSE CREEK. CAMBIE STREET. HOMER STREET. THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY LIMITED.

In 1899 to 1903 (the writer was a clerk in their employ), the Imperial Oil Company Limited, a company formed on 1 January 1899 by the amalgamation of a group of Canadian oil companies controlled by the Standard Oil Company, with the old Imperial Oil Company Limited, had a warehouse at the foot of Cambie Street, where it still occupies an enlarged premises on the same site.

They had one team of horses which pulled a "gooseneck" low-hung wagon, usually loaded with cases of "Eocene," "Pearl," and "Astral" coal oil in barrels and cases, and was the only warehouse supplying oil (in Vancouver) for illuminating purposes. It was a monopoly.

Bud Mulligan, the former, made a personal arrangement with the C.P.R. Land Department for the use of all their land between and bounded by Cambie and Homer streets on the north and west, and False Creek on the east up as far as the roundhouse, for grazing the team of horses on Sundays. The charge was \$10 per year, and they were to maintain the fence, a ramshackle affair, on Homer Street and Smythe Street—the other side, where the railway passed, was unfenced.

The ground was a rough pasture, quite well covered with grass, some small trees 10 or 20 feet high, willows, elms, etc., and must have been in extent 20 or 25 acres.

Most of the area thus rented was afterwards built upon, and large warehouses with tracks now stand there. At the corner of Homer and Smythe streets, a park for recreation and baseball games was in operation for several years, and it was there that the memorial services for H.M. King Edward VII were held in May 1911, and also where the Japanese sailors from the warships Aso and Soya (captured Russian warships) were entertained. Since at least 1920, it has stood barren and bare, until 1931 when a new warehouse has been erected on Homer Street at the foot of Nelson Street.

28 NOVEMBER 1931 - LIEUTENANT COLONEL WILLIAM HART-MCHARG.

At a Canadian Club luncheon to Lord Northcliffe held in the old hall, upstairs at the southwest corner of Howe and Pender streets about 1910 or 1911, Colonel McHarg acted as president. I sat on the opposite side of the table, facing them. The following titbit was overheard:

Colonel McHarg: "How many newspapers have you now?"

Lord Northcliffe: "Thirty-four."

Colonel McHarg: "What policy do you adopt with your opponents?"

Lord Northcliffe: "Never mention them. You see, no matter what you say there is always someone who disagrees with you, and then you have helped your opponent. If you even mention his name you have given him a certain amount of advertisement."

J.S. Matthews

At the time of this conversation, Lord Northcliffe owned the *London Times*.

28 NOVEMBER 1931 - THE CANADIAN ANTHEM, "O CANADA."

Mr. J.R.V. Dunlop (Jim Dunlop) who has now been secretary of the Vancouver Canadian Club for approximately twenty-two years—almost since its inception about 1908—told me some time ago that "O Canada" (Buchan version) was composed by General Larry Buchan in the berth of a Canadian Pacific Railway sleeping coach during a sleepless night. General Buchan was returning east after a visit to his brother (manager of the Bank of Hamilton on the corner of Hastings and Hamilton streets) in Vancouver. Ewing Buchan, the brother, was one of the first presidents of the Vancouver Canadian Club.

Mr. Dunlop said that during General Buchan's visit to Vancouver the suitability of the wording of previous versions had come up, and General Buchan, being troubled with sleeplessness, took advantage of the first night after leaving Vancouver on the train to compose a new version. The manuscript was kept by him until he reached the east, and then returned to his brother who, together with one or more others, made some slight alterations, and returned the manuscript to General Buchan. The corrected manuscript soon afterwards appeared in printed form on cards before each guest or member at a Vancouver Canadian Club luncheon. It was first sung at a Canadian Club luncheon in Vancouver by three gentlemen— Captain James Sclater of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R., Captain W. Hart-McHarg of the same regiment, and a third member of the club whose name I do not recall—this being the method of introducing it. This was the first occasion upon which it was publicly sung in Canada.

I distinctly remember the cards at the luncheon to Lord Northcliffe, afterwards, or then, proprietor of the *London Times*, held in the old hall upstairs at the corner of Howe and Pender Street West. This would be about 1910 or 1911, but it was sung long before this, because the first time I attended, I was a stranger and sat at a lower table with a friend, but when Lord Northcliffe lunched, I sat across the table, in front of Lord Northcliffe and Colonel McHarg who I think was vice-president and acting for Ewing Buchan, president, but absent.

J.S. Matthews

NOTE ADDED LATER:

O Canada

I am almost sure the third gentleman was a Mr. Milne, and I thought his name was James, but perhaps it was Andrew. Andrew Milne, who died about 7 October 1943, was a vocalist who came to Vancouver in 1907, and was for 34 years organist of St. John's (Presbyterian) Church. Captain James Sclater was very Scottish, too, and a first class vocalist. Captain Sclater and Captain McHarg were fellow officers in the old 6th Regiment

D.C.O.R. and he sang well too. It may be that it was that three vocalists, all well and closely associated, were the three gentlemen.

Anyway, I know, positively, of two, i.e. Captain Hart-McHarg and Captain James Sclater, for I was an officer, too, of the old 6th, and so keenly interested in the doings of my seniors—I was a lieutenant.

It may be that it was Andrew Milne. His daughter, Mrs. Brunt, told me her father, Andrew Milne, was always very prone to sing “O Canada” whenever he saw an opportunity, and always used the Buchan version. She did not know the words of the weir’(d) version” but could repeat those of the Buchan version “off by heart.”

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28 NOVEMBER 1931 - KITSILANO, STREET NAMES.

It was, according to Mr. J.H. Calland, formerly alderman, and a very early resident of Kitsilano, Miss Bulwer, niece of Mr. Henry Bulwer, formerly a rancher of Mission City, latterly of Kerrisdale, retired, who suggested the names given to six of the well-known streets of Kitsilano, Trafalgar, Balaclava, Blenheim, Waterloo, Collingwood and Alma, formerly otherwise known. This was in or about 1909.

During a conversation at his early home on the waterfront at the corner of Trafalgar and Point Grey Road, the question of street names came up, and Miss Bulwer said to Mr. Calland, "Why not call them after battles?" A selection was made.

"So," said Mr. Calland, "I chose the best name" (Trafalgar Street) "for my own street, and afterwards approached the City Council, who put the matter through right at once. There were six of them."

J.S. Matthews

J.H. CALLAND OF KITSILANO.

J.H. Calland came to Vancouver in 1888, and in 1902 was conducting a small real estate business on Hastings Street opposite [the] Strand Hotel. One day, a gentleman came into his office and said he was going to buy a ticket on the "Derby" Sweepstake, and made a present of it to a Mrs. Kenworthy, saying that tomorrow was her birthday, she would be 40, and he and Mr. Calland went over to the Strand bar, where he bought ticket No. 40. Mr. Calland said he would take 41, so he bought No. 41, both paying one dollar. That evening, Mr. Calland was offered \$600 for his ticket, on Mrs. Calland's advice refused it. He won the sweepstake, and with it \$1,200, I think it was, a larger sum in those days than now. (The name of the Derby winner was "Ardcastle" or "Hardcastle.") Afterwards, with this and other money, he bought his estate, some hundreds of feet of waterfront on Point Grey Road between Trafalgar Street and Stephens Street. Soon afterwards, Mr. C.G. Major of New Westminster said to Mr. Calland, until then a perfect stranger, "I wish you would sell some property for me, you seem to be lucky," and as a result, according to Mr. Calland, the English Bay bathing beach became the property of the city of Vancouver. Prior to that time, bathing had for years been indulged in at English Bay, and Simpson's boat house operated at the foot of Denman Street, but the foreshore was privately owned. In early years, a by-law to raise funds to purchase several acres there had been submitted to the electorate of Vancouver, but it failed to pass. As soon as Mr. Major's property was placed in the hands of Mr. Calland, he approached the City Council, with the result that much of the foreshore where now stands the bathing pavilion was purchased for the city. At the time, there were a number of small cottages west of Denman Street on the shore between Beach Avenue and the beach, and also a large private club, the English Bay Club. All were pulled down, but not so with the property on the shore nearer to the park. That was built upon, including the huge Englesea Lodge apartments among other buildings, an unfortunate occurrence.

At the same time, Mr. Major placed a large section of Block 192 in Kitsilano in Mr. Calland's hands for sale, and he subsequently made approximately \$50,000 out of it. "That dollar set me up," said Mr. Calland once.

Subsequently, Mr. Calland sold nearly all his beautiful waterfront site, piecemeal—by many considered the most beautiful home site in Vancouver—retaining a small portion only as his home. One of the most vicious taxation outrages was perpetrated: for years, he was taxed not as a residential site, but as a very valuable waterfront or dock site. Mr. Calland once stated to me that he paid as much taxes as a steamship company. Finally, it was remedied, but not until after he was much reduced in circumstances.

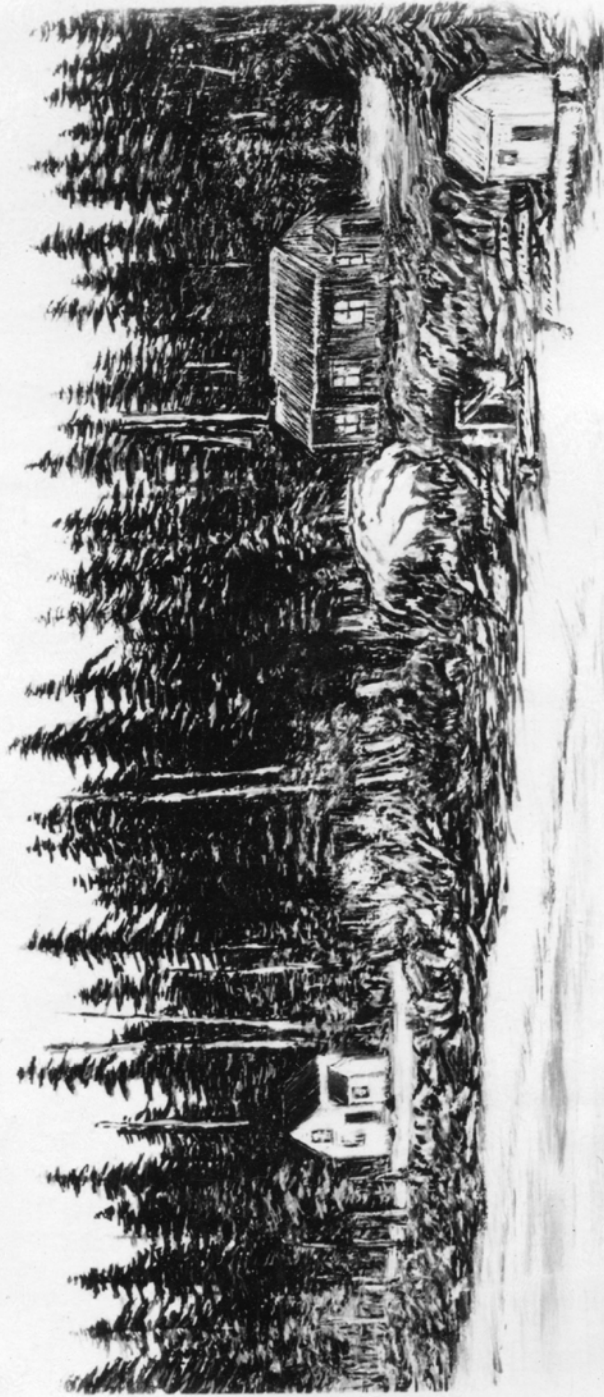
JSM

Approx. 1929



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0081

English Bay. Beach Ave. at Denman St. 1890



ENGLISH BAY 1890. Logger's shack,
first house, bathhouse, and big
stone at foot of Denman St.

Photo of oil painting owned by Cap^t Percy Nye, master mariner, Vancouver, arrived 1889. The board and batten shack was owned by Simpsons of English Bay, and occupied from fall of 1890 to spring of 1894 by M^r MacKay and her daughter, afterwards M^{rs} Percy Nye. It had been previously the shack of the loggers who logged off the West End. The white house with red roof, built approx. 1890-1894 was built by M^{rs} MacKay(?) and still stands, Feb. 1932, somewhat altered, immediately behind entrance to English Bay Pier. The white house was north of, and the shack south of Beach Ave. - the latter on shore just west of Denman St. A primitive bathhouse stands on shore just east of Denman St. (see back) 1932.

ENGLISH BAY (Beach Ave and Denman St)
first cottage--former logger's shack.
greenhouse--former pig-sty. 1889.

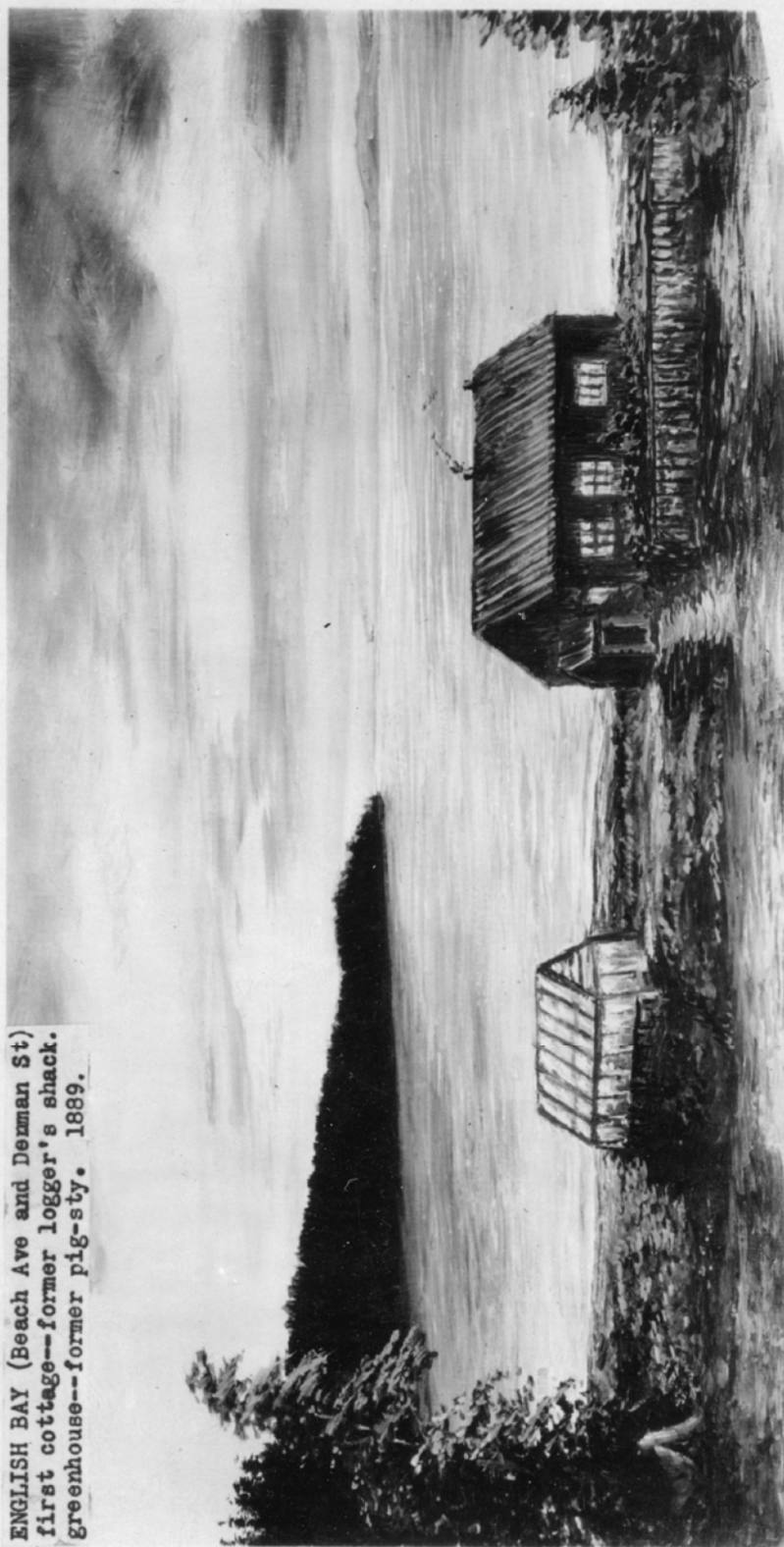


Photo of oil painting owned by Cap Percy Nye, master mariner, Vancouver, arrived 1889. The shack stood between Beach Ave and water at foot of Denman St, and on site of present concrete bathhouse, west of Denman St (see back). Mrs Mackey and her daughter, afterwards Mrs Percy Nye went to live there in fall of 1890 and remained until spring of 1894. It belonged to The Simpsons, well known; was of unpainted board and batten, and had been purchased, for \$50, by Simpsons from those who had logged off the West End. The small buildings the pig sty. A creek ran into the sea, a short distance westward. The Simpsons changed the pig sty into a glasshouse.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0084



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0085

COAL HARBOR 1887, now "Lost Lagoon"
(between Georgia and Robson Sts)



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0086



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0087

30 NOVEMBER 1931 - OPENING OF STANLEY PARK, 1888. BURRARD INLET. VISIT OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

One of the features of the ceremonies in connection with the visit to Stanley Park by Lord Stanley was an excursion trip for Lord Stanley of Preston (the Earl of Derby afterwards), probably the first excursion on the waters of Burrard Inlet. The C.P.N. steamship *Princess Louise* was used. Lord Stanley was accompanied by his son, the present Earl of Derby, as A.D.C. [aide-de-camp], and who afterwards became such a distinguished statesman, and originator of the "Derby Recruiting Scheme" during the Great War.

In 1931 the Earl of Derby wrote that he had searched his own and his mother's papers for documents, etc. relating to the opening of Stanley Park, but could find none.

JSM

THE SLOGAN, “ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN IN NINETEEN-HUNDRED AND TEN.”

A widely adopted slogan used in Vancouver commencing with about 1907 or 1908. It was extensively used for advertising purposes, in newspapers, on printed cards in shop windows, and in almost every conceivable way in which advertising can be used; it was on everyone's tongue, on “band wagons,” etc., etc. A noisy club of young bucks known as the “Booster Club” on one or two occasions drove around the streets in a tallyho, plastered with streamers painted, “100,000 men in 1910,” beating a drum, and yelling the slogan in unison. At the time it was started, the population must have been about 75,000, and there remained but two or three years to attain 100,000. It was about the time of the height of the real estate boom; everyone was excited about Vancouver's phenomenal growth; there was much wild speculating; a boom peril was flourishing; sane men—those who kept their heads—were few, and not over popular. But the slogan did good work for Vancouver. The objective was attained before the year 1910 was reached.

JSM

THE “JUNGLE” OF 1931.

Met Colonel Williams of “Jungle” fame and read to him my notes of October 19th, asking if they were correct. He replied, “yes, but too much ‘Williams.’”

Major Matthews: “Is what I have put down true?”

Colonel Williams: “Yes.”

Major Matthews: “If you had not arisen from your desk, gone to the window, seen the legs disappearing, and fished those men out from under the rails, would the ‘Jungle’ ever have been?”

Colonel Williams: “No.”

Major Matthews: “Why?”

Colonel Williams: “Because the harbour police had orders to clear them out. But you must remember that after it was started, Mr. McClay” (Sam McClay, the chairman of the Board of Harbour Commissioners) “got very interested. The soup would never have been there as regularly as it was if it had not been for Mr. McClay. If it did not arrive on time, he went up and got it in his motor car, and when he was away he paid for it being brought down. Then ‘Kennie’ Burns” (Mr. Kenneth J. Burns, superintendent) “did nobly.”

It is appalling to reflect that, in this heyday of democracy, when every jack is as good as his master, midst a confusion of countless institutions, societies, committees, orders and what not, for the promotion of almost every benevolent sympathy peculiar to man, and in bewildering profusion, it should be possible for one or more men of great heart, without any more effort than that of stepping to the office window, to establish on the spur of the moment an odd coterie, the number of which rose at times to nearly 250, of able-bodied, deserving, sincere men whose most pressing want was food and shelter.

JSM

30 NOVEMBER 1931 - THE FIRST DOMINION DAY (1 JULY 1887.) INDIAN CANOES. EARLY BURRARD INLET. WATERFRONT ILLUMINATIONS.

In an article which was printed about the last day of June 1930, on our first Dominion Day celebrations, I referred to the waterfront illumination on Burrard Inlet in the evening, and of which Mrs. J.Z. Hall (Sam Greer's daughter) spoke as being so beautiful. Mr. A.E. Beck today told me more about this.

Mr. Beck said, “We had two strings of Indian canoes, each string of fifteen canoes towed by a tug, a steam tug. In the centre of each canoe was a small mast, and a line of Chinese lanterns were suspended from the mast top to the prow and stern of the canoe. The lanterns were all colours.

After dark, the two strings of canoes, with lanterns lighted, were towed to and fro over the waters of the Inlet, passed, re-passed, and circled around. The canoes were fairly large. The bands on the warships were playing, the sea was glassy smooth, the crowd watching lined the shore and Water Street. I have never seen a better display on our harbour, before or since.

"We paid the Indians a small sum."

JSM

3 DECEMBER 1931 - KERRISDALE. STREET CARS. 41ST AVENUE WEST.

Generous, hospitable Kerrisdale! Had Carlyle lived there, midst those great hearted pioneers, stout men supported by that subtle encouragement which women give, he would have hesitated before giving expression to his famous phrase, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions weep."

"I helped to build the 41st Avenue car line twenty years ago," Mr. Clampitts, the Kitsilano car conductor told me. "At first, we had a little 'dinky' car which ran 'jerkwater' from the Interurban" (Eburne to Vancouver) "to Dunbar Street. It was a wild kind of place then, but those people who lived there were the kindest people I ever knew. I remember one time, it was Christmas, the folks in some house—I forget just which one—brought us out a Christmas dinner, and we, the conductor and I" (the motorman) "ate it in the car. They had it all fixed up on a silver tray, with white napkins, silver napkin rings, silver jugs, turkey dinner, and hot mince pies. Another Christmas, we had five turkey dinners sent out to us by residents along the street car line, and we ate them in the car. I know I got 28 cigars on one day, and the conductor got 25. You remember Alvo von Alvensleben, the German, friend of Kaiser Bill? Well, Taylor, he ran night shift; he never troubled to take lunch. Every night, they never missed, Alvensleben sent him out his lunch, and," (with emphasis) "a glass of wine."

There was something very beautiful about those pioneer days; the going was rough, the inconveniences many, but there was a sweet wholesomeness to those sincere souls who led the way into that primitive region, a tender sympathy, a simple faith, which has left memories which grow fonder and fonder as the days pass.

JSM

3 DECEMBER 1931 - THE ECHOES OF THE REAL ESTATE BOOM. 54TH AVENUE EAST.

There is a street in South Vancouver, between old 53rd and 55th avenues, shown on maps—it was never actually a street or road—as Lalande Avenue. It was two blocks long from Westminster Avenue, in D.L. 652, and divided in twain four city blocks once owned by Mr. Lalande and associates; probably twelve or thirteen acres in all. It was about 1908 or 1909.

They cleared it of forest at a cost of \$2,000; the streets were not graded. Then they were offered and refused \$120,000 for it. Later, they had, as the decline came, to mortgage it for \$20,000, and finally lost it altogether. Then the mortgagees lost their \$20,000, and still later the property reverted to the Municipality of South Vancouver for taxes unpaid. The trees, second growth, grew up again.

Today it is a civic park, the property of the new amalgamated city of Vancouver, and part is used for park board nurseries and greenhouses.

The original possessor, or one of them, Mr. Lalande, now, 1931, makes a most modest living in a small and obscure real estate business of humble pretence, on Pender Street and Homer Street corner. (See Miss Annie Morrison, Volume 3.)

These personal tragedies have not been without their compensating benefits. It is by such personal misfortunes that Vancouver has, in part, retrieved the stupid improvidence which failed to reserve, from a vast tract of empty wilderness, adequate areas for churches, parks, schools

and public playing grounds. The temporary affluence of many land owners was false; the value did not exist; the figures were visionary; their perspective had no more substance than foam on beer.

JSM

CLOUGH AVENUE (SOUTH VANCOUVER), AFTERWARDS 61ST AVENUE EAST.

Mr. Clough, nephew of John Clough the lamplighter of Vancouver (1887) was a friend of the above Mr. Lalande.

MAIN STREET (FORMERLY WESTMINSTER AVENUE.)

Mr. Lalande was active in changing the name. His contention was that there were too many Westminsters—Westminster Avenue, Westminster Road, New Westminster, the city. Alderman Hepburn, an old-timer, bitterly opposed the change of historic old names, but the “boomsters” were riding gloriously on the crest of a great real estate wave; the soberer heads were disdained as fossilised; and when Alderman Hepburn publicly stated that those who sold lots “on Grouse Mountain” were “criminals” who ought to be in jail, a mighty howl arose, and had undoubtedly much to do with his defeat in a contest for the mayoralty. He was a splendid alderman, an astute financier, had served as an alderman for many terms, and deserved a more gracious reward.

JSM

EARLY AEROPLANES (APPROXIMATELY 1906 OR 1908.)

One of the earliest of aeroplanes in Vancouver was that possessed by Fred Clark, who bought the plane, and Art (Arthur) Lalande (son of the above), who supplied the engine. It was a British military Arvo or Alvo machine, fitted with bicycle wheels, and was purchased in St. Louis, Missouri, knocked down, shipped to Vancouver, and put on pontoons made by the Vancouver Shipyards in Coal Harbour. The propeller was enormous, and a foot wide. It never flew. The plane was burned when Hoffar’s boat house was destroyed by fire; the engine, being elsewhere, was saved, and afterwards put in a motor boat. All this as related to me by Art Lalande, who says he does not know where Fred Clark went to.

JSM

3 DECEMBER 1931 - KITSILANO BEACH, POST OFFICE.

The first post office at Kitsilano Beach was established at the time the Canadian Pacific Railway subdivided the area lying at the back of Kitsilano Beach, probably because at that time there was no mail delivery in that section, and its earliest residents had to go to town for their mail. It was located in a little store called “The Popular” run by a Mr. Green, just around the corner from Cornwall Street and on Yew Street.

The second postmaster was Mr. Yates, who retained it from 1912 to 1927, in a little store just west of Yew Street on the south side of Cornwall, where he sold confectionery and played chess.

The third incumbent is a postmistress at the same place, same business. I am informed that it was never known as Kitsilano Post Office, but as Sub Post Office No. 4

4 DECEMBER 1931 - HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF NEW WESTMINSTER. COLONEL THE MOST REVEREND A.U. DEPENCIER, O.B.E., D.D.. 62ND OVERSEAS BATTALION, C.E.F. (“HULME’S HUSKIES.”)

Colonel Hulme tells me that when, early in 1915, he was given authority to raise the 62nd Overseas Battalion, he was completing the establishment of officers, and gave thought to the question of a regimental chaplain. One of the earlier overseas battalions had been unfortunate in the selection of a chaplain who had made himself “avoided” by too strict ideas on cigarettes,

swearing and other “weakness of a soldier.” In searching for a chaplain, Colonel Hulme relates, he hit upon the idea of writing to His Grace the Bishop of New Westminster, requesting him to be so kind as to recommend a suitable cleric of Anglican denomination.

In his letter to His Grace, Colonel Hulme said that he desired a man of broad vision, that he was training 1,200 men, and that, among so many, it would be impossible to avoid an occasional cuss word; he wanted a man who would not be too fidgety about an occasional “damn,” and added, naively, that circumstances might even arise where the issue of a tot of rum would be necessary. He would therefore be very much obliged if his Lordship would recommend some broadminded parson.

A day or so later, His Lordship appeared at Hastings Park, and, letter in hand, was ushered into Colonel Hulme’s orderly room.

The Bishop: “I think I have such a man, Colonel Hulme, a broadminded man, just such a man as you want; one whom I believe I can heartily recommend.”

Colonel Hulme: “Oh, I’m very glad, Your Lordship, what’s his name?”

The Bishop: “A.U. DePencier, Colonel.”

Colonel Hulme: “He is your son?” (Bishop DePencier had a son who had been ordained, but his initials were not “A.U.”)

The Bishop: “Well, no, not exactly; he is the Lord Bishop of New Westminster; that’s me.”

There were two broad intelligent smiles; Colonel Hulme swung around in his chair and reached for form “M.F.B. 287,” and a few moments later, Captain the Right Reverend A.U. DePencier, chaplain of the 62nd Overseas Battalion, marched out of the orderly room.

Colonel Hulme also tells another story, that in March 1815, whilst they were in training at Hastings Park, word reached him that the Dardanelles had been forced by the British Fleet. The news spread rapidly, first to the Officers’ Mess, which was soon in a hilarious mood; there were hurrahs, etc., and the noise, being heard by the men in camp, was soon taken up by them, the whole camp turned into an uproar, bands turned out. That there was no truth in the rumour is immaterial, and the incident has little value other than to illustrate the spirit of the moment, of the Vancouver volunteer, and is preliminary to what follows.

Soon word came that the departure of the 62nd for overseas had been indefinitely postponed, and the information imparted to the officers as they assembled at the Mess at the conclusion of the day. There was dejection, an outcry of disgust, general condemnation of the Militia Department, and a few of the milder swear words uttered. The chaplain, Captain the Right Reverend DePencier, stepped outside and diplomatically went to his tent.

Ten minutes later, he was back, and “poked his nose” in the doorway, with a quizzical look, and exclaimed before entering, “Well, is it all over?”

Colonel Hulme stepped up, and profusely apologised for the rumpus, the unseemly expression, and the swearing.

“Oh, that’s all right,” said His Lordship, “if I were not a bishop, I’d have done some myself. I’ve been out in my tent and done mine privately.”

In those days, prohibition days, a beverage known as “Near Beer” was sold; the maximum legal content of any liquor was 2% alcohol. “Near Beer” was served to the troops, but some kind brewer sent to the Officers’ Mess a case of private stock, very much stronger, and it appeared on the table for dinner.

Captain the Bishop picked up his glass, smacked his lips with a relish, and smiling with evident satisfaction, exclaimed, “Colonel, this beer seems to be getting near-er.”

JSM

11 DECEMBER 1931 - GROVE CRESCENT, FALSE CREEK. FIRST CITY HALL. INDIANS. EARLY MAPS OF VANCOUVER.

The following interesting letter, dated from San Diego, California, 5 December 1931, where he was wintering, comes from Mr. E.B. Sentell. Omitting the introduction, it reads:

Grove Crescent was not my first place of pioneering. With two brothers, A.J. and F.W. Sentell, I came from Granite Creek Mining Camp, and arrived in Vancouver in August 1886, and the following September built Vancouver's first City Hall, on Powell Street, now removed. It was midway between Columbia and Main Street.

The first house of our own was opposite the Powell Street Square, Cordova Street, in the 400 block, and is still there and is shown in one of the more ancient views of Vancouver.

I purchased Grove Crescent for my brother A.J. and myself from the Vancouver Land and Improvement Company Limited; the late C.D. Rand was agent in January 1891. It was called Grove Crescent on city plans made by Engineer L.A. Hamilton, who made the city's first plans. (*Note: a large copy of this plan, dated 1885 and named "Townsite of Vancouver," is in Court House records.*)

It was covered with tall timbers, from two hundred to three hundred feet high, with underbrush so thick it was hard to get through, but, I should judge, was second growth under woods.

I never knew of it as more than a dense forest when we became its owners. The only person who could tell me of its former history was Mr. Neil Black, of Spuzzum, B.C., now dead. In 1905 Alfred and I were building a section house at that place, and the said Mr. Black had a store there, and was one of B.C.'s real pioneers in the days when Moodyville was the "whole cheese" for Burrard Inlet.

He told us our point (*Grove Crescent*) was, up to 1866, an Indian camp on False Creek, and was the spot where they had a medicine ditch, and was to them a favourite resort, and the land, when dug up, showed signs of a Siwash camp; vast deposits of clam shells, and marks of camp foundations which had been deserted.

In 1912 the Great Northern Railway folks expropriated the 109 Block, of which we owned the south part, facing the Crescent, Lots 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, with a frontage on the Crescent of about 450 feet, for \$103,500 and is now all the railway yard of the G.N.R.

I expect to be home when the days lengthen.

(Signed) E.B. Sentell.

"There was nothing 'medicine' about it," said Professor Charles Hill-Tout of Mount Pleasant, probably the most eminent ethnologist versed in Indians of British Columbia living, when the "medicine ditch" reference was referred to him for explanation.

"The Indians made a regular custom of it, to get rid of a cold; it was a steam lodge. They built a lodge, put a fire in it and heated stones, then threw water on the hot stones, and the steam came off. It was a steam bath, a regular custom among them. Afterwards, the Indian threw cold water over himself."

Mr. W.F. Findlay (see Carter House) said, "It was a Turkish bath. Only sometimes the effect was worse than the ailment. Any hole in the ground of suitable shape would do, so long as it would hold water. Then they would throw hot stones in the water, and they got in under the cover they had, and the steam would give them a Turkish bath. The trouble was they had no place where they could cool off as in a modern Turkish bath."

12 DECEMBER 1931 – SALMON.

Discussing salmon today with Mr. Paul Marmette, bridge draughtsman for Onderdonk at Yale from 1880 to 1885 (see elsewhere), he said, "All you had to do at one time, on the Fraser River, was to put a hook and lump of lead on a line, throw it in the river and haul it back. The hook would catch in a salmon.

"On one occasion," he said, "Mr. William Downie" (an early C.P.R. official) "was taking some officials east, when one exclaimed, 'Oh, look at the salmon.' Mr. Downie jokingly replied, 'That's nothing. You ought to have been here last year. We had to open the Savona's Bridge to let them through.'"

DEADMAN'S ISLAND. THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886.

Mr. Marmette, see above, relates that after the Great Fire and whilst they were searching the ruins, they came upon a skeleton, and were astonished to find that all the bones were wired together—a puzzling occurrence in a new town of shacks. It turns out that it was the skeleton of an Indian which Dr. Langis had secured from Deadman's Island—presumably out of the trees, the Indian method of burial. (*NOTE ADDED LATER*: No, a Swede who committed suicide at Moodyville. See "Dr. Langis.") Dr. Langis still lives, 1931, at Parksville.

CHINAMEN. ONDERDONK.

Mr. Marmette says it was 10,000 Chinamen that Onderdonk brought over to build the C.P.R. He recalls many of them going back, most of them, but many stayed.

Why did he get Chinamen? was queried.

"Well, he had to get help; there were no men to be got here."

JSM

1. -- Balfour, 2. Dan McGillvary, who built it, 3. Harry Abbott, Sup^r, 4. H.T. Cambie, Chf. Engineer,
5. Mayor Oppenheimer of Vancouver, 6. Lacy R. Johnson, Master Mechanic, 7. -- Ceperley, of Van'or,
8. Armstrong, of Armstrong and Morrison, Contractors.



Opening of Fraser River bridge at Mission, B.C. (about 1890)

Item # EarlyVan_v1_0088

12 DECEMBER 1931 - CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. BRIDGES. CONSTRUCTION OF C.P.R. AND OFFICIALS.

"The old photograph must be of the opening of the 'Mission Bridge,' across the Fraser River at Mission City," said Mr. Paul Marmette at "Earls Court," Georgia Street West, today when shown an old photo of a large group of railway officials grouped around the end of a "Colonist" car standing on rails crossing a wooden bridge. "I do not know what else it could be.

"I was a draughtsman drawing plans for bridges on the C.P.R. Line. The government constructed the main line from Kamloops to Port Moody, and then handed it over to the C.P.R. There was no celebration when the Stave and Pitt River bridges were opened; they were government constructed. It could not be the Kitsilano Bridge; there would be no occasion for a crowd like this for the opening of that bridge. Dan McGillvary constructed the 'Mission Bridge' for the C.P.R. and when it was opening there was a big crowd, a big spread in the camp, champagne flowed like water. It would be approximately 1890."

Query: Did you get some of it?

Answer: (with a smile) "I got some of it.

"I worked for Onderdonk; I never heard anyone speak a bad word of Onderdonk. I was at Yale for five years, from 1880 to 1885, then I went down river in the old Hudson's Bay *Beaver* to Victoria, came back to Vancouver in February 1886. I had joined the C.P.R. The C.P.R. general offices

and Mr. Abbott were located at Port Moody; the Engineering Department was at Hastings, George Black's; I stayed there 18 months drawing bridge plans, etc.

"Those I recognise in the pictures are:

Extreme left-hand, hand in pockets: Balfour

Extreme left-hand sitting on rails: Dan McGillvary

Fourth man on rails, gloved hands: Paul Marmette (myself)

Centre standing, side-whiskers and collar: Harry Abbott

Next man standing, exact centre, beard: H.J. Cambie

Next man standing, light coat, imperial beard: David Oppenheimer, second mayor of Vancouver

Next man standing, black fur cap: Lacy R. Johnson, Master Mechanic

Very fat face on right: Armstrong, of Armstrong and Morrison

On car, extreme right, bear, hat touching: 'T' Ceperley

Hat touching Oppenheimer's white cuff: Hugh Walkem"

All deceased, save speaker, Paul Marmette.

14 DECEMBER 1931 – SALMON.

"I've seen the pigs eating them in Yale Creek, up at Yale," was the comment which Mr. W.H. Evans, one of the crew which drew the first train into Port Moody, who afterwards was the first resident of the new C.P.R. subdivision to the west of Greer's Beach, and now retired, still resides there at 2030 Whyte Avenue, [made] when [told] Mr. Marmette's remarks re the abundance of salmon in the river in construction days. "They were just black in the creek. In the Fraser River I have seen them so thick—you have heard the expression about 'walking across the river on their backs,'—well, I have not seen them so thick as that—so thick you could hardly wade through the water without stepping on them."

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. FIRES OF CLEARING OPERATIONS.

"There was a second fire which alarmed the people on Vancouver, in 1887," continued Mr. Evans. "It was in 1887, in the spring, about April or May, I think. I drew a freight train into Vancouver that afternoon, it must have been about four or five o'clock; there was great excitement. Went up to my room on Carrall Street, and then thought I had better go out and see how things were. The C.P.R. shops were on Pender Street then, back of the present B.C. Electric Railway offices. I saw what the situation was, so went over to my engine at the shops. Mr. Downie, the superintendent, came along. I took three or four cars, hitched my engines and started off. As I crossed Carrall Street, Jim Doige asked me to take his wife, and when I stopped the engine to pick her up, many women and children 'piled' up on the tender. Then I started to take the cars out of the yard; had to take them out two or more miles to get clear of the fire, it was burning all around, all around the city; people were pulling things out of buildings, furniture and everything else. When I got clear of the fire, I found another engine had gone out ahead of me with twenty or thirty cars. The wind went down again about midnight.

15 DECEMBER 1931 - GRANVILLE STREET, 1 JULY 1900. FIRST MILITARY CAMP IN VANCOUVER. ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT.

There is a photograph in the Archives showing a number of “bell” tents, such as used by soldiers, pitched on grass, and a column of soldiers and sailors marching down Granville Street. Its date is Dominion Day 1900. The troops are going to Brockton Point for ceremonial parade and games by the old ferry route, where they will land in Stanley Park at an old wharf long since removed.

This military encampment is supposed to be the first in Vancouver; old Vancouver volunteers concede that it must be, as they do not recall an earlier one. The sailors marching down the street are from Her Majesty’s warships in port, and the soldiers are thought to be the 3rd Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment—as the 2nd (Special Service) Battalion, R.C.R., was fighting in South Africa, and the 1st Battalion elsewhere in Canada—from Esquimalt. The 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. is thought to be marching in the rear, the leading men only in the picture.

The tents are on the C.P.R. hotel park made in 1887 which, it will be noted, is several feet below Granville Street.

The big block of buildings in the centre is the New York Block, where the C.P.R. Telegraph was then, and where (it is believed) the Art, Historical and Scientific Society had their first room for their collection, now grown into the City Museum.

The Bank of Montreal, on [the] corner, is without the addition afterwards added. Seymour Street is shown ten to fifteen feet higher than the old ground level. Twenty-nine bicycles appear in the picture, an evidence of the extreme popularity of bicycling in the years around 1900 (see item of “Bicycles and bicycle paths.”) A balcony is shown over the sidewalk on west side of Granville Street; this was an old architectural practice (see “Carter House,” etc.) Note the growth of young fir trees on vacant lots—probably ten years old, perhaps thirteen—Granville Street was cleared in 1887. The long wharf is the B.C. Sugar Refinery wharf just in front of Cedar Cove. Moodyville is in the far distance, the *Yosemite*, *Princess Louise* (one funnel) at dock, and possibly *Islander* is the steamer near.

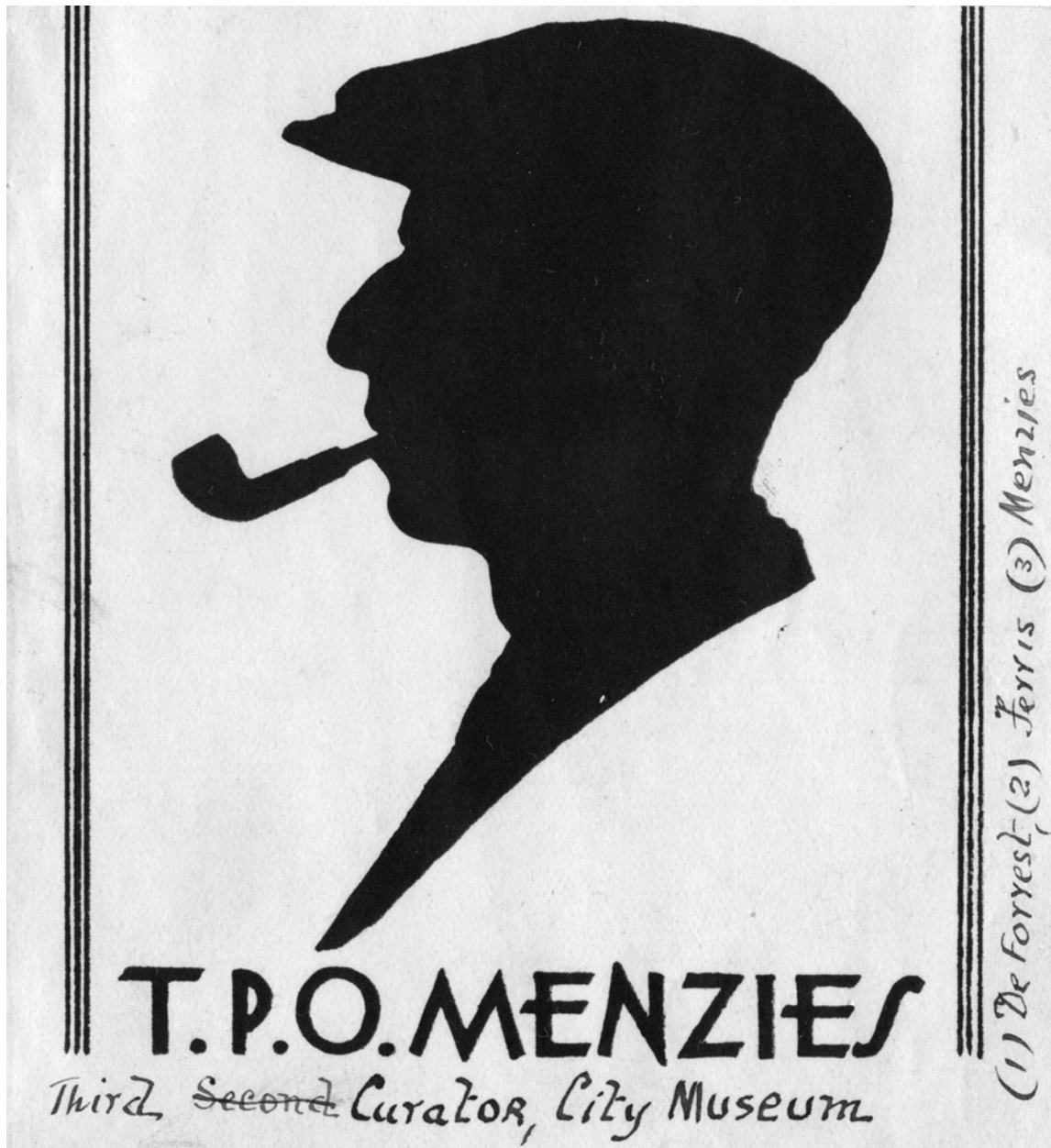
The liquor store is “Urquhart’s.”

Note that the flags are Canadian naval ensigns, not Union Jacks (see item elsewhere), old-style label.

In 1900, Granville Street was not paved; it was macadam, and in dry weather, very dusty. The watering carts were constantly passing up and down all day.

The sidewalks were of planks and, frequently, when anything small, such as a coin, was dropped, it disappeared between the cracks. From time to time, there was a certain amount of grass on the edges, clover or such. Street clearers with shovel, broom and receptacle on wheels passed up and down cleaning up dung.

JSM



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0089

21 DECEMBER 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. GEO. L. SCHETKY.

"It's all nonsense about the fire starting up at Drake Street; it started about Kelly Douglas's place, at the angle of Cordova and Water; they do say it started in some brush back of a shack there," said Mr. Geo. L. Schetky, when Mr. W.H. Gallagher's narrative was read to him.

"There were hundreds of fires burning; I always thought the Regina Hotel escaped because it was back of the fire zone. The only thing the fire left, other than the well-known exceptions, was the skeleton of a building" (McLennan, McFeely's and Company) "at the junction of Powell Street and the C.P.R. track; it was in process of erection and the fire just there was not hot enough to set fire to the scantling, but scorched and blacked it; the building was afterwards covered with iron.

"At the time, someone told me that a great tongue of flame burst forth from the Deighton House, and leaped in a great arch of fire and flame, clean over Carrall Street, and just licked up Scuitto's bake shop on the sharp corner where the Europe Hotel stands now—the apex of the triangle of Alexander and Powell streets. The Maple Tree, of course, was destroyed, and it was a big, old tree, probably two feet through."

JSM

21 DECEMBER 1931 - THE FIRST VANCOUVER-WESTMINSTER ELECTRIC RAILWAY. CAPTAIN E.S. SCOLLAR.

In a long conversation in the Vancouver Public Library today with Captain E.S. Scoullar, he said:

"The Westminster-Vancouver Electric Interurban railway, now the B.C. Electric Interurban, was the first electric railway built on the Pacific Coast, and the second electric road in Canada; the first was at Ottawa. San Francisco had horse and cable cars."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

Canada Year Book, 1932, page 559, says St. Catharines, not Ottawa.

"We were an ambitious, progressive lot in New Westminster; our idea in building it was to build up New Westminster, and to build up the country. Sir Charles Tupper made a speech at the old Colonial Hotel in New Westminster, and to a 'crowded house.' I remember his words well, 'The C.P.R. will never go beyond Port Moody,' he said, and that was how my partner and I put \$10,000 apiece into Port Moody real estate, and ... lost it.

"At the time we organised the interurban electric railway, there were only eight of us in the company. Mayor Oppenheimer, Benjamin Douglas, New Westminster, Harry Elliott and John A. Webster, also New Westminster, Henry Edmonds, and Samuel McIntosh, who was secretary, and of course myself. I forget who the eighth man was, perhaps it was John Hendry of the Hastings Mill. Edmonds owned all the land about Mount Pleasant, from the bridge up—about 640 acres.

"We had quite a time negotiating for the property for the right of way, but we finally got it, for nothing; they gave it to us. T.J. Trapp or Geo. Gibson, or both, were our agents for buying the right of way.

"The first track ran up Columbia Street, new Westminster, to the east, not to the west as now, and then turned north, then west towards Vancouver. We had to go that way to get up the hill; we had not the power that is supplied now; the cars used to groan as they started and gathered speed, and they were very slow at that.

"On the top of the hill our line ran through the Clarkson Gardens—we paid \$35,000 for the Clarkson Gardens—we simply ran the line through our own property. Then we had 100 acres just outside the city limits; we spent \$100,000 clearing that 100 acres.

"If Mr. McCraney did say that there were only three houses between Vancouver and Westminster at the time we ran our line through, then he is wrong; there were more than that; probably what he said was that there were only three stops. Our line ran up hill and down dale, a regular switchback through the forest. After leaving the Westminster city limits, I think the first stop was the power house. The car barn was at the power house, and there was a big boarding house there where all the men boarded, right on the job, and the cars were brought back there for the night. The second stop was, I think, Central Park. The third and last stop was the old city limits of Vancouver, 16th Avenue, and then our track came on through the city almost exactly as it does now, down Park Drive" (Commercial Drive), "Venables Street and Campbell Avenue, and west along Hastings Street.

"Our power was steam, generated at the Burnaby Power House. The rails were very light, just thirty-five pounds; I think we ran hourly. Some of our cars are still here.

"Then we bought the Vancouver city electric lines, and paid \$85,000 for them, and then the bank closed down on us."

21 DECEMBER 1931 - BURRARD INLET AND WESTMINSTER TELEPHONE COMPANY. CAPTAIN E.S. SCOULLAR.

Continuing the conversation today, Captain E.S. Scoullar said:

"The Burrard Inlet and Westminster Telephone Company was incorporated in 1885, just before Vancouver was incorporated. Joseph (Joe) Armstrong, who owned a half interest, was president up to the day he died; others were Albert Armstrong, Lieutenant Dorman—he was a lieutenant in my 'Westminster Rifles'—and myself; I am not sure, but I think there was just the four of us. After I had been in it for about three years, I sold my share for \$16,000.

"The first line we ran from New Westminster to Port Moody for Onderdonk. In 1886, in the fall, we ran a line from Westminster to Vancouver.

"We brought the line by the 'New Road'" (Westminster Road) "because it was the most direct and the clearer. Douglas Road was like going through a 'cutting,' a slit in the forest, forest on both sides. The 'New Road' was clearer; a fire or something had run through it; the bushes were smaller.

"From the 'New Road' the line came down Westminster Avenue, and then ran to Tilley's, who, after the fire, had a stationery and book store on Cordova Street. There were no private house phones, just one line from Westminster to Port Moody, and one line from Westminster to Tilley's at Vancouver. We charged a toll. Our first agent in Westminster was Chas. Pittendrigh, son of the magistrate.

"We rented our first phones from a telephone company in the United States; we had to pay \$85 for each telephone, and then a royalty each month. Dorman said, 'it could not be done.' So we bought a lot of telephones in Germany.

"There was no phone in Vancouver in June 1886 at the time of the fire; Geo. Black's place at Hastings was not connected with a phone at the time of the fire." (Accuracy of this remark [is] most doubtful.)

"At the time of the fire, it had been a very warm spring; no rain for about two months. The clearing operations were in full swing; the land was covered with big high piles of roots, forty or fifty feet high.

"I was returning from Westminster by the Douglas Road, my wife and I driving a horse and buggy. The fire was so bad that we had to retreat, turned around, went right back, left my wife in Westminster, and came back with my brother-in-law via the 'New Road.' We were alarmed; my brother was in Vancouver, but he had got on a raft and went up to Port Moody on it; there was a westerly wind blowing, blowing great guns.

"There is a point which I would like to make and that is that my building, which was destroyed in the fire, was on the west of the Regina Hotel.

"The dynamite which Mr. McCraney took down to the Hastings Sawmill, we afterwards threw overboard, and it floated around the harbour for a couple of days. You see, the C.P.R. were building the line along the shore from Port Moody, and I was supplying them with large quantities of construction material."

(The B.C. Directory, 1885, states: "British Columbia Telegraphic System, Granville to New Westminster, 25¢.)

(Also see J.Z. Hall and J.W. McFarland re telephone, Westminster to Vancouver, before fire.)

23 DECEMBER 1931 - GREER'S BEACH.

The death this week of Jason Allard, aged 83, son of Ovid Allard, born at Fort Langley, recalls my visit, last August 2nd, to Derby, for the 104th anniversary celebration of its founding. We were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Houston on that historic site. As we were leaving, Mr. Houston took my hand and said, "It did my heart good to hear you speak so of Sam Greer. It has always been my opinion that they did him out of his land; he got harsh treatment."

We drove back to Vancouver in Captain J. Hampton Bole's car (son of Judge Bole), and I repeated to him Mr. Houston's remark.

"Sam made one terrible mistake," said Captain Bole. "If he had not fired that gun at Tom Armstrong, he would have held his property. That mistake cost him the possession of the part of our city. Public opinion was so strong that the C.P.R. would have had to have given in; the people would have torn up the rails as fast as they laid them. Sam was a great Orangeman, and much influence was brought to bear to get him out of the penitentiary. He was a sort honoured guest there anyhow." (See Mrs. J.Z. Hall's remarks about how she—his daughter—used to visit him and take him out of the jail to bask on the river bank.) "About the same time, a Roman Catholic priest was put in jail for giving an Indian girl a hiding—one which she deserved, I am told—but anyway, the priest was put in jail, and the Roman Catholics tried to get him a pardon. I think he was from Mission City. The Orangemen objected unless Sam also got a pardon; they said, 'No pardon for one if no pardon for the other.' Both were pardoned and released; that was how Sam got out.

"What Mr. McCraney credits Alex Henderson" (Judge Henderson, a K.C., and former commissioner of Yukon Territory) "with saying about Judge Begbie building the jury is probably correct. Alex Henderson is a clear-minded lawyer. It is all very well to have 'hanging judges,' and 'Bloody Jeffries' in a wild territory where it is necessary to *enforce* respect for law. Begbie suited those conditions admirably, but as the land grew more settled, he became too autocratic for the changed conditions. He was an awful bulldozer, and towards the last grew into a sort of ogre. Dozens of young lawyers left on account of his behaviour to them. He tried it on my father, but my father was Irish, had a quick-witted tongue, and gave as good as he took, and for a time there was mighty little friendship between my father and Judge Begbie, but afterwards father owed much to Judge Begbie for the vast amount of work he passed his way."

What Mr. McCraney said on 31 July 1931 to me was this:

"I think Sam Greer had what we call a 'raw' deal. He was the only man in Canada who 'held up' the C.P.R., but they were too strong for him. Alex Henderson" (Major Alex Henderson, K.C.) "told me that he was at the trial, and that Judge Begbie bulldozed the jury into finding Sam guilty, and gave him eighteen months in gaol. Henderson said he never saw a worse case of a judge bulldozing a jury. We have often wondered what Sam got out of it. You see, he sold those lots at so much per lot, and the part which was 'down cash' was ten dollars, the balance agreement of sale."

Query: How much did Sam get out of it?

"They say the C.P.R. wanted title to the land but the government was afraid to give it to them, fearing some after action, but said to the C.P.R. that, if they could get Sam out of the way, or at least if the C.P.R. would guarantee quiet possession for ten years, they would give the company the title. Some say Sam got \$40,000 to go away. He did go away somewhere and start a hotel. Where did he get the money? After a period of years, he came back to Vancouver. The story may not be true."

(See *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach* by J.S. Matthews, 24 March 1928, in City Museum.)

"Oh yes. Mayor Oppenheimer had a lot of land in the east, and the west too, beyond Sam's place. Those who were in the know bought all they could lay their hands on. They knew the railroad was coming, and simply got it first."

"People said that Greer slipped one over him," said Captain E.S. Scoullar, June 1931, formerly a very prominent business man of Vancouver and New Westminster, now over three score and ten, "and that the incident killed the old Indian agent at Westminster, Leniham or something like that, his name was. Leniham was old and not very alert mentally, and people said—it may not have an atom of truth—that Greer had two papers, one for the sale of the land by the Indians, the other for the sale of the improvements, and that the one for the sale of the land was slipped in front of him when he was not looking, and he witnessed it thinking he was witnessing one for the sale of the improvements."

As gossip of the street, the above is interesting as showing what the gossip of the street was, but it must be accepted with great reserve, and the papers in *The Fight for Kitsilano Beach* should be consulted. Mr. Greer's will bears dates of 26 August 1924 and 20 September 1924. It has been asserted that it included \$7,000 of C.P.R. bonds.

30 DECEMBER 1931 - CAMBIE STREET, CORDOVA STREET, HASTINGS STREET. MRS. JANET S. POLLAY, RELICT OF OUR FIRST LIBRARIAN.

In conversation with this physically feeble but mentally energetic dear old lady, now 90, she related how, when they first started the Public Library on Cordova Street between Abbott Street and Cambie Street, she sometimes took a walk for fresh air, and "we just went along as far as Cambie Street, and then turned back; you couldn't go beyond Cambie Street, and no one would think of walking on Hastings Street. Oh, no. You had to look out, too; they were blowing lots of stumps."

JSM

30 DECEMBER 1931 - UNION JACK, CANADIAN ENSIGN.

In the old Hastings Sawmill Store, now in the Pioneer Memorial Park at the foot of Alma Road, there was in January 1932, over the fireplace, a hand-made red ensign, reputed to have been flown at Barkerville at an early Dominion Day celebration, and for which the claim is made that it is the first "Canadian Flag" flown in British Columbia. It is without the Canadian label, which, presumably, was a little too difficult a task for the seamstress; or perhaps the details were not available for her to copy.

In the newspaper *Vancouver World*, a large advertisement appeared announcing particulars of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of 19 June 1887. It is headed by a large cut of the Canadian ensign (with label), not with the Union Jack.

A photograph of a column of sailors and soldiers marching down Granville Street, and in the foreground an encampment of "bell" tents, is of the celebrations in Vancouver on Dominion Day 1900. The flag most prominent on the buildings is the Canadian naval ensign, i.e. the red ensign with Canadian label in fly.

JSM

30 DECEMBER 1931 - THE FIRST ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN VANCOUVER.

Mr. H.P. McCraney states, "It was finally opened in May 1890."

Excerpt, *Daily News-Advertiser*, 27 June 1890: "After a long wait, the first street car was run on Thursday, June 26th 1890," and then follows some interesting details as to the speed—very, very slow.

30 DECEMBER 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. EARLY TELEPHONES AND TELEGRAPHS. J.W. MCFARLAND, HUGH KEEFER, W.H. GALLAGHER. C.P.R. TRAINS.

The claim of Captain E.S. Scoullar that he and associates built the first telephone line into Vancouver can scarcely be substantiated in view of the following.

1-That Mrs. J.Z. Hall (see elsewhere) says that Mr. Hall, her husband, told her that he had a telephone long before Tilley's.

2-Mr. J.W. McFarland, manager for Hugh Keefer, contractor, construction of C.P.R. line from Port Moody to Vancouver: "Yes, we got the message that Vancouver was burning, by telephone. We were burying a man killed on the line, and were over at New Westminster. Tom Dunn got the message, and jumped up from the table, got a carriage at Tingley's, and dashed off. Yes, we got the message by telephone."

3-In the B.C. Directory, 1885, for "Granville," a Mr. Edwards is shown as "Telegraph Operator," and another man as his assistant. The rates, published in full to all parts of B.C., show "Vancouver to New Westminster as 25¢."

C.P.R. TRAINS.

"There was one train only to Port Moody, on July 4th 1886. Just how many there were after that I forget, but there were no trains in the winter of 1886, nor 1887; the snow sheds were not built." — W.H. Gallagher. (Photos of the first sheds are in the Archives.)

30 DECEMBER 1931 - THE CARTER HOUSE. MILK. MCGEER, THE DAIRYMAN. SMELTS.

Old-timers, in relating of the abundance of smelts once in the waters of English Bay, have been known to sometimes improve the story by adding an irrefutable morsel as a climax to their story by saying, "they even got into the milk" (with a chuckle). W.F. Findlay, nephew of Lewis Carter of the Carter House, is authority for the following, as to how this remarkable circumstance was possible. He says:

"We bought our milk from Mr. McGeer, father to G.G. McGeer, Esq., K.C., the eminent lawyer, and famous as an advocate of 'lower freight rates' during the 'Oliver' government term of office. He had a milk ranch out in South Vancouver; he left us a ten gallon can each morning; that would be about, probably, 1890.

"One afternoon he called, we wanted more. He said he would get some, but was short of cans; would we empty one; and then went away to get the milk we wanted.

"In the winter time, Mr. McGeer's milk got pretty thin, and our fine old Chinese cook whom uncle employed for perhaps fifteen years, suspected it was 'watered,' so while Mr. McGeer was away, he emptied all but about a gallon out of the can and then, from a basket of smelts which had just come in, picked out four or five fish and dropped them in the can of milk now empty all but the gallon.

"Mr. McGeer returned. The old Chinaman picked up the milk can, and proceeded—Mr. McGeer looking on—to pour the last gallon through the strainer, shaking his head as he did so, and muttering, 'Milk pretty dirty these days; how come; have to strain 'um alla time.' Then out dropped the four smelts, right before Mr. McGeer's eyes, into the strainer.

"Much protest; Chinaman [is] very indignant. 'Bossy man' wanders out to see what the disturbance is about; assumes magnanimous demeanour and suggests, in low modulated voice, that if he (Mr. McGeer) must put water in the milk, he might be reasonable and put in fresh water, and not just scoop up the salt chuck, (seawater) fish and all.

"Mr. McGeer [is] nonplussed; guilty or not guilty, the evidence is against him, and irrefutable, and like a wise man, picks up his cane and vanishes—in silence."

And so it is that old-timers chuckle when they tell stories of the vast shoals of smelts which once could be dragged ashore with a garden rake (a truth).

JSM

30 DECEMBER 1931 - CHIEF CAPILANO, 1792. MEETING OF CAPTAIN VANCOUVER. MRS. MARY CAPILANO, NOEL ROBINSON.

Some time ago, I asked Mr. Noel Robinson of the *Vancouver Star* and a close friend of Mrs. Mary Capilano, now a very old Indian woman, and whose oil portrait is in the Vancouver City Museum, if Mrs. Mary Capilano was actually a relative of the Indian chief who received Vancouver in Burrard Inlet, 1792. He did not seem certain, and promised to find out.

On October 29th last, he told me that he had questioned Chief Matthias of the North Vancouver Indian Reserve, a bright-minded intelligent native, who had assured him he, Chief Matthias, was sure that Mrs. Mary Capilano was a granddaughter of a brother of that Indian chief who had met Captain Vancouver in 1792. Mr. Robinson is highly regarded by and most intimate with the Indians of North Vancouver.

(Noel did a lot of guessing.)

JSM

HOW SOME INDIANS GOT ENGLISH NAMES. JOHNNY SCOW, INDIAN, ALERT BAY.

In the summer of 1927, I spent three months at Alert Bay, and one evening was sitting on a log on the beach, smoking with Johnny Scow, an intelligent Indian aged probably forty to forty-five.

"Johnny," I said, "how did you get your name?"

"You know, Mr. Munn, Westminster, him have salmon cannery," replied Johnny, and I nodded, "he call me. One day long time ago, scow break away in storm at Steveston; lot of women and children on scow; I go fetch 'um back scow. After that Mr. Munn he call me Johnny 'Scow.'"

Afterwards, I asked the Anglican rector at Alert Bay what name he was using in recording the christening of Johnny's children. "I call them all 'Scow,'" he replied, and added, "and the same with Harry Mountain's children; Harry's Indian name signifies 'Mountain,' so I am christening all his children 'Mountain' as their surname."

30 DECEMBER 1931 - EARLY LOGGING "SKID ROADS" IN VANCOUVER.

1-That which ran down Cardero Street into English Bay.

2-That which ran from the foot of Granville Street on False Creek in a northwesterly direction.

3-That which ran from approximately the corner of Robson and Granville to the C.P.R. roundhouse site.

4-That which probably ran from the Cambie Street grounds to False Creek, location unknown.

5-That which ran from approximately corner of Granville and Georgia streets to the foot of Burrard Street (Elysium Hotel).

6-That which is shown in the *World* of New Year's Day, 1888 or 1889 as being Cordova Street (and old picture of Cordova Street).

7-That which ran from Eighth Avenue West and beyond, passing Eighth Avenue between Yukon and Columbia streets on its way to the foot of Cambie Street on False Creek.

8-That which came down east of Main Street, Mount Pleasant, about St. Catherines Street, to False Creek.

9-That which came down to Kitsilano Beach, crossing Third Avenue West about Maple Street.

10-That which ran from the foot of Yew Street, Kitsilano Beach, to the corner of Second Avenue and Larch Street (remains still there in 1909 near St. Mark's).

11-That which ran in the general direction of Seventh Avenue from Granville (or Centre) Street westerly, probably joined No. 9. Ended west, foot of Vine Street.

12-That which came down Macdonald Street to English Bay.

13-That which came down Balaclava Street to English Bay.

14-Several ending at Fraser's camp, Jericho. (See old Admiralty charts.)

Others there undoubtedly were, but of the above, many of the remains could be seen thirty years ago. They were all, or nearly all, near water—springs or creeks—a necessity for oxen or horses, as well as the needs of men.

30 DECEMBER 1931 - HOLY TRINITY CHURCH (ANGLICAN), NOW ORANGE HALL.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hunt, now of 2158 West Seventh Avenue, were the first couple married in this church, 3 June 1901.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH (ANGLICAN), SECOND AVENUE WEST.

Miss Wenmoth was the first baby christened.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN), RICHARDS AND GEORGIA.

Mr. W.H. Evans, engineer on the first train into Port Moody, and who occupied the first house built (by C.P.R.) in new section behind Kitsilano Beach, now 2030 Whyte Avenue, and Miss Gordon were the first couple married in St. Andrew's Church, 18 June 1890. The first concert there was 29 May 1890.

On Christmas Day, 1888, Miss Gordon and Mr. W.H. Evans walked together across the new Granville Street Bridge, which then terminated on Third Avenue. (Mrs. W.H. Evans, née Miss Gordon.)

NOTE ADDED LATER:

The earliest marriage solemnised in the little temporary church beside St. Andrew's—it faced Georgia Street—was on 9 April 1889, or as they put it, "47 years ago" (from 1936) of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Blair. Reverend E.D. McLaren was minister.

IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE, THE OLD DRILL SHED.

The first concert (according to Mrs. Evans who had an invitation card with the date) in the old Imperial Opera House was that of the Vancouver Philharmonic Society, F.W. Dyke, Secretary, 15 May 1890.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0090

30 DECEMBER 1931 - DOMINION DAY. FIRE BRIGADE. HORSE RACES. DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897.

A few handy references culled from old newspapers.

1888.

Daily News-Advertiser, 3 July 1888 (Tuesday):

In spite of the weather, the celebration was a success. The sky was overcast; the mountains shrouded in mist, and occasional showers of rain came down.

A more detestable game for cricket would be hard to find; the ground was wet and slippery, and the rain came down as if it never intended to stop. [Those at the bat] Clinton, Green, Townley, Prenter, Elwood, Nelson, Garriock, Wilkinson (Brighthouse), Loutit, Schofield, Beck [all at bat].

The athletic sports were held on Water and Alexander Street.

[The procession] then the old [fire] engine "M.A. MacLean," the new engine "Joseph Humphries" came next.

Same newspaper, 4 July 1888:

South Granville Street [probably between Pacific and Georgia streets] was crowded yesterday with lovers of horse flesh, and sporting men generally. A good days sport was provided, and the committee are to be congratulated on the success of their endeavours. The first race was a three quarter mile flat race, best two heats out of three, and open to any horse that had been in the province six months. Five horses ran.

1889.

Same newspaper, 30 June 1889:

"Ball at the Imperial Opera House tomorrow."

"H.M.S. *Swiftsure* in port."

Weekly News-Advertiser, 3 July 1889:

"Dominion Day was a fine day." (Monday)

"Fire Brigade Sports held on Water Street."

"Dominion Day parade. The first time the Victoria Battery and the Westminster Battery paraded together" (at Vancouver).

Cricket: Vancouver vs. Victoria. "Indeed there is no ground in B.C. which can be compared with that at Hastings for the two fold advantage of a good wicket, and fair outfield."

1890.

Daily News-Advertiser, 27 June 1890:

"The first street car ran Thursday, June 26th, 1890—after a long wait."

Same newspaper, 2 July 1890:

"Cricket: Victoria vs. Vancouver at Hastings." All new names at bat since last year save Clinton and Nelson.

Warships: "The absence of warships, which so greatly assisted last year."

"During the greater part of the day the heat was intense."

Procession: "The firemen with two engines came next."

"Darktown Fire Brigade, 23 strong." (See special paragraph re this elsewhere in book.)

1891.

Daily News-Advertiser:

"Brockton Point Grounds opened. July 1st–3rd 1891."

"No sign of navy in port in 1891." (See 1890.)

"Vancouver Opera House open at least as early as July 3rd 1891." (See advertisement this date.)

1892.

Daily News-Advertiser.

H.M.S. Warspite here, and their officers go riflshooting at Brownsville Rifle Range, New Westminster.

1893.

Daily News-Advertiser.

Dominion Day parade: No sign of navy, but the famous C Battery here, first Canadian troops in province of B.C. Apparently first visit to Vancouver.

1897.

World, Monday June 21st 1897:

"No. 4, 5 and 6 Companies, B.C.B.G.A. left at 6 p.m. (Saturday) for Victoria to take part in the Diamond Jubilee festivities." (19 June 1897.)

1863. AN EARLY SURVEY OF THE SITE OF THE "VILLAGE AT THE ENTRANCE" OF BURRARD INLET, NOW VANCOUVER.

26 Jan'y 1863

Copied

Copy handed to
Corp'l Turner.

W. McColl, S.R.E.

Memo for Capt. Parsons RE

I wish Corporal Turner and party to proceed by earliest opportunity to Burrard Inlet to revise posts of gov't reserve for town near entrance—Do. Do. naval reserve and then to survey lands the property of R. Burnaby and N.P.P. Crease and from thence to lay out claims or survey lands (160 acres each, narrow side to shore front) between such points and the village which has been laid out "en bloc." In laying out above the party is especially to mark on plan and transmit the same as early as possible to me showing any clearances or huts or other "occupations" recently made by any parties.

R.C.M. (Col. R.C. Moody, R.E.)

Col. Com'g

For photograph of Col. Moody's original note, and Corp. Turner's first drawing in original field book.

Copies
Copy handed to
Capt. Turner
W. W. Cook
S. B. B.

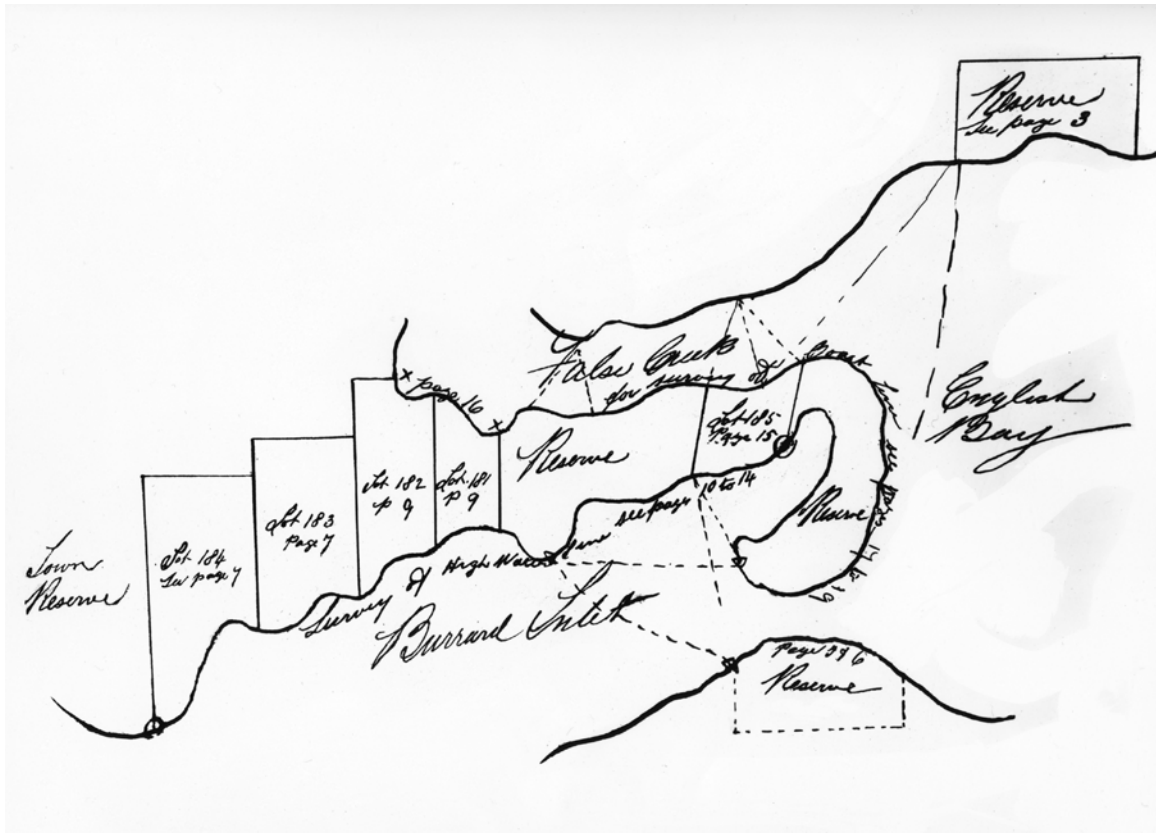
26. June 1883

Memo. for Cap: Parsons R.R.

I wish Corporal Turner and Party to
proceed at earliest opportunity to Burnside Island
to the Revue Posts of fort Reserve for town near
Entrance - D. D. Naval Reserve and then
to survey lands property of R. Burnside and
H.P.P. lease and from ~~thence~~ thence to lay out claims
or survey lands (160 acres each, narrow side to Shorefront)
between Duck Point and the Village which has been
laid out "en bloc". ~~Then~~ In laying out above
the party is especially to mark on Plan and transmit
the same as early as possible to me showing any
clearances or Huts or other "occupations" recently made
by any parties.

SJ

W. W. Cook



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0092

3 JANUARY 1932 - BURRARD INLET SURVEY, 1863. SURVEY OF SITE OF VANCOUVER. ROYAL ENGINEERS.

There was delivered to the Land Registry office, Vancouver, during the month of December 1931, a remarkably interesting document: a small, inexpensive notebook, about eight inches square, and which, according to an official of the office, had just been handed to them by R.L. Reid, Esq., K.C., who told them he had found it amongst his papers, but did not know how it got there. The official told me that they had long been unable to determine certain matters (shoreline southeast of C.P.R. roundhouse) in connection with the topography of Vancouver, but which were now clear to them.

The first page explains itself. It is a letter written on an ordinary piece of white paper as follows:

26 Jan'y 1863

Copied

Copy handed to
Corp'l Turner.
W. McColl, S.R.E.

Memo for Capt. Parsons RE

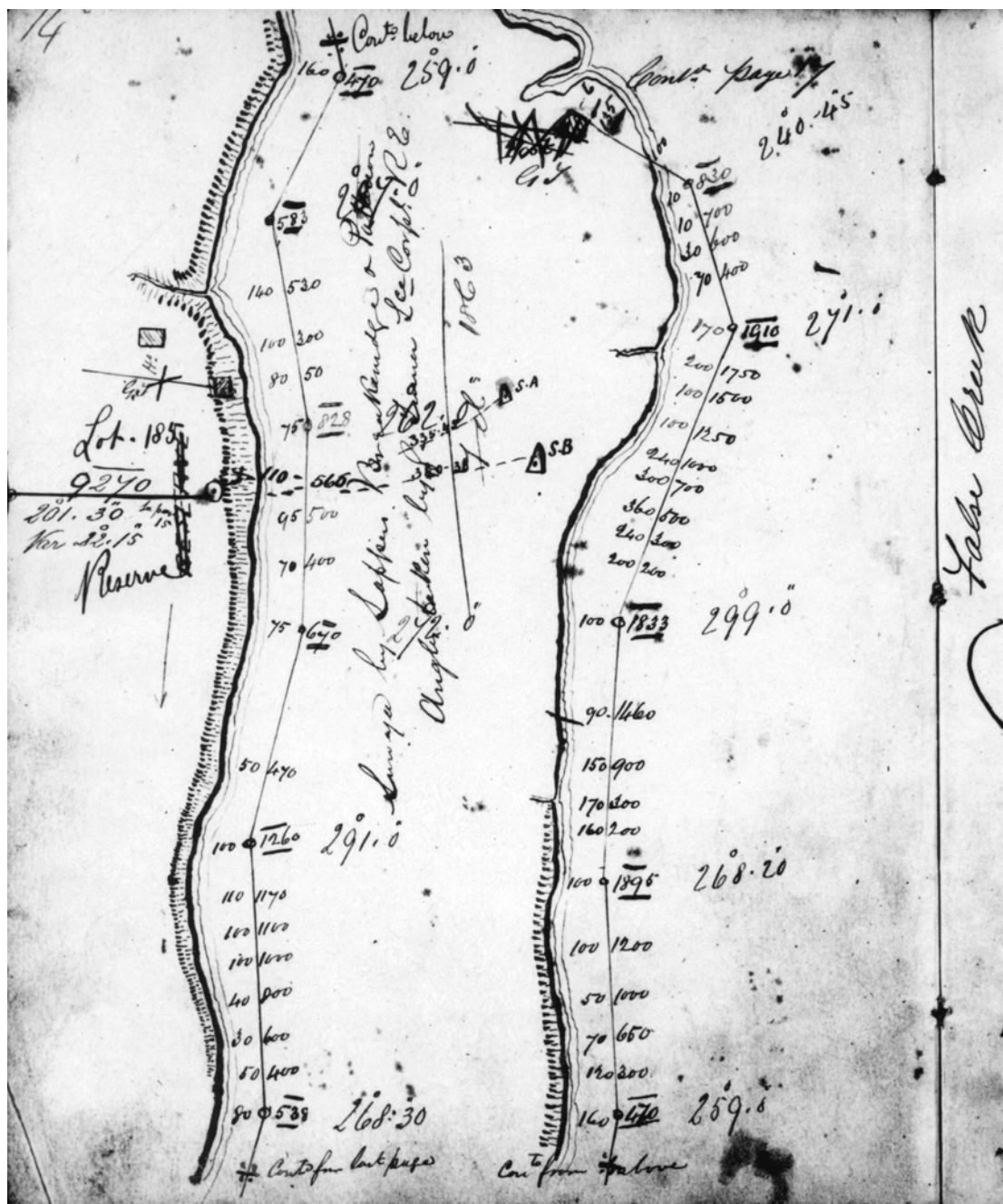
I wish Corporal Turner and party to proceed by earliest opportunity to Burrard Inlet to revise posts of gov't reserve for town near entrance—Do. Do. naval reserve and then to survey lands the property of R. Burnaby and N.P.P. Crease and from thence to lay out claims or survey lands (160 acres each, narrow side to shore front) between such points and the village which has been laid out "en

bloc." In laying out above the party is especially to mark on plan and transmit the same as early as possible to me showing any clearances or huts or other "occupations" recently made by any parties.

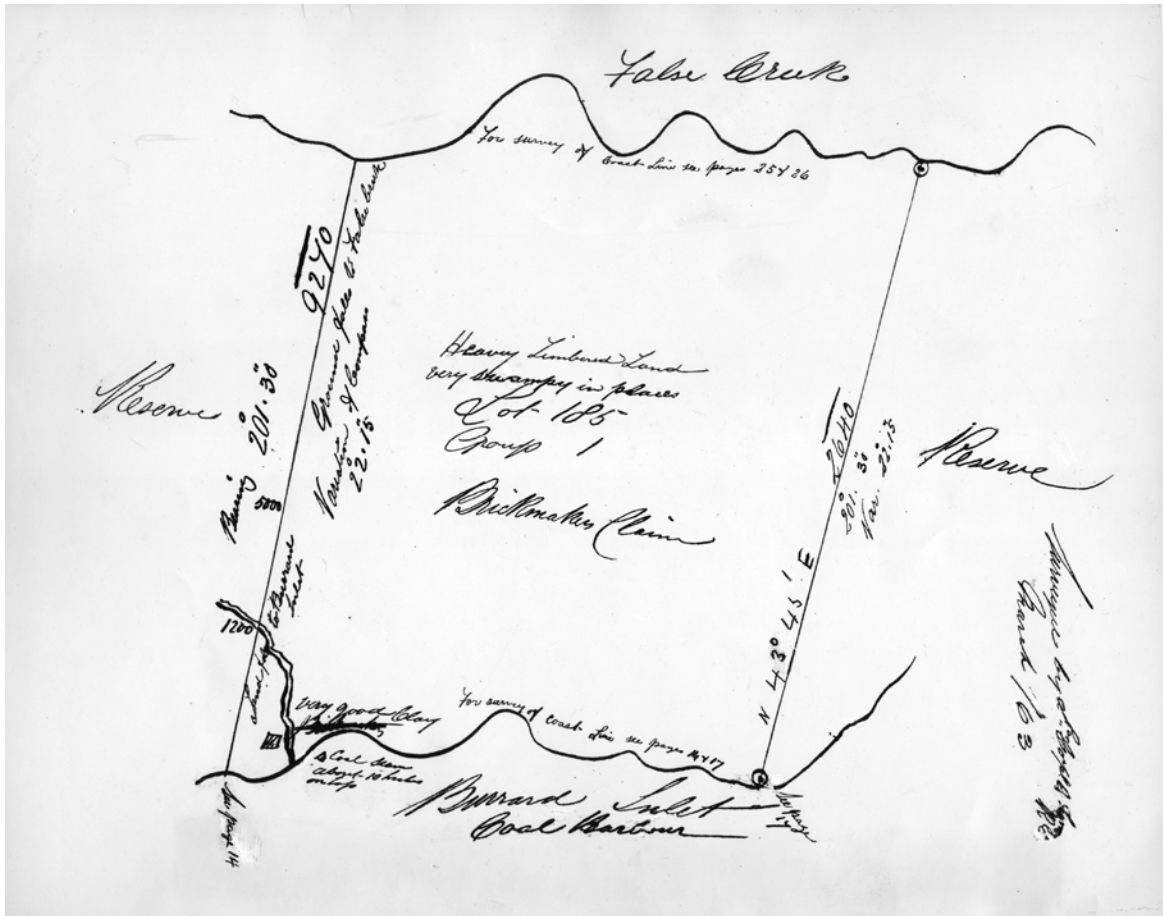
R.C.M. (Col. R.C. Moody, R.E.)

Col. Com'g

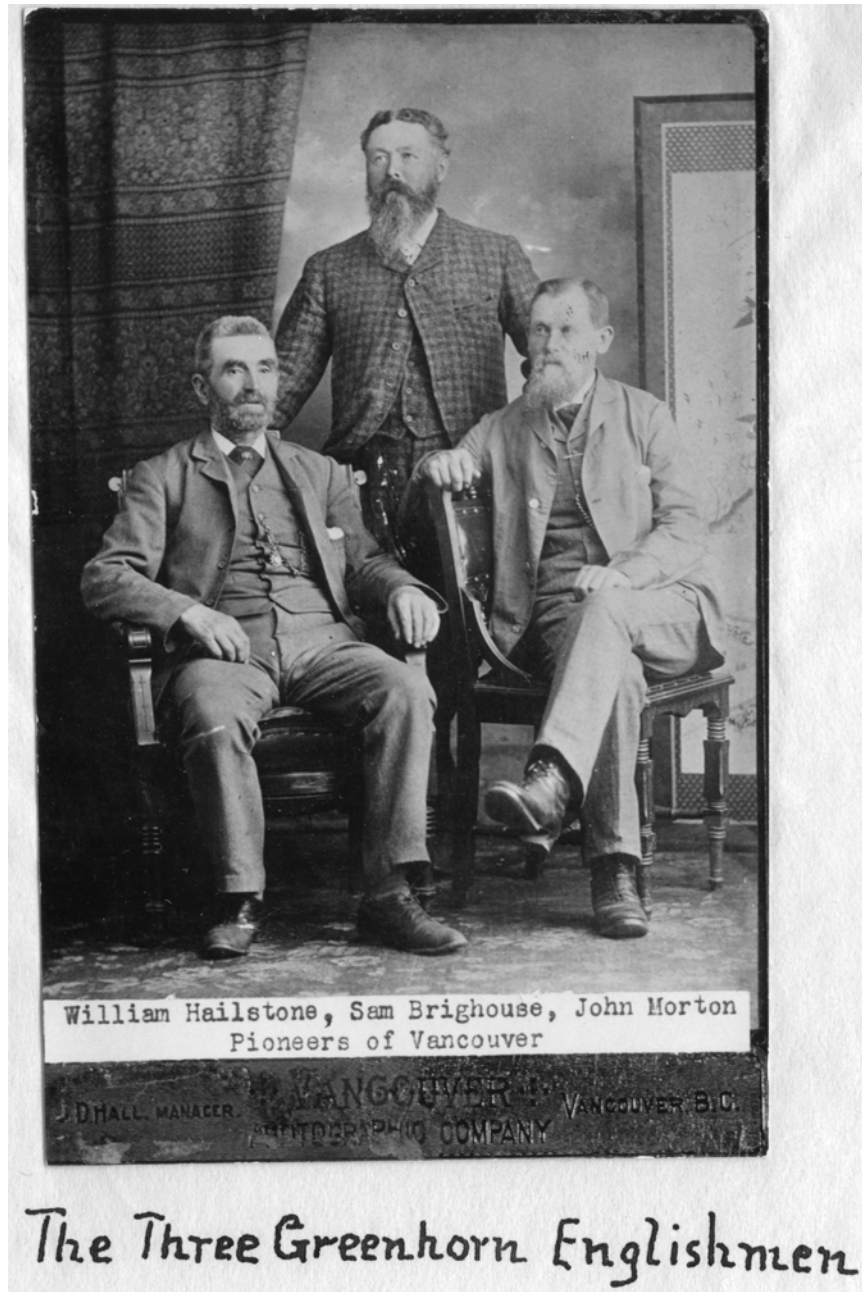
Then follow many pages of original survey notes of Burrard Inlet, sketches, drawings and distances made in February 1863 by Corporal Turner, showing in detail shores, rivers, creeks and huts, etc.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0093



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0094



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0095



Copyright. NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF B.C. Post No I Vancouver. Moore Photo
 Item # EarlyVan_v1_0096

30 DECEMBER 1931 - GRANVILLE. ROYAL SAPPERS AND MINERS. EARLY VANCOUVER. W.H. GALLAGHER, ESQ.

"It was the Royal Engineers" (no) "who cleared the forest off old Granville," said Mr. W.H. Gallagher, and then as an afterthought added, "and a few pioneers of pioneers; men who had permission to go there, for instance, Arthur Sullivan's father cleared his own land—on Cordova Street, between Abbott and Carrall—and Sam Brighthouse and John Hailstone built a place where they sold milk, where they kept the cans, the milks cans, fifteen years before Vancouver was thought of.

"They kept their cows out on the ranch, on the cliff at the foot of, and to the west a little, Burrard Street, overlooking the inlet."

Mr. Gallagher is growing older; a shock of steel white hair has replaced what was once dark brown, and now clothes a venerable head; not surprising considering that, forty-five years ago, he was old enough to act as special constable at the old Westminster Avenue Bridge the night of the Great Fire on the 13th June 1886. Today this veteran pioneer, now 72, formerly an alderman of the city, still continues to take a lively interest in civic and business affairs. He represented British Columbia at the great Buenos Aires (South America) Exposition a year or so ago, and now is actively engaged at his office, and early wooden building at the southeast corner of Richards and Pender streets. He lives at 1925 Comox Street, but came to Vancouver in April 1886, before the Fire. He is now packing up, preparatory to a pleasure trip to Europe.

GRANVILLE, 1885.

"The townsite of Granville was a small oblong, less than twenty acres—four blocks—along the shore of Burrard Inlet, low lying at the narrowest separation of False Creek and Burrard Inlet; during the high tide months of June and December, the water from both arms of the sea flowed freely across what is now Columbia Street.

"Prior to 1885, Granville was nothing more than a secluded pioneer settlement; a clearing, three hundred and fifty yards along the shore, two hundred and fifty yards into the forest, boxed in by tall trees; damp, wet, the actual clearing littered with stumps and forest debris, and a profusion of undergrowth, including luxuriant skunk cabbage. A great wall of trees stood along Hastings Street, and faced the waterfront. Two similar walls flanked the clearing, along Cambie Street on the west, and Carrall Street on the east. All else was verdant woods. The trees east of Carrall Street were cut down in 1885, those west of Cambie in 1886.

"Our pioneer thoroughfare was Hastings Road, a winding crooked wagon road which skirted the shore between Hastings Mill and Gastown, running in and out among the trees in the same general direction as Alexander Street and Railway Avenue do today, but between those streets and the present Powell Street. Before the fire of June 13th 1886, it continued on across Carrall Street to what is now known as Water Street, which, for half its length between Carrall and Abbott streets, was bridged over tidal land over which, at high tide, the waters of the inlet flowed. Continuing on, beyond Abbott Street to the west, Water Street became a wagon trail which corkscrewed a sinuous way in and out among the stumps until, just beyond Cambie Street, it circled round in the trees to a primitive landing on the shore, at which boats from Moodyville and even Port Moody landed freight, not passengers. The landing stood almost directly below, but slightly to the east of the foot of Homer Street. It was to this wharf that the refugees, flying before the fire, ran for protection from the blast, and whence women and children were conveyed to the hulk *Robert Ker* for safety, in small boats. The Water Street trail did not lead to Granville Street; all was forest up there.

"I have been up to John Morton's, up on old Seaton Street, now Hastings Street West, at the foot of Burrard, on the 'Bluff,' but how I got there I don't know now; perhaps a continuation of the Water Street trail did lead up in that direction. He had a small piece of land cleared there, an acre or so partly cleared, and some cows. It was the water from the spring, and the clearing, which was responsible for the location there of the Chinaman's camp when the clearing of the land west of Burrard Street commenced, and where part of the Chinese rioting took place afterwards. But Brighthouse and Hailstone wanted it for their cows; they had no idea there would ever be a Vancouver; that was what they preempted District Lot 185, the West End, for.

"Brighthouse himself told me what he wanted the land for; he preempted District Lot 185 because he did not want others bothering him. He also told me that when the man who was surveying was laying out the boundaries, the man had said to him, 'I will put in the island'" (Deadman's Island) "'in your preemption for five dollars.' Hailstone said, 'Don't give it to him; we've got enough stuff now.' Sam was a prince with his money. He would always give money for a hospital, or go down to Victoria to battle for the city's interests at his expense. There was nothing small about Sam.

"The Water Street trail led to the little old landing; the wharf at the foot of Cambie Street was built after the fire, to unload lumber from scows with which to rebuild the city. It was owned by the Moodyville Sawmill Company of Moodyville, a very early Burrard Inlet lumber firm with a large export trade. Mr. Matheson, father of Mr. George Matheson, assistant land registrar at the Court House now, was the Vancouver agent at the sawmill, and it was he, together with the late Mr. Tiffen, who was associated with him, who built the Cambie Street wharf. The water off the foot of Cambie Street was shallow; it was deeper at the foot of Abbott Street.

"At the foot of Carrall Street there had been for a good many years a public float; a small affair, about three feet wide; just two cedar logs lashed together and running away out beyond the shallow shore, almost exactly where the Union Steamship dock is now. The mail for Moodyville, which was quite an important place, went that way by the little steamer *Senator*, owned by Captain McFadden; there were three *Senators*, a first, a second and a third, and the Hastings Mill had two or three small tugs. Afterwards, Captain McFadden sold his business to the Union Steamship Company, and they had the contract to take the mail to Moodyville; that was what the *Senator* was doing.

"On the shore side of Water Street, at the corner of Carrall Street, stood the Sunnyside Hotel, where His Excellency the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise once

stayed.” (She was never in Granville Village.) “Its back verandah was built out over the water, at least at high tide; its front faced the famed Maple Tree, burnt in the fire, and under whose branches were our first ‘political headquarters.’ Next to the Sunnyside Hotel was George Black’s butcher shop, also on piles; there were no other buildings on the shore between George Black’s and Abbott Street, although the land was surveyed into lots—wet lots. The Reverend Joseph Hall’s Methodist church was on the shore beyond, to the west of Abbott Street. I do not recall any other buildings on the shore between Carrall Street and Cambie Street, not in April 1886, although there may have been.

“On the south side of Water Street, facing the water, the Deighton Hotel stood on the corner of Carrall Street, facing the Sunnyside; then next the very old Court House and jail, probably not the first one. That was where the balloting took place in the first civic election, where the first City Council was sworn in, and where the first City Council met in a small sitting room with a long table. I will tell you more about that later. Tom Cyrs’ Granville Hotel came next; he bought it from Joe Mannion; it was where the Grand Hotel was afterwards and is now. Next was ‘Billy’ Jones’ Terminal saloon, then the Gold House, owned by old Mr. Gold, and on the corner of Abbott Street was a restaurant, Pete Clare’s, they say; I forget. The whole length of Water Street between Abbott and Carrall streets was planked right up to the store doors and, where necessary, piled. I presume the provincial government had done the bridging in the earlier days.

“The Regina Hotel, at the southwest corner of Cambie and Water streets, was not finished at the time of the great fire, but they were living in it. There were no buildings on the first two lots across the street, where the boot factory is now; that helped to save the Regina Hotel. The first wooden headquarters offices of the C.P.R., on the cliff about the foot of Richards Street, they too were saved.

“Both Carrall Street and Abbott Street were opened up, and, being joined together by Water and Cordova streets, formed a single square, or oblong block—the only block in town; all else ran wild. Carrall and Water streets had the stores. On the corner of Carrall and Powell streets was the Ferguson Block, next to it the Post Office—on Carrall Street. On the flat iron corner opposite were three little one-storey stores.

“The residential street was Cordova Street. At the back of the Court House, but facing Cordova Street, Jonathan Miller lived. He was our jailer before the fire, our whole police force in himself, and afterwards, for so many years, Vancouver’s postmaster. The postmaster of old Granville, or rather Vancouver as it had become, resigned a day or so before the Fire or just after it, and Mr. Miller, being a government official, got the appointment. About the middle of the block was Mrs. Sullivan’s home, whose sons Arthur and Charles lived with her, and whose husband had cleared their land with his own hands. Charles was afterwards drowned at Andy Linton’s boat house at the foot of Carrall Street. On the corner of Abbott and Carrall streets, facing Abbott Street, was a row of Chinese cabins, and some other occupants of ill repute.

“On the corner of Water and Abbott streets, where the Winters Hotel is now, there was a nice new building facing on Abbott Street, just completed. It was destroyed in the fire; I don’t think they ever received a cent of revenue from it. There were many similar instances of misfortune; building was going on in haste, the first evidences of Vancouver’s rapid expansion were being experienced.

“On the remainder of the clearing of Old Granville Townsite—that is, up to the trees—there were no buildings to speak of prior to April 1886, just stumps and rubbish.

“From the corner of Carrall and Cordova streets, a wagon road or trail led southwards diagonally across Columbia Street towards the Westminster Avenue Bridge on False Creek. It skirted the lower levels of the creek waters, which came up to Pender Street and Columbia Street, passed along that shore near where the gas works now stands on Main Street, and finally reached the bridge on False Creek and continued on by the ‘new road’ to New Westminster. From Granville to the bridge it passed through forest; it was not near the site of the present Main Street at any point until it reached the bridge.

"A trail ran up Hastings Street from about where the B.C. Electric Railway Depot is now, as far as Woodward's department store, and thus far it might have been possible for a two-wheeled cart to get by, but west of Abbott Street on Hastings Street, towards Victory Square, the trail was too narrow.

"Another important trail ran, in 1886, from the 'residential area' on Cordova Street, up Abbott Street to Pender Street and Cambie Street, climbing the hill past the old hospital and school grounds, and wandering off into the woods, goodness knows where, until finally it came out at the foot of Granville Street on False Creek near Robertson and Hackett's sawmill now. It was used by hunters, and loggers from the logging camps out on English Bay, near Jericho. It had been an old Indian trail. When you reached the salt water at the foot of Granville Street on False Creek, you waved a stick with a rag for a flag, and an Indian would come over in a canoe from the Reserve and take you across and bring you back again, for four bits. An old Indian lived at the foot of Granville Street; he would ferry you over for two bits. I have had them call for me and bring me back many times. There was lots of excitement down at Greer's Beach in 1886, and the fellows used to go over there to see what the place was like."

CLEARING THE FOREST AWAY.

It was remarked to Mr. Gallagher that Mr. William Hunt of 7th Avenue West has in his possession a very old painting in oil, done by his father Mr. C. Hunt in 1895, from a photograph given him at that time by Mr. Norman Caple, a very early photographer of Vancouver, and which Mr. Hunt Sr. says Mr. Caple told him at the time he requested him to paint it, was of Granville Street looking south from Pender Street in 1884. It shows a buggy travelling on an almost straight uphill trail, and towering forest on both sides.

"How could that be, even in 1884," replied Mr. Gallagher. "Of course, the old logging roads always led downhill, but in 1884 no buggy could possibly drive up or down Granville Street. The logging road, which came down from the top of the hill in almost the exact position of Granville Street today, had great wide skids, ten feet wide or more, and in the winter of 1886 these were still in position. Anyone who has seen the old corduroy roads will understand; they were made of logs a foot or more in diameter, and laid side by side. In the autumn of 1886, the C.P.R. was hauling stumping powder and camp supplies in 'stone boats' over those skids. Early in the summer of 1887, the C.P.R., under the direction of Mr. L.A. Hamilton, C.P.R. surveyor and an alderman, cleared and graded Granville Street, and the skids were then removed and destroyed. They rough graded a road, and planked it, ten or twelve feet wide, wide enough for a drive, and at their own expense.

"In the other direction, on the slope facing south, the logging road ran from the crest of the hill about Robson Street, towards False Creek, but it did not follow Granville Street; it sheared off to the east—the land sloped in that direction, and the logs from that area were yarded into False Creek by Angus Fraser, to about where the C.P.R. roundhouse now stands. Oxen, probably six or seven yoke on one log, dragged the logs out of that trail as late as 1887.

"I think perhaps the old painting might be of Granville Street South, across False Creek, opened by the C.P.R. about 1890. It could not be Granville Street from Pender Street."

THE GIANT TREES.

"The timber on the higher levels, that section centred about the Hotel Vancouver and 'Hudson's Bay' was the choicest stand of timber I have ever seen; it was very heavily timbered with enormous trees. One tree which stood on Georgia Street between Granville Street and Seymour Street was thirteen feet thick at the stump; even at two hundred feet from the butt it was three or four feet in diameter. It is the same tree which is shown in the well-known photograph of a real estate office, with a placard "VANCOUVER LOTS FOR SALE"; it never was a real estate office, that was merely a joke. The hollow butt, which forms the shelter of the supposed office, was burned out in the fire of 1886. The burned butt was cut off—there is a photograph extant showing what was cut off; also one of the stump, which I have—and the remainder cut up into sections so that they could be put together again, the sections shipped to the Old Country, where it was put up in some gardens for exhibition.

"When the tree fell, it fell along Georgia Street—northwest and southeasterly.

"The men who cut down the forest where now stands the most important business section of our city—that is, roughly from Cambie Street to Burrard Street, north and south between creek and inlet—adopted the expedient of cutting the backs only of the smaller trees, and then let a big tree down upon them; the whole thing would go down with a crash, like a lot of ninepins. After the first attempts at this system were proven successful, they enlarged it, and as the falling progressed southwards towards Davie Street—they had started from Burrard Inlet and worked south—a whole section of ten or more, perhaps twenty acres, would go down with one great grand sweeping crash. The axemen cut down the firs and cedars only; the smaller trees were knocked down, crushed, smashed. There were great numbers of vine maple, and many of them were bent down, only to spring back and stand erect again. When the fire came, the Great Fire, it was largely through this abundance of slashing fallen earlier in the summer, and very dry, which caused the fire to rage so fiercely. At the time of the fire, the trees were cut down at least as far as Drake Street, with the exception of a clump east of Homer Street where the C.P.R. had a reserve, of which more by and by.

"People of today may gather some conception of the general appearance of all that tract mentioned if they will imagine brush, limbs and timber to the depth of ten feet or more deep, lying strewn over the ground in an almost solid mass in every direction; a dry spring and especially with a little wind; an ideal setting for a gigantic fire.

"Reverting back to the big tree on Georgia Street: there is extant a photograph of the butt section of that tree showing two men in front, and a shed behind. That photograph must have been taken some time after 1886, for there were no sheds up there until the land was cleared; then there were several sheds in which the workmen kept their tools and supplies, and where a saw filer worked. You will notice in that photograph there is no sign of the greater part of the great trunk of the tree, just the butt length with burned butt. The probability is that the photograph was taken in 1887 or 1888, after the smaller but more perfect sections had been shipped to England, and while the sheds used in clearing the land were standing. The burned cavity in the butt was not more than five or six feet deep.

"I have heard that Mr. Devine, who has that photograph, says that the butt section was nine feet diameter at the small end, and was thirty feet long, and that the tree was shipped, in 1886, to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition."

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886.

It was remarked to Mr. Gallagher that the *Sun* newspaper had published an article on a Great Fire anniversary some four or five years ago, in which was stated, and had never been denied, that the Great Fire started in the neighbourhood of Hastings Street, say, from Seymour to Hamilton Street.

"The fire broke away before ten o'clock that morning," resumed Mr. Gallagher. "I was there and saw the fire myself. It was down near Drake Street that the fire started, along near Homer Street, west of False Creek. On several occasions, articles have been published, notably Major C.

Gardner Johnson, and W.F. Findlay, nephew of Lewis Carter of the Carter House, recounting the story of how the fire started, and no doubt they gave their views exactly as they saw them.

"The C.P.R. men were clearing the roundhouse site, and the fire got away from them. Where now stands much of the C.P.R. railway yards was formerly a great bay of False Creek, the shore of which is now very roughly defined by the western boundary of the yards and tracks, but the old shore swept in a great curve, and passed close to the foot of Helmcken Street and foot of Beatty Street; there has been an enormous lot of filling in. The roundhouse site was exactly where it is now, at the southern end of the reserve, the latter being bounded by Homer and Smythe streets, of the C.P.R.

"My firm, Percival and Gallagher—Mr. Percival was an experienced man; I was just a young one—had the contract for building the C.P.R. roadbed from Hastings and Carrall Street to the roundhouse site. Our camp—we had forty men—was located on the shore of False Creek, in a little bay just west of—perhaps 250 feet—the present Cambie Street Bridge. A small brook which drained the water from two smaller rills which met in a fork, entered the bay near our camp, but we drew our drinking water from a hole in the ground. Our camp was, at high tide, almost within two feet of salt water."

THE START OF THE FIRE.

"I was up at the roundhouse at 10 a.m. that Sunday morning, and at once put some of our men to the assistance of the C.P.R. men who were trying to keep the fire under control; at the time, we did not even dream that anything so serious as afterwards happened would occur. I am not quite sure that it was the C.P.R. men who were fighting the fire; I rather think it was men employed by the Townsite Commission, that is, R.B. Angus and Lord Strathcona, trustees of C.P.R. lands, and in whose name all lands were held and disposed of. At ten o'clock that morning, I accompanied our three men who had volunteered to help fight the fire up to the roundhouse, stayed with them, and returned with them to our camp for lunch. Both the C.P.R. men and our men went to their lunch, and after the meal our men went back to continue their assistance, but upon their return the fire had got away and was out of control, and by three o'clock was raging through the old town. While up there, I saw that the fire was growing very dangerous, and as we were leaving, I cautioned our three men that if the fire got away from where it was semi-cleared of slashings, that they were not to attempt to fight it, or they would lose their lives. After lunch we parted; they went down to the fire, I went down to our office on the south side of Hastings Road, now approximately Alexander Street, about where the entrance of the North Vancouver ferry is.

"I secured our books and money—payday was nearing—but there was not much time. I had been in our little office but a few moments when I saw through the window a rabble of people running by. They were coming down Hastings Road from the direction of the Deighton House, Gassy Jack's place. I went out on the road, walked up towards Gassy Jack's, but by the time I got there the Sunnyside Hotel across the street was a mass of flame, and before I could get back to the office I had just left, that was on fire too; I had not even time to save clothing.

"Before I left our camp, the fire had gained such momentum that it was impossible to see the sky; the air was just one mass of fiery flame driven before a strong rising southwest wind.

"The remainder of our men were forced out of our camp on the False Creek shore, and driven into False Creek. Some of them had taken the precaution to dig a cavity in the roadbed, into the slope of the fill facing the creek, and in it they buried some of their belongings and camp supplies, so that we had food to eat until supplies came from Victoria and Seattle—both Victoria and Seattle sent a boatload. Some Indians encamped on the other side of the creek, where Leamy and Kyle's mill was afterwards, now the site of the Vancouver Lumber Company, came over in canoes and rescued our men and took them across the creek to their encampment.

"But our three men who had helped fight the fire were never heard from again. What became of them we never actually found out; they had a month's pay coming, which was never claimed, nor did we find the remains or hear from the relatives. Their disappearance remains a mystery to this day. They were men who had volunteered to go and fight the fire; sterling men of splendid

character; not such as would have remained unheard from. There is little doubt that those brave men perished in a gallant attempt to bring the fire under control.”

VANCOUVER CONSUMED BY FLAME.

“The city did not burn; it was consumed by flame; the buildings simply melted before the fiery blast. As an illustration of the heat, there was a man (driving horse and wagon) caught on Carrall Street between Water Street and Cordova Street; man and horse perished in the centre of the street. The fire went down the sidewalk on old Hastings Road, past our office, so rapidly that people flying before it had to leave the burning sidewalk and take to the road; the fire traveled down that wooden sidewalk faster than a man could run.

“I waded out into the harbour at the back of our office, between Carrall and Columbia streets now, with hundreds of dollars of pay money in my pockets, and nearly suffocated. The heat was so intense that we had to stoop down almost to the surface of the water to get our breath. There was a current of cool air close to the surface of the water we were standing in, between the heat and smoke and the surface of the water; we breathed that, and it saved us.

“Word that Vancouver had been destroyed reached the outside world from George Black’s at Hastings; Hugh Keefer, who had the contract for the construction of the roadbed from Port Moody to Vancouver, had a telephone—the only one.

“As soon as the news reached New Westminster that Vancouver had been destroyed, the city officials sent out young men on horseback who rode up and down the streets shouting that Vancouver had been burned, and the people without food. Truly splendid services were rendered wholeheartedly by the people of New Westminster. They immediately began to collect provisions, and the housewives to put up parcels of food, practically to the last fragment they had. That afternoon and evening, the New Westminster Fire Brigade, the ‘Hyacks,’ helped to collect it.

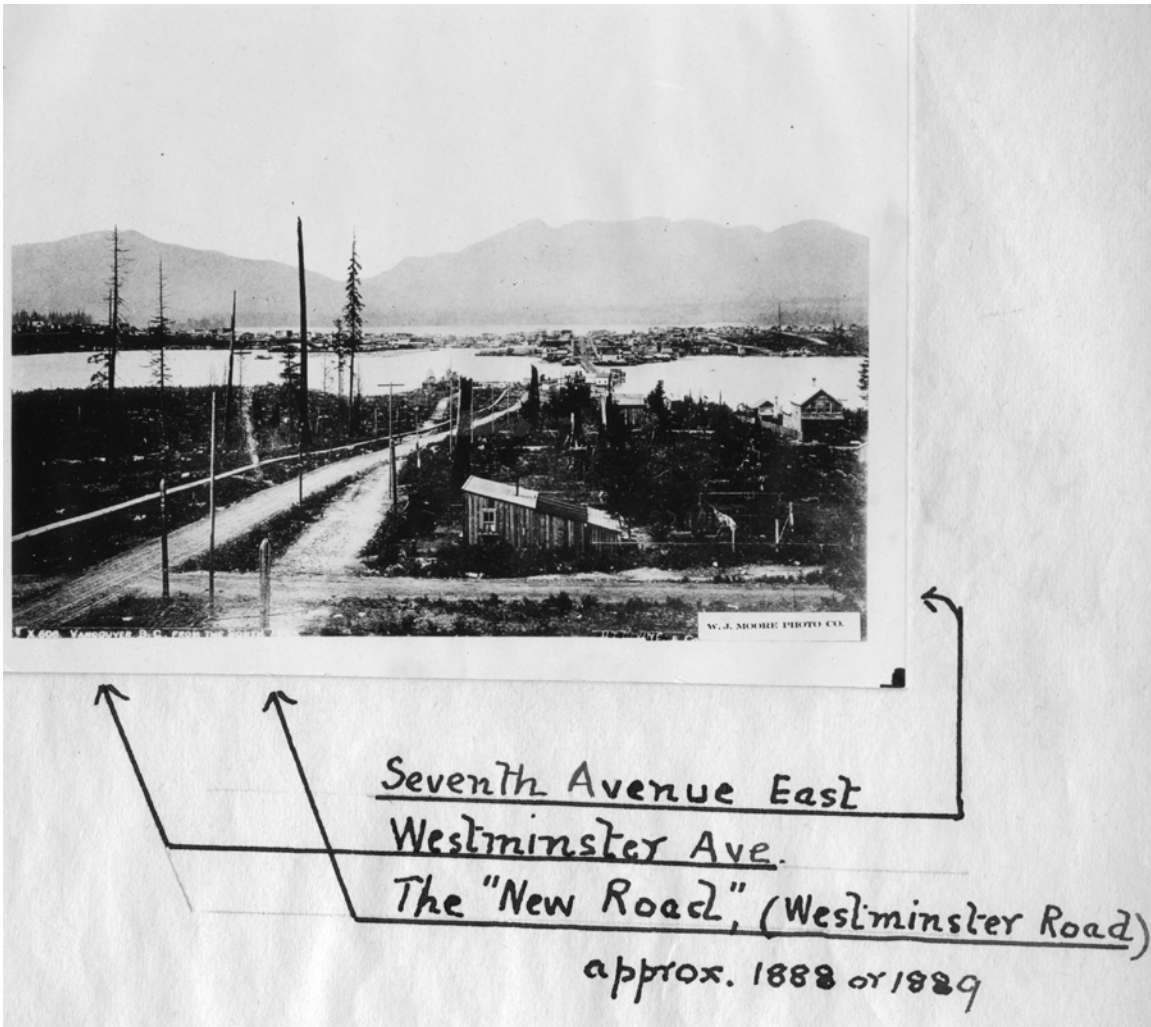
“In the meantime, a messenger had arrived on horseback in Vancouver, saying that food for women and children was coming, and all the blankets they could send. Mayor M.A. MacLean and Chief of Police Stewart sent messengers to the places where the people were huddled together for the night, and advised them to assemble at the south end of Westminster Avenue, just over the bridge—now the northern part of the Canadian National Railway ornamental gardens—and the only practical place to assemble, for the most of the rest of Vancouver was unapproachable, a mass of glittering lights in the darkness of the night, smouldering embers and smoke. The city had been swept clean, save for a half a dozen buildings on Westminster Avenue, the Regina Hotel, and a few floating scow houses. Mr. Alexander’s house and one other adjoining also escaped.”

“Mayor MacLean’s call to assemble was followed by what was probably the sorriest looking procession Vancouver had, and I hope ever will see, and long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. Hungry and temporarily despondent women, children and men who had lost all they possessed, some even their clothes, straggled in twos, threes, or larger downcast groups, along that rough old trail through the woods in the blackness of that dark, dreary night, and gathered together to await the arrival of food.

“At twelve midnight, two wagonloads of eatables arrived at the south end of the bridge. They had hastened by a rough bush trail, a wagon’s width wide, the ‘New Road,’ now Kingsway, then a mere furrow fringed with scrub through the forest. The weaker and the elderly were served first, both food and blankets; the men got what was left.”

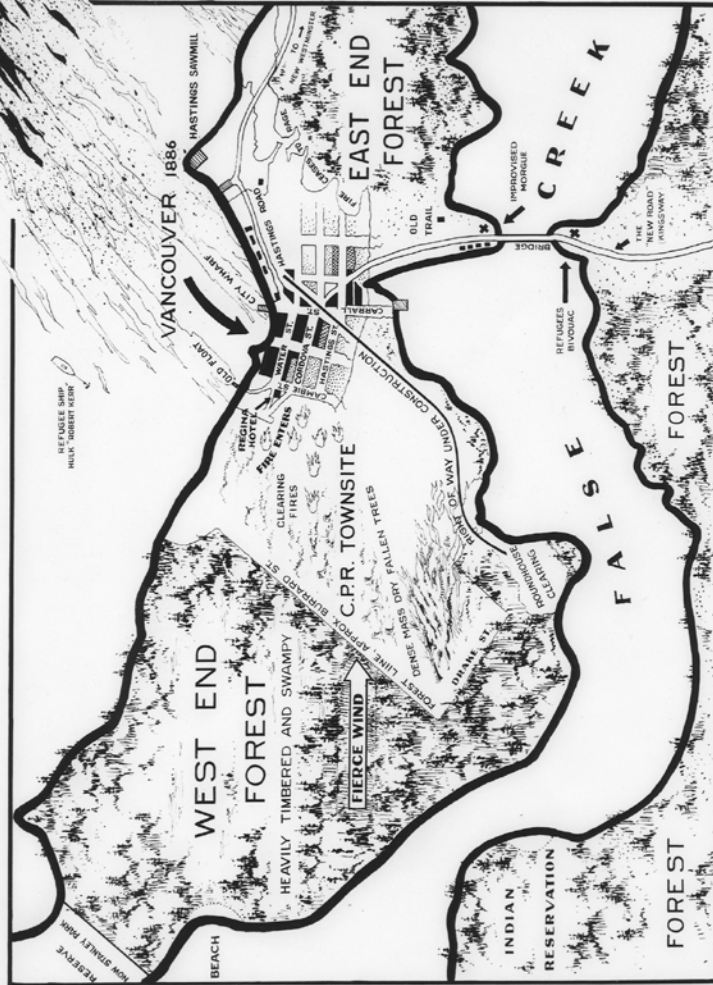
NOTE ADDED LATER:

It was the Knights of Labour who did most.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0097

The Great Vancouver Fire



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0098

GOD BLESS THE SAILORS.

"I must tell you of a most touching scene, the late arrival of four sailors with medical supplies.

"For some time, there had been a telephone from New Westminister to Onderdonk's at Port Moody, and by that means the news of the fire reached Port Moody and some ships lying there. Four sailors had volunteered [and] immediately started out, rowed all the way in a row boat, part of it against the tide, and brought medical supplies. Many persons were burned in the fire, had

had no medical attention; no bandages or other medical supplies were available; all had been burned. The sailors had sized up the situation and dashed off with the badly needed medical aids.

"They were certainly very weary after their long pull, and no doubt very hungry too.

"At first the men distributing the food from the wagons said there was not a morsel left for the sailors, but as they were emptying the crates and boxes the food had been sent in—it was a topsy-turvy confusion of eggs hurriedly fried and placed between slices of bread, or perhaps hard boiled eggs in a soda can protection—a man named Slater, who together with myself had been appointed by the Mayor to police and superintend, and who had taken a very prominent part in seeing that women and children were served first, called out that he had discovered in one of the crates something which had been missed. You must realise that almost complete darkness prevailed in the bivouac. It was a little parcel, neatly done up, and was given to the sailors. Some thoughtful New Westminster woman had prepared some sandwiches, just fried eggs between bread, but with it was a little note which feelingly said she regretted it was very little, but was all she had. Sane, sensible woman, whoever she was; how pleased she would have been had she seen what her little mite accomplished for those splendid men.

"The sailor man who got the note turned and faced the east, raised his hand in an attitude of supplication, and offered the most beautiful prayer for New Westminster and its people, imploring the Almighty never to let them be in such distress, and asking the Lord to reward them a hundredfold. You do not expect that sort of thing from a rough sailor, and in the middle of the night."

It may have been a reflection of light which I saw, or it may have been a tear which fell, but when some days later I read these notes to Mr. Gallagher, I glanced out of the corner of my eye and now I am sure it was not a reflection.

"Some say," he went on, "that I have an undue prejudice in favour of New Westminster. It is hard to forget, to forget their wholeheartedness in the hour of our great distress."

AN IMPROVISED MORGUE FOR THE DEAD.

"The Regina Hotel was, of course, the only building of any consequence which escaped, and it was located at the corner of Cambie and Water Street, north of the fire as it were. But on Westminster Avenue near the bridge, south of the fire, and protected by an indent of water from False Creek, six or seven buildings, including the Bridge Hotel, survived. The Bridge Hotel on the east side of Westminster Avenue adjoined the bridge, while across the road almost opposite were three houses: John Boulton's, our police magistrate; Mr. John's, the collector of customs; and Mr. Costie's, the meat merchant; all three houses close together on the west side. We converted a small building adjoining the Bridge Hotel into a rude morgue, and before daylight there were deposited there the remains of twenty-one persons."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

"The back of the Bridge Hotel was on piles; later a platform on piles was built, and, after the fire, you could drive a team around the back of the hotel. I know, because I used to shoot duck from it myself." — W.F. Findlay, 12 April 1932.

"We gathered together some bits of board and built a table about three feet high, five feet wide and thirty feet long, and as each body—or part of a body—was brought in, it was reverently laid upon that table. Some bodies had not an arm, nor foot, nor head left; some of the poor remains would not hold together; some weighed a few pounds, perhaps twenty or thereabouts; all had so suffered by fire that they were not recognisable. The Bridge Hotel gave us their blankets, and in those were wrapped such remains as were found, with a little note attached to each parcel saying where the contents were picked up.

"Altogether, there were twenty-one parcels, and I know of others, those which were not discovered until the work of clearing away the debris of the burned buildings began. There was

one on Hastings Street, another on Pender Street, both about one hundred feet from the railway crossing; another was discovered beneath a mattress.

"The little morgue building was lighted by candles—there was no electric light or gas here then—and in the feeble illumination, a procession passed in and out all night; some were searchers bringing their sad burden; others distracted fathers and mothers looking for their little ones. Their faces and hands were grimed with sweat and charcoal dust; their clothes were such as they had when they first ran. When the dawn broke, they were still searching.

"One incident is that of two elderly people, strangers to the city. I met the old lady on Carrall Street, deeply distressed; she said she had lost her husband. I consoled her and went on. A little further on I met her husband, also deeply perturbed, until I told him I had seen his wife up the road and, turning around, pointed to her sitting on a black root at the corner of Hastings Road and Carrall Street.

"It was never known, and never will be, how many lost their lives. Of all the remains found, three only, those found at the corner of Hastings and Columbia streets, were recognisable by their features; then, too, we made an effort to keep the number as low as possible. Three bodies were taken out of a well down near St. James Church on Cordova Street East; at the time, there were some shacks down there. They were evidently husband, wife and little daughter, and must have been strangers, saw the fire coming, rushed away, and seeing a well, jumped into it. There was three or four feet of water in the well, and their clothing was unharmed by fire, but their faces were livid; the fire had, apparently, swirled over the well, and they had been suffocated, not burned. They were well dressed; the lady had gloves on her hands. It was the gum and pitch which made the fire so terrible, so fierce, and created a black, bitter smoke more smothering than burning oil.

"The fire occurred at a time when families and others were scattered; that is the explanation of how so many were separated from their kindred. It was early on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, the midday meal was over, some had gone to Sunday school, others out for pleasure. Most of the people were new arrivals, and, the men folk especially, took the opportunity of the bright Sunday afternoon to look over the townsite, the very shape of which, now so familiar, was then, just after the falling of the trees, strange even to many who might be called 'old-timers.' The town was new, and the thought uppermost in our minds was, 'Would it grow east or west of Carrall Street'; the question was debated at every corner; many were off spying out the land. Then, with terrible swiftness, the fire came upon them; each had to fly to save their own life; there was no time for reuniting."

THE FIRST CHURCH SERVICE AFTER THE FIRE. THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. REVEREND C.L. THOMPSON.

"No, I'm afraid not," smiled Mr. Gallagher. "I'm afraid we did not pay much attention to church or Sunday school. On Sundays we were too busy working; hauling lumber, clearing, building the city again. But there is a little story I want to tell you about.

"On Sunday afternoon, the Sunday after the fire, about two p.m.—it happened on Cordova Street, just a little west of Carrall Street on the north side of Cordova Street—Reverend Mr. Thompson, the Presbyterian clergyman, came along and suggested to the workmen who were grading Cordova Street and covering it with planks, three by twelve planks, that perhaps they ought to cease work for a moment and give thanks to the Almighty for their escape the previous Sunday. Everyone in sight laid down their tools; the teamsters left their horses standing. Then they picked up the empty spike kegs and some planks and carried them into an empty store in process of erection for Geo. L. Allan, the boot and shoe merchant, and made rows of seats out of the kegs and planks. About one hundred and fifty went in to the service.

"Just at that moment His Worship Mayor MacLean came along and joined in the simple yet deeply impressive service. The men were, of course, in their working clothes; the service was not long, and was soon over.

"At its conclusion those big, rough, hardy bushmen paid as gentle a compliment as ever I have witnessed. The service over, none moved; they all stood motionless while His Worship moved down the rude aisle. His Worship halted at the entrance, and stood to one side, Reverend Mr. Thompson on the other, and both shook hands with each member of the impromptu congregation as they slowly departed from the half-finished building. Then the men went back to work to make Cordova Street passable."

"NORTH AMERICAN CHINAMEN."

From *Canada's Great Highway: From the first Stake to the Last Spike* by J.H.E. Secretan, 1924. (Mr. Secretan, a civil engineer, [was] in charge of selecting right of way, etc., C.P.R.)

Page 44: "When the Canadian 'tenderfeet' began to immigrate into the country they were not particularly welcome; their ideas were too small, and parochial to suit the man in the mountains" ... "he could not understand them at first" ... "the smallest coin in the country was a twenty-five cent piece, which was known as 'two bits'; a half dollar was 'four bits,' and no one had ever heard of anything so small as five or ten cents until the Canadians arrived, so I suppose those lordly pioneers looked down in pity on the lowly emigrants when they mentioned such currency, and called them 'North American Chinamen.' They thought them mean."

"NORTH AMERICAN CHINAMEN." R.H. ALEXANDER.

"The expression 'North American Chinamen' may have been used previously, but I do not think so. I will tell you of the first time I heard it, and I have always understood that it was Mr. Alexander who coined it," resumed Mr. Gallagher.

"A few days prior to our first election, a strike took place at the Hastings Sawmill. Quite a number of navvies who had helped to build the railway for Onderdonk had come back from the construction of the roadbed. Most contracts for this work were finished in the fall of 1885, and the roadbed work was pretty well complete. These navvies had got work at the Hastings Sawmill for the winter and at, I believe, \$1.25 per day; I am not certain whether this sum included their board and lodging or not; I rather think it did." (Note: in 1898, the author worked in a Puget Sound sawmill for \$1.00 per day of 10 hours, and 25¢ extra for two more hours, 6 to 8 p.m., and paid 50¢ a day for board and lodging at the company boarding house.) "These navvies prompted the strike of early April 1886, probably ten days before the first civic election in which Mr. R.H. Alexander, the mill manager, was one of the two candidates for first mayor of Vancouver.

"A conciliation committee of merchants and business men was appointed at a meeting held under the Maple Tree, and was requested to interview Mr. Alexander; I was one, the late Mr. Fulman Rutherford of Lulu Island was another. Mr. Alexander received us very cordially, told us that, for many years prior to that winter, he had run the mill successfully with Indians and some Chinamen, that he was quite willing to take back the men who had gone out—his old white employees had stood by him, and the mill was not shut down—but that he would not reduce the hours.

"The following evening, the committee reported back to the meeting, again under the Maple Tree, conveyed their report, and added that they had promised to report back to Mr. Alexander what the men decided to do.

"But the men would have none of it, and when we went to Mr. Alexander for our second interview, and gave him the men's answer, he replied that he would just engage a few extra Indians and Chinamen, and it was then that he made the remark, 'Canadians are only North American Chinamen anyway.'

"Mr. Alexander was a splendid man, but the remark, made undoubtedly in a moment of exasperation, was very costly to him afterwards in the first civic election."

VANCOUVER'S FIRST CIVIC ELECTION, 1886.

"It was the men felling the forest who elected our first mayor, His Worship Mayor M.A. MacLean, in April 1886," continued Mr. Gallagher. "They were slashing trees up around the Hotel Vancouver, where it is now. The late Major C. Gardner Johnson was poll clerk, and the balloting was done at the little old Court House, a small wooden building on Water Street, next to Gassy Jack's Deighton Hotel.

"The printed booklet *Voters List, City of Vancouver, 1886*, frequently accepted as the first voters list of Vancouver, was first used at the election of 1887, not the first election of 1886. It was made up during 1886, after the first election. There was no voters list for the first election; the list of those who voted at the first election was made up with a pen, while the election balloting was in process, from those who voted, and was being added to even up to within ten minutes of the close of the poll.

"The voting was more or less open, and continued all day. Those presenting themselves to vote were asked, 'How long have you been here?' and 'where do you live?' and the replies were such as, 'I live at the'—naming the hotel—or 'I have been here,' mentioning the time. That was sufficient, but of course during the conversation, those gathered within hearing—and there were many—could make a fairly good guess as to how he would vote.

"The men from the woods used to sleep at Tom Cyrs' 'Granville Hotel,' so they went to him, and he would give them a slip of paper saying that the man slept in Room No. 20 or 21, as the case was, and the man voted on that." And Mr. Gallagher laughed heartily.

"One man had a lease to a portion of a building on Cordova Street, and came down to vote with the lease in his hand, and voted on it. Mr. MacLean's committee persuaded him to leave the lease with them; it was drawn up on the usual form with a space for the name, and I think fifty men must have voted on that lease. After one man had voted, the next voter's name was written on a slip of paper, and pasted in the space on the lease where the name appeared, and so continued until there was a tier of slips, when they were removed and a fresh start made."

A brother of Chris Benson, cigar maker, now (1931) of Haro Street, had lease to portion of Robert Clark's building at corner of Carrall and Cordova Street.

"About 11:30 a.m., the old paddle wheeler *Yosemite* drew in from Victoria with about one hundred and twenty-five voters on board, and after she passed Brockton Point the band on her deck began to play 'Hail the Chief,' but the chief they hailed was Mr. R.H. Alexander of the Hastings Mill, who was defeated, not Mr. MacLean, the successful candidate.

"The Hastings Sawmill, of which Mr. Alexander was manager, was owned by Victoria and San Francisco people, and about midday the mill people sent up fifty or sixty Chinamen to vote. Charlie Queen, who drove the New Westminster-Gastown tallyho, afterwards alderman and subsequently since the war drowned on a C.P.R. *Princess* steamer, got up on a stage coach in front of Mr. Cyrs' hotel on Water Street and made a speech blaming the Hastings Mill people for sending the Chinamen up. The crowd grew hostile, started to drive the Chinamen back to the mill; the Orientals took to their heels, and the crowd took after them down the Hastings Road.

"The opening of the ballot box was a strange proceeding," and here Mr. Gallagher laughed again. "I'm afraid they were not familiar with election procedure, but we had lots of fun." (Partaken liberally of "flowing bowl.")

"Mr. Alexander was defeated, but not fairly. Several of those who helped to defeat him, including myself, called upon him subsequently and asked him to become a candidate for mayor. He said he could not possibly spare the time for the mayoralty, but he would serve as an alderman, and afterwards did. He was a splendid alderman, too, a far sighted, hard headed business man; he served our city well.

"It was first the strike, then the 'North American Chinaman' incident, and finally the Victoria crowd and the band playing 'Hail the Chief,' which incensed many and, together with the loose voting, all

combined to defeat Mr. Alexander. It was also the first time there was any open display of ill feeling between Victoria and Vancouver, an ill feeling which did not die down until after the defeat of the Victoria oligarchy by Mr. Semlin of Cache Creek.

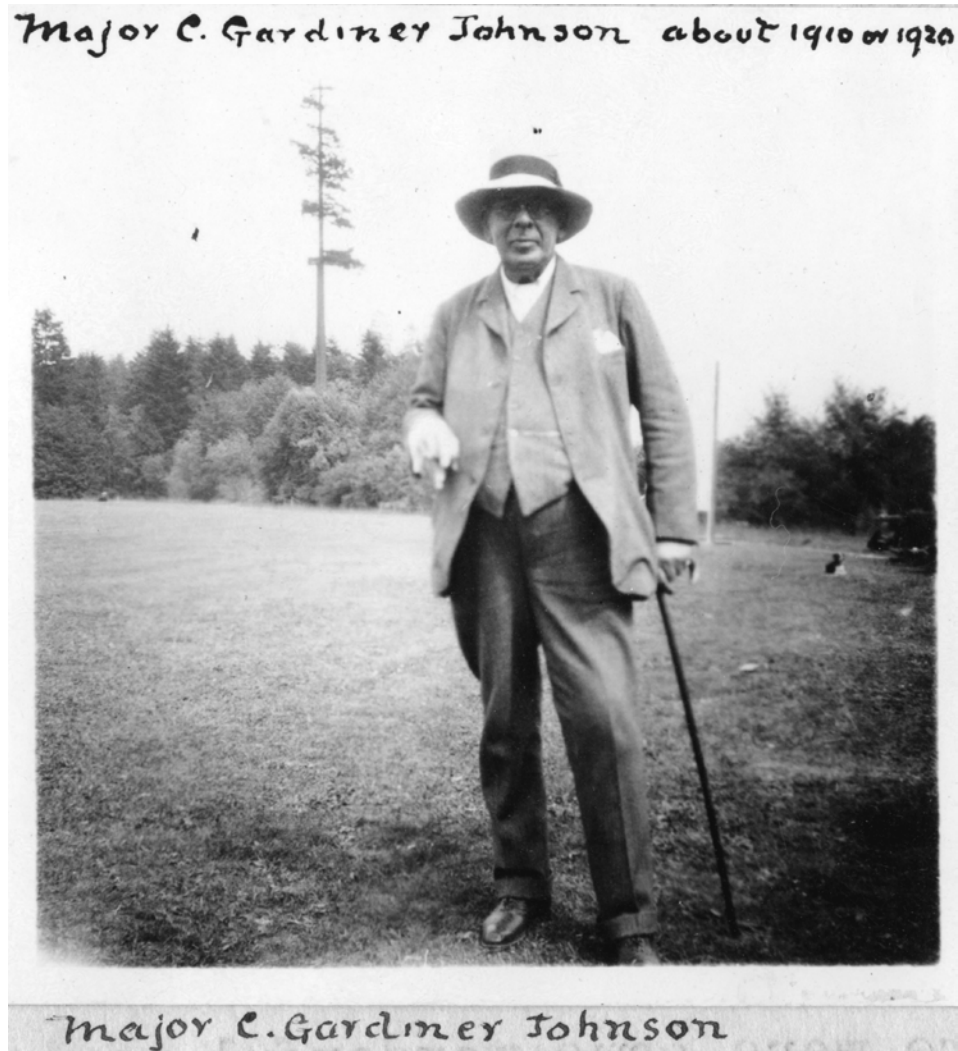
"There were some wonderful men on our earlier councils—not all on our first council—and head and shoulders over our parliamentary legislators at Victoria. A few I can hurriedly recall were MacLean, Oppenheimer, Alexander, Hamilton, Lefevre, Dunn, and Templeton, besides others. They all served without remuneration. MacLean did not even take his postage."

THE FIRST COUNCIL MEETING.

"The first council meeting was held in the sitting room of the old Court House, which faced the sea, on Water Street, where the No. 1 Fire Hall was afterwards, and now the site of a storage garage. The building stood back about ten feet from Water Street; the front door and sitting room windows faced Water Street. The interior of the sitting room was about ten feet wide and twenty long, was lined with plain cedar 'V' joint, and lighted at night by a large coal oil lamp. Four doors in a row took up most of the long side opposite the windows, and opened into four prison 'cells.'

"At the appointed hour, the mayor and aldermen elect and some others, I think in all about twenty-one—more could not have found standing room—crowded into the small sitting room. The poll clerk, Mr. C. Gardner Johnson, and His Worship-elect took the head of the table. Mr. McGuigan sat on the poll clerk's left; I stood at Mr. MacLean's right, and was about the only person present not in some official capacity. I stood close to his Worship's elbow.

"Mayor MacLean and I had met before we came to Vancouver. He had been purchasing agent for the government in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885; he employed 'a thousand' teams; I had horse feed for sale and was buying wheat at Wolseley, thirty miles east of Qu'Appelle. Mr. MacLean had been exceptionally courteous and considerate of my interests then, so that afterwards when we were both in Vancouver, and he was candidate for mayor, I naturally desired to return the compliment. He had little of worldly goods then, scarcely a week's board, so that a good opportunity was open to me to show my appreciation of his past kindnesses. I had also had previous experience in the establishment of civic government at Wolseley, Assiniboia, N.W.T., and so was more or less familiar with the procedure. Thus it was that I was at Mr. MacLean's right hand when the initial meeting of the City Council of Vancouver took place."



Item # EarlyVan_v1_0099

THE FIRST COUNCIL ASSEMBLES.

"At the head of the table sat Mr. MacLean, and the late Major C. Gardner Johnson, the poll clerk. Mr. Gardner Johnson administered the oath of office to His Worship, and then His Worship swore in the aldermen, and all seated themselves around the long table. Among the few present were Mr. John Boulton, Mr. G.F. Baldwin, Mr. J.J. Blake, Ex-Chief John Stewart, Mr. Jonathan Miller, the jailer, and Mr. T.F. McGuigan. I do not recall any others, though doubtless there may have been. I stood, as a sort of godfather, at His Worship's right."

"I doubt if any of the aldermen were experienced, and after being sworn in they sat down. Someone asked, 'What do we do next?' I said, 'If you will wait a moment or two I will show you,' and I went out around the corner to a little stationery and book store, Tilley's, bought a pad of writing paper and a pen, came back, wrote the city's name at the top of a sheet, and then suggested that they should now appoint a City Clerk.

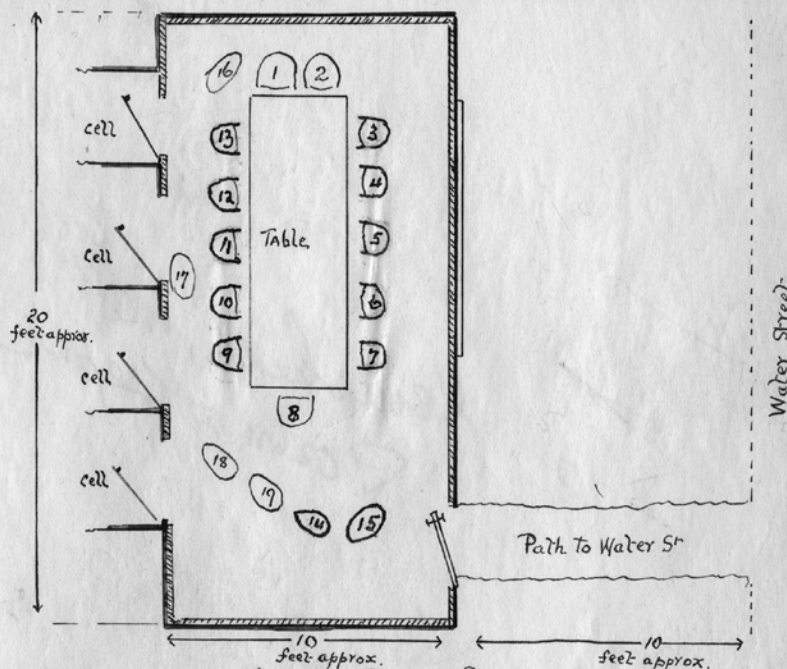
"Someone moved that T.F. McGuigan be appointed City Clerk, and after his appointment passed, I took pen and pad of paper, and placed it in front of Mr. McGuigan.

"The second appointment was G.F. Baldwin as City Treasurer, but they had not as yet twenty-five cents of civic funds for him to take care of.

"The appointments continued. Mr. J.J. Blake was appointed City Solicitor. He was a fine lawyer of sound judgment, and never known to make a mistake. Mr. John Boulton was appointed police magistrate."

"Swearing In" the First City Council Vancouver, 1886.

Description of plan of first meeting of first City
Council of Vancouver, 1886, as narrated by W. H. Gallagher Esq.,
one of the three surviving in 1932 of those present, to Major Matthews.



A little Sitting Room.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Mayor-elect M.A. McLean | 2 C. Gardiner Johnson, poll clerk |
| 3 T.F. McGuigan, appointed City Clerk | 4 to 13 Aldermen-elect, ten in all |
| 16 W. H. Gallagher, "Godfather" | 17 Jonathan Miller, Constable |
| 18 G. F. Baldwin, app ^d City Treasurer | 19 J. J. Blake, app ^d City Solicitor |
| 14 John Boulton, "Police Magistrate" | 15 Stewart, "Chief of Police" |

A small wooden building, known as the "Court House," formerly known as the "Customs House," on 66 feet, south side of Water St; next Deighton Hotel, Granville, (Gastown). Plain "V" joint cedar walls, 4 prison cell doors, one front door, window, long table, coal oil lamp hanging, no stove at this meeting (April). See Trutch's Map, "TOWN OF GRANVILLE" 10th March 1890.

J.S.M.
1932

THE FIRST DISTURBANCE.

"Then came the first disturbance in the City Council of Vancouver: who was to be the poundkeeper? Who was to look after stray horses, cattle and dogs? At the time I could not understand what all the discussion and indecision was about, which grew stronger and stronger until finally decision was deferred until a later date, when Mr. Hemphill, father of Mr. Hemphill of the Hemphill Auto Schools, and who did not want the appointment, nevertheless got it, and we, all of us, got our drinks at the Sunnyside Hotel across the street. The cause of the disturbance was then revealed: it seems there was a wager as to who would get the appointment of poundkeeper, and with 'drinks for the crowd' as stakes.

"Alderman Harry Hemlow in Vancouver, and Alderman L.A. Hamilton in eastern Canada, still survive.

"I do not know who prepared our first civic charter, but the records would show. It might have been 'Jimmie' Orr, M.P.P., who lived at Ladner's and represented all the great district surrounding, including Granville, in the legislature. Mr. Blake probably had something to do with it."

MAYOR MACLEAN.

"Mayor MacLean was a Scotchman, and dearly loved to represent the city at any function. He was a fluent, forceful speaker, and had a good grasp of the future, municipally speaking, and proud of his part in laying down the foundations of our city. He was one of the few—it seems to me the only one, out of many—who, in those early days, envisioned the growth of our city, our harbour, and especially our foreign trade, as it has actually taken place. He had travelled much, which few of us had done, and that, perhaps, may in part account for it. He was as honest as they are made, and very conscious of the high responsibility to which he had been elected, as well as proud of it.

"To give you an instance of his kindly character, I will recount an incident which occurred on Dominion Day 1886.

"The Indians of North Vancouver came over from the Mission to pay their respects to the new city of Vancouver. His Worship met them on the floating wharf at the foot of Carrall Street, and after their chief had delivered their message of goodwill, His Worship responded with a warm welcome. He referred to them as 'native Canadians,' and reminded them that it was their brothers who had upheld the British in North American wars.

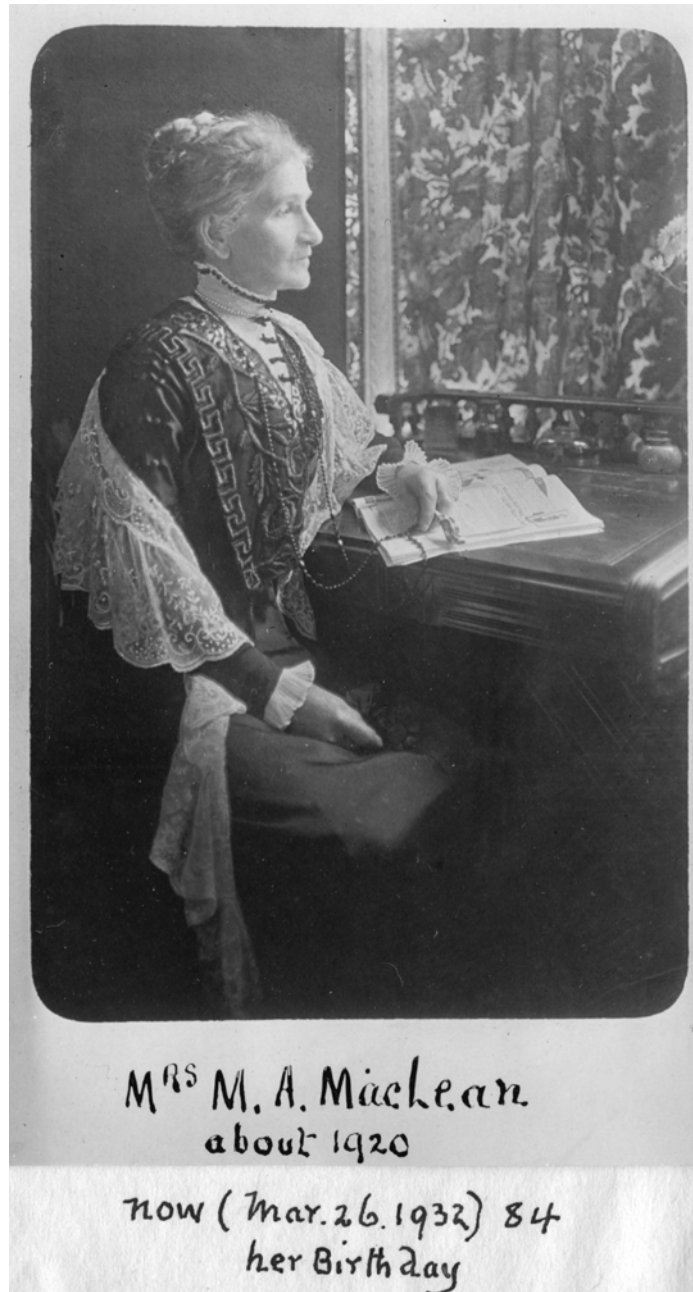
"His address was inspiring and intensely patriotic, and thenceforth the Indians of the Mission were very proud of the City of Vancouver and its mayor.

"Poor as Mayor MacLean was, he worked, and worked hard, without a dollar of salary for the first year, and even furnished his own desk and postage, but the second year he was furnished with an office at the old City Hall on Powell Street." (See his daughter's explanation re Great Fire, 1886. 8 February 1932.)

"Mayor MacLean was not paid a salary, nor was his successor, Mayor Oppenheimer, but in the latter's case a small amount was set aside to cover his entertaining expenses, but Mayor Oppenheimer used very little of it, and when his year was up, a small unexpended balance was returned to the city from the grant which had been made. His custom was to give his card with a few brief notes on its back to whomever he was indebted, and Mr. Baldwin would make out a cheque in payment."



Item # EarlyVan_v1_00101



M^{RS} M. A. Maclean
about 1920

now (Mar. 26. 1932) 84
her Birthday

Item # EarlyVan_v1_00102

EARLY FINANCING.

"After the first council meeting civic organisation was more or less complete, but there was no money in the treasury, and the question of finances came up early. There had been considerable preliminary expense, and other expenses, some defrayed privately by public spirited men. The mayor and aldermen had been elected, the civic officials appointed, but there was no money to pay them, not twenty-five cents, nor to defray past or future expenses; there was no assessment roll, nor a single by-law.

"Some money was collected from fines inflicted on disorderly or drunken persons, but they were very small amounts, \$2.50, and went to pay the police salaries. Mr. Baldwin regarded that money as 'dirty,' and when delivered to him would finger it gingerly.

"The situation was pressing and desperate, but not forlorn. It was clearly a case for the Chief of Police, and he was told to 'get busy,' and doubtless winked the other eye and started to 'clean up the town.'

"Word was passed around that Magistrate Boulton had signed some warrants for arrest, and then both he and City Solicitor Blake found it convenient to have an engagement in New Westminster. The chief of police actually had been busy, very busy, and had gathered in about twenty malefactors. The important thing for the moment was to get someone to sit on the bench and try the cases in the absence of the police magistrate.

"Mayor MacLean did not approve of the procedure which had been followed, and considerable persuasion was necessary before we could get him to see that the 'reputation of the city was at stake.' We implored him to take note that it was the city of which he was so proud, and of which he was the chief magistrate, and that 'its reputation was at stake.' Considerable pleading, plus a little invigorating stimulant at the Bodega saloon finished him, and we all went down to the old Court House on Powell Street, and His Worship got on 'the bench,' that is, his chair at the end of the table.

"T.F., as we called him, the city clerk, read the first charge, the only charge read. Addressing the accused by name, he said, 'You are charged with —, guilty or not guilty?' The accused rose to the occasion and circumstances, and pleaded, 'Guilty.'

"The court was astonished. His Worship's dignity was already in the ascendant, and the plea of 'guilty' sent it sky-rocketing; he thumped his desk and exploded. Fastening the accused with his eye, he thundered, 'How dare you stand before me and plead guilty to defying the laws of God and man AND THIS YOUNG AND PROSPEROUS CITY.' He halted a moment, and then abruptly ejaculated, 'twenty dollars,' and with a sweeping gesture of his arm, 'the same for the rest of you.'

"That settled that, and the court rose instantly. About twenty were fined.

"While it is true that Granville had possessed a gaol for perhaps twenty years or more before incorporation as the city of Vancouver, the surveillance which came after incorporation was not possible before incorporation. The malefactors were undoubtedly guilty of an infraction of the criminal code, and the money from their fines was very convenient at the moment to solve the more pressing needs of our civic finance."

Tom McGuigan said "Birdie Stewart, etc., with keeping a house of prostitution." Mayor MacLean said, "Birdie STEWART, how dare, etc.," "of God and nature."

THE CHINESE RIOTS.

"In the autumn of 1886, Brighthouse and Hailstone let a contract for the clearing of a portion of District Lot No. 185, that is from about Burrard Street to Thurlow Street. Early in 1887, it was snowing at the time, the contractor, McDougall, brought in a number of Chinamen to work. McDougall's camp was near the corner of Burrard and Pender streets, almost exactly where the Elysium Hotel stands now, where there was a small spring and creek of splendid water—John Morton's old place.

"The night of the Chinese riots a public meeting was held; the speakers spoke from the verandah of the Sunnyside Hotel. After a few speakers had addressed the crowd, a procession was formed to go up to where the Chinamen had been landed up at McDougall's camp and drive them out. That would be well on towards midnight; there was snow on the ground; it was quite clear and we could see what we were doing. There were many tough characters among the crowd, navvies who had been working for Onderdonk, hotheaded, thoughtless, strong and rough, and many went along with the procession to try and prevent anyone from being hurt. I was not in the procession,

but I was within fifty feet of the front of it when they started. The column was singing as they marched along in the semi-darkness.

"When the Chinamen saw all these men coming, they were terrified. The crowd came up to the camp singing 'John Brown's Body,' and such songs; the Chinamen poked their noses out from beneath their tents; the 'rioters' grabbed the tents by the bottom and upset them, the 'war cry,' 'John Brown's Body,' still continuing. The Chinamen did not stop to see; they just ran. Some went dressed, some not; some with shoes, some with bare feet; the snow was on the ground and it was cold. Perhaps, in the darkness, they did not know that the cliff, and a drop of twenty feet [was there]; perhaps some had forgotten; some may have lost direction. The tide was in; they had no choice; and you could hear them going plump, plump, plump, as they jumped into the salt water. Scores of them went over the cliff—McDougall was supposed to have two hundred of them up there.

"Those who stopped at McDougall's camp after we returned to the Sunnyside Hotel told me that those Chinamen who jumped into the sea were afterwards pulled out of the water and herded onto the C.P.R. wharf, where there was a steamer, and that they all went off to Victoria early next morning; perhaps it was the C.P.R. wharf upon which they were herded, but I rather thought it was Spratt's Ark upon which they collected.

"To my mind, it was the singing, the songs in a strange tongue, and our different races, which terrified the Chinamen. When the Chinamen came to Vancouver from Victoria they knew they were not wanted; they came in the face of opposition—some Victoria Chinamen refused to come, and perhaps that knowledge helped to terrify them.

"My friends and I went along to prevent violence. After the trouble was over for the night, we all went back to the Sunnyside Hotel. There, the ringleaders proposed that we raid Chinatown. It was then three or four in the morning, and we prevailed upon them to wait until daylight; if they would wait until daylight, then we would join them. Finally the arrangement was made that we were all to meet at the Sunnyside at 8 a.m., which we afterwards did. Those who were trying to save the situation agreed to furnish drays at that hour. The crowd decided that the 'Chinks' had got to be moved out of town."

EXEUNT THE CHINAMEN.

"The following morning—I was there—at 8 a.m. the crowd again assembled at the Sunnyside. Several of the draymen owned their own dray or wagon; others were hired. The former gave their services free; where it was necessary to pay, my party paid; there were probably twenty-five drays and wagons used altogether. The crowd moved over to Dupont Street, to Chinatown, between Carrall and Columbia Street, now known as Pender Street East.

Some of the more responsible Chinese merchants suggested to some of our business men that the Chinamen would leave peaceably if they were permitted to leave one man in charge of their goods, and after a hurried conference with the leaders of the opposition to the Chinamen, the Chinese request was granted, and the elderly Chinese merchants assembled their fellow countrymen to a man, and we had no more trouble; none tried to escape.

"The Chinamen in each building were permitted to select their own custodian to be left behind; no goods were damaged, there was no pilfering; one Chinaman was left in each store. The remainder, probably one hundred, assembled quietly, were loaded onto old fashioned horse drawn drays. They all stood up crowded together on the drays, and one by one the drays and wagons moved off to New Westminster—a pretty rough ride in a springless dray over a rough road—and put on a steamer for Victoria.

"I have heard it said that four Chinamen were tied together by their pigtails and thrown in the creek at McDougall's camp. If so, I know nothing of it. I do know that some of them were tied together by their pigtails to prevent them escaping in Chinatown the following morning.

"There were no buildings up at McDougall's camp on Burrard Street, at least none other than a cook house and a place for meals, both built out of one-inch and twelve-inch boards, and both of

which were knocked down that night. The Chinamen were living in tents. You see, there was quite a space of vacant land, unoccupied, between Gastown and Burrard Street, in those days; many people did not know that the Chinamen had landed there; they had been there a mere two or three days when the riot occurred. McDougall had hired all the Chinamen in Victoria, sent them over, and presumably kept out of the way, fearful that something might happen. McDougall was very unpopular, and he would have had rough handling if he had been there that night.

"A day or so following, the Provincial Government suspended the city charter, sent over a number of special constables, and took charge of the city. An effort was made by these officials to convict those who had taken part in the Chinese Riots; they made two arrests of supposed ringleaders. A special magistrate was sent over from Victoria, but they had no success in getting evidence against the men arrested. It was stated in court that the two ringleaders had gone to bed comparatively early in the evening, and had not left each other during the night, which was true. They had gone to bed comparatively early, got up again and gone to the riot, and then returned to the Sunnyside, and gone to bed a second time."

"One of the prominent ringleaders was a smooth-tongued agitator, Locksley Lucas, who stopped at my uncle's hotel, the Carter House. He was elected treasurer of an organisation to keep the Chinamen out of Vancouver for all time. Membership was \$2.00 to raise a fund to get legislation passed. A lot of money was collected that way. It was out of the question." W.F. Findlay, 12 April 1932

THE FIRST POST OFFICE, "GRANVILLE."

"Before the fire, the post office was in a little store on the east side of Carrall Street, next to the Ferguson Block on the corner of Carrall and Powell streets. Up to the incorporation of the city as 'Vancouver,' it had been known as 'Granville' for some years; after incorporation, of course, it became 'Vancouver.'

"After the fire, the temporary post office was established in a cheap little shack at the extreme south end of Carrall Street, which Mr. John Hendry, manager of the Royal City Planing Mills Company of New Westminster, had erected to keep his books in. John Hendry had some small sawmills up the Fraser River, and afterwards bought out the Hastings Sawmill. The post office remained in that shack for a short time only, and was then moved to the north side of Hastings Street between Homer and Hamilton streets, near where the Kent Piano Company is now, and located in a small frame building afterwards used as a store by Bailey Brothers, early photographers. Its location there brought bitter complaints from the citizens that it had been moved 'so far out,' and the City Council was petitioned to use its influence to have it brought nearer in, and closer to the business section of the city. It remained there a year or so, and was then moved into the next block west, opposite the present C.P.R. Telegraph, later to the southwest corner of Pender Street and Granville Street, and finally to its present location at Hastings and Granville streets."



Item # EarlyVan_v1_00103

EARLY STREETS.

"The C.P.R. opened up and rough graded, all at their own expense, a number of the streets west of Cambie Street; they had no interests east of Cambie Street. The summer of the fire, 1886, they opened up and rough graded Cordova Street, Hastings Street, Pender Street, all west of Cambie Street, and in the spring of 1887, opened up Granville Street from water to water, from the Inlet to False Creek. They did not clear it the full sixty-six feet, but made a passable road leaving the stumps on both sides. From Burrard Inlet to the Hotel Vancouver they laid down a good planked driveway, ten or twelve feet wide. There were some other streets which they opened up and made passable.

"Later the C.P.R. opened up what is now known as Granville Street South, clear through from False Creek to the Fraser River at the North Arm; of course, it ran through their own land. There was no road on Granville Street South, nor anywhere near it, before the C.P.R. opened it up; south of the creek there was not even a bush trail."

THE FIRST HOSPITAL.

"The first hospital was at the foot of Hawks Avenue, in the angle of Alexander and Powell Street. It was owned either by the C.P.R. or the construction people and consisted, in April 1886, when I came, of a small wooden building and some tents. There were a lot of accidents during construction days; some of those who died were buried on Deadman's Island. The first hospital the city built was a tall wooden building on Beatty Street; the second hospital was the brick building on the corner of Cambie and Pender streets, now used as a City Relief office. The old building of wood was torn down, I think, at the time the Rotary Clinic was built.

"The hospital on Powell Street was kept going for quite a time, two or three years, after the C.P.R. line was completed. Dr. Lefevre was in charge; he kept it going. They were very good at that hospital; if you had money, you paid; if you were without, well, you got the best of treatment in either case.

"Then there was some criticism, and the criticism caused its closing."

THE FIRST COURTS.

"It was Chief Justice Matthew Begbie who held the first court in Vancouver after the fire, the case of Sullivan, held in the old Sullivan Hall on Cordova Street, built on the east end of the sixty-six feet on which the old Atlantic Hotel used to stand.

"Jonathan Miller, constable and jailer before the fire, postmaster after it, acted as clerk of the court on several occasions. In 1887, Mr. C. Gardner Johnson was registrar of the County Court. Mr. Johnson was brother-in-law of John Boulton, our first magistrate, and in consequence was kept busy, too busy, with the appointments he received. He was also a special constable with myself and others to keep law and order after the fire.

"The first court house, of course, was just around the corner from Carrall Street, on Water Street, and was where our first City Council met. It was burned in the fire. Just when it was built I cannot say; it may have been built by the Royal Engineers, or by the government; old maps show a jail and customs house there in 1870, and it may have been the original customs house, and built in crown colony days.

"No. 1 Fire Hall, afterwards demolished, stood there in early years."

OUR EARLY SCHOOLS.

"In the early days the provincial government built our schools and paid our teachers. The first school was, as is well known, at Hastings Sawmill; the second school, that is, our first city school, was on Cordova Street about two blocks east of Gore Avenue, built and paid for by the provincial government. Some agitation resulted in school trustees being appointed, but even then the provincial government furnished the money for two or three years, say, up to 1888 or 1889, and, quaintly, our teachers got five dollars per month less salary because they were teaching 'west of Yale.'

"The third school was on the site of the present Central School, a long low wooden building about the middle of the block and close to Hamilton Street, and one storey. Of that block the city owned the Pender Street half; the C.P.R. gave the other half, that next Dunsmuir Street, where the school board offices are now, for a high school site. The gift was in the form of a letter, and for many years the city had no title to that property other than that letter, a fact which I pointed out to the civic authorities a few years since, when they secured a proper title, as a result of my pointing that out to them.

"The C.P.R. was very good to Vancouver in the early days. The Townsite Commission, R.B. Angus and Lord Strathcona, were both big minded men; they fathered us; for instance, the C.P.R. paid their taxes, before they were due, when we were out of finances to meet city expenditures."

THE CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS. HASTINGS. GEORGE BLACK'S.

"The first ball games, cricket and baseball, etc., were played at George Black's at Hastings. George Black's Brighton House, a very early hostelry, was standing twenty years ago and was on the shore of a wide bay just north of Hastings Park where the Hastings Road, from New Westminster, reached the water. When the C.P.R. was built the line circled around George Black's hotel; the Hastings station was almost exactly opposite the hotel. It was of two storeys, stood perhaps 150 yards from the railway, and the surrounding land sloped gently down to the shore. Two shallow hollows with streams flanked it, one to the east and one to the west, and it was surrounded by considerable land, partly cleared, partly in small bushes.

"Adjoining were two or three acres of rough lawn, and it was there that many early games were played. At the eastern end of these grounds was a barn dance hall, and in the days of later

Granville and early Vancouver, George Black's was a most popular resort. The afternoon athletic games were frequently followed by barn dances in the evening. Charlie Queen, afterwards alderman, who drove the daily stage, used to take the boys out to Hastings free of charge; there was no charge for the grounds or barn.

"But the Hastings ball ground was very cramped and, as Vancouver grew, too far away for convenience. When the question of grounds for athletics came up, Alderman Hamilton, also C.P.R. land commissioner, naturally wanted the Cambie Street location; Alderman Oppenheimer naturally wanted the Powell Street site. We had a lively time between the two interests, and although we got the Cambie Street grounds first, we ultimately got both.

"The C.P.R. rough cleared most of the Cambie Street grounds; the prisoners of the chain gang, under John Clough, did a lot more; the cricketers and the baseball boys worked hard, too.

"The Powell Street Grounds, being more convenient for practice than Hastings, were at first used for that purpose and the matches played at Hastings."

"SALMONBELLIES" AND SALMONBELLIES.

"It was on the Cambie Street grounds that the famous New Westminster lacrosse players got their sobriquet 'Salmonbellies.' It was given them by an Italian bootblack, a well-known character about town, formerly of New Westminster, latterly of Vancouver, and who, following the usual custom of the days, carried his polishing outfit over his shoulder wherever he went.

"One day in the early nineties, the Westminster lacrosse 'boys' came over to Vancouver for a game with the sticks. Vancouver gathered together a scratch team, and both teams, followed by a straggling crowd of pioneer 'fans,' assembled on the Grounds to play it off. The bootblack was 'rooting' for New Westminster.

"The New Westminster men got the ball down towards the Vancouver goal and tried to rush the net. The bootblack was 'rooting' vociferously, and in his excitement yelled, 'Git there, salmonbellies.'

"The epithet tickled the jocular fancy of the onlookers—everyone heard it—much hilarity followed, especially amongst the Vancouver supporters, and the descriptive nickname fitted so well that it has survived ever since, and has in a measure attached itself to all who hail from the old salmon town. In the earlier days of the salmon industry it was centred largely on New Westminster, and perhaps Ladner's, not on Steveston as it afterwards was."

It was remarked to Mr. Gallagher that, in Vancouver today, there are probably thousands of people who have no knowledge of salmonbellies, and who regard even the use of the word as not entirely polite. It was pointed out to him that, in the prize list for the British Columbia Rifle Association annual prize meeting held in New Westminster in 1877, one of the principal prizes, presented by S.W. Herring Esq., was a half barrel of salmonbellies, an epicurean delicacy well known to our pioneers.

"And he gave a real prize," answered Mr. Gallagher. "The preparation of salmonbellies is a lost art now; the old fishermen at New Westminster knew how to do it; they are too hard now; the old fishermen knew how to keep them soft, and to preserve the fat. Down on the Delta the farmers used to boil them, skim the oil off, put them up in earthen crocks with cinnamon bark and cloves, and carefully cover them over again with their own oil. They kept for years and were delicious."

"TAR FLATS."

"'Tar Flats' was a collection of non-descript huts—and characters—on the shore of Burrard Inlet, beyond the present sugar refinery but not as far as Cedar Cove; a dirty place; a sort of rancherie, and got its name from some vessel."

EARLY STANLEY PARK. L.A. HAMILTON. A.G. FERGUSON.

"Mr. L.A. Hamilton, alderman as well as C.P.R. land commissioner, himself surveyed the first path around Stanley Park, and the present driveway is in almost exactly the same position as his first

path, with one exception near the reservoir where, some years later, an alteration was made. He took his own time to survey the path, and was assisted by some of his axemen," continued Mr. Gallagher.

"The late A.G. Ferguson, contractor under Onderdonk, took a very great interest, with Mr. Hamilton, in Stanley Park, and practically fathered it for, say, ten years. That brings to mind an incident worth mentioning in connection with Stanley Park.

"Mr. Ferguson was an American, and when he was elected a park commissioner, while others were sworn in, he was excused that ceremony. He took such an interest in Stanley Park that, when the annual sum appropriated by the Council for its upkeep and development was exhausted, he himself invariably paid the bills to the end of the year. Being a civil engineer, he gave the grades for grading the roads in the park, acted as park foreman, and practically gave all his spare time to it, the other commissioners being agreeable to leaving it to him. Ex-Alderman Michael Costello told me that one year it had cost Mr. Ferguson five thousand dollars." (Costello was also a park commissioner.) "Mr. Ferguson was a very far seeing man, and purchased some of the finest corners on Hastings Street. Mr. Ferguson had no children of his own, nor had Mrs. Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson left a portion of his estate to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ceperley, with the suggestion that, when she had no further use for it, it should be left to the city of Vancouver, and this gave us, ultimately, the Ceperley Children's Playground at Second Beach. I believe Mr. Ferguson stipulated in his bequest that the money should be used for a park for children."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

7 December 1939

In conversation with Mr. Vaughn of Ceperley Rounsefell and Company today, I read the page to him. He said, "I knew Mr. Ferguson, and what you have written here is essentially correct so far as I know.

"Mr. Ceperley was an American, so was the first Mrs. Ceperley, and I think Mr. Ferguson was too. Mr. Ceperley afterwards took out British papers.

"The property Mr. Ferguson gave Mrs. Ceperley was where the Standard Bank is now, and also diagonally across the street. He gave her both. Arthur T. Ceperley in the city is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ceperley.

"Mr. Ferguson was a contractor; that's how he made his money."

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL. TOM CYRS. "LONG BIT," "SHORT BIT," 12½¢ AND 25¢. LIQUOR.

"At Tom Cyrs' Granville Hotel on Water Street, every guest was entitled to an eye-opener—had a drink coming to him—before breakfast. The 'right' was not limited to Tom Cyrs; it was, in fact, the custom of the country.

"The practice was that when a stranger went to a hotel, the first thing he did before going to his room was to go into the bar and, at a convenient moment soon after, he would announce that he was a stranger and would 'the house' (all present in the bar) have a drink 'on him.' One drink cost a 'short bit,' but you could buy six drinks for a 'long bit.' A short bit was ten cents, a long bit twenty-five cents. We had no nickels here for five or ten years after incorporation; they were in the country, but not in British Columbia, and for years after the city was incorporated, the miners coming down from the Cariboo would carry their scales and a poke of gold.

JOHN CLOUGH.

"The truth about John Clough is that he was so fond of the flowing bowl that he frequently got '30 days and costs' for being 'drunk and incapable'; a man was not fined for being drunk, but for being 'incapable.' John was in so often," continued Mr. Gallagher with a smile, "that ultimately he became a 'trusty,' and finally they took him on the staff as 'jailer.' He had only one arm, and rarely, if ever, drove the chain gang wagon with its load of prisoners of the chain gang, himself."

THE OLD COURT HOUSE ON VICTORY SQUARE.

“‘Chummy’ Green, for fifteen years or so” (see A.E. Beck’s, *Memoir of Early Vancouver*, re opening of Court House ceremony), “janitor at the old Court House on Victory Square, was so often in the cells at the old Court House that finally he, also, was put on the staff and made janitor.” (Findlay says “true.” JSM) “He was a sort of ‘authority.’ Mr. Justice McCreight and other judges were always in a hurry to catch the Victoria boat, and as they were hurrying away from the Court House to the C.P.R. Dock, would tell ‘Chummy’ when they would be back. ‘Chummy’ always knew when they were coming or going, and used to notify everyone.”

On Tuesday, 26 January 1932, Mr. Gallagher left Vancouver for an extended pleasure trip through the Mediterranean, and these conversations ended.

The above narrative had been read over three times with Mr. Gallagher, alterations and additions being made each time; the completed narrative has not, at this moment, 30 January 1932, been read by him.

J.S. Matthews

WATER. GAS.

“Of course,” remarked Mr. Gallagher on one occasion, “you know that the charters for city services were granted, in some cases, before the incorporation of the city. For instance, the Coquitlam Water Works, pretty well all Westminster people, and the Capilano Water Works, pretty well all Victoria people, and the Gas Works charter, were all granted before the incorporation of the city. The first secretary of the Capilano Water Works was J.W. McFarland, who had been manager for Hugh Keefer, and afterwards was of Mahon, McFarland and Mahon.”

JSM

31 DECEMBER 1931 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886, CASUALTIES.

Query: How many lost their lives?

Answers:

Mr. W.H. Gallagher (30 December 1931) – “We converted one of the buildings (on Westminster Avenue) into a morgue, and before daylight had deposited the remains of twenty-one persons there.”

Mr. W.F. Findlay (5 January 1932) – “The largest number I ever heard computed was fifteen; others said it was thirteen; some eleven. I know of nine, and then, about a week later, they found two bodies down a well where the Mercantile Building is now, at the southeast corner of Homer and Cordova streets.”

Mr. H.T. Devine (5 January 1932) – “Well, I know we had eleven in one room down at the Bridge Hotel (Westminster Avenue near False Creek); then there was more down at the Hastings Mill, and those which were fished out of wells afterwards.”

Mr. W.H. Gallagher (30 December 1931) – “There was [a] man caught driving a horse and wagon on Carrall Street between Cordova and Water streets; man and horse perished in the middle of the street. It was down near Drake Street that the fire started. Three of our men who fought the fire there were never heard of again.”

Dr. H.E. Langis (5 January 1932) – “And they took my poor old skeleton and put that in the morgue, too. Do you know what they said when they found it? ‘This poor old fellow must have been sick before he died; all his bones are wired together in the back.’” (Dr. Langis’s “Jimmy” was preserved in his office at the corner of Abbott and Water Street, and the “poor fellow” was found in its ruins after the fire.)

31 DECEMBER 1931 - WATER STREET. THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. THE "CUSTOMS HOUSE". DRUG STORE. PHOTOGRAPHER. GRANVILLE, 1886. H.T. DEVINE.

"When I first came here," Mr. H.T. Devine, an early photographer who took many famous photographs of early Vancouver, now a financial and insurance broker on Seymour Street, "there was no bridge on Water Street. After traversing Hastings Road and passing the Deighton House, Water Street, such as it was, dipped down several feet and then rose up again near Abbott Street along the old shore. There was a bit of a sidewalk on the south side of Water Street.

"McCartney Brothers had a drug store in 1886 on the southwest corner of Abbott and Water Street; it had been, in 1883 and 1884, the old Wilson store, and was burned in the Great Fire.

"We built a large photograph gallery on Lot 6 on Cordova Street, and were in it three weeks before the fire. The day before the fire, father and I bought a building on the northeast corner of Alexander and Water Street, and paid cash for the building and leased the land. The next day we had not twenty-five cents. For two or three days after the fire we camped in the middle of Abbott Street, between Water Street and the lane; mother and my sister were in the tent, father and I out in the open on the side of the street.

"The first 'Customs House,' after the fire, where Mr. Johns was a collector, was a little place on Lot 7 on Abbott Street, close to Water, almost exactly where we had camped." (This must have been the building which Mayor MacLean afterwards used for a "Mayor's office.")

"At the time of the fire, so far as I recall, there were no buildings on the water side of Water Street, excepting the Sunnyside and Geo. Black's, but some were in process of erection.

"Sullivan was a squatter, and, with Mrs. Sullivan and their sons Charles and Arthur, lived on the south side of Cordova Street. After the fire they put up the Sullivan Block.

"The Chinese cabins were on Lot 15 on Cordova Street, in the stumps. They did our laundry."

5 JANUARY 1932 - REMINISCENCES OF A PIONEER DOCTOR, DR. H.E. LANGIS.

"Just adventure, that's why I came west; you know those were the days of 'Go west, young man,'" said Dr. H.E. Langis, now on a visit to his relatives at 1708 West 40th Avenue, Kerrisdale. Some twenty-two years ago he suffered terribly from rheumatism, and went to live at Parksville, and the change cured him and he has remained there since. He is now 74, and quite active and alert. One would have thought he was older—he seemed an elderly man thirty years ago, but he says his hair was white at 30, a family trait. He's a bachelor, and was formerly a partner of Simon J. Tunstall, M.D.; both were eminent and well known in their profession. Previously, and in the earlier days, his partner was Dr. McGuigan, afterwards mayor of Vancouver.

"There was no street called Granville Street until after the fire of 1886. The way, the best way, to get to the big tree on Georgia Street, so well known in photographs as a real estate office, 'VANCOUVER LOTS FOR SALE,'" (no, just an advertising stunt) "was to take a boat at Andy Linton's at the foot of Carrall Street, row to Spratt's Ark" (not "Ark" but "Oilery"), "walk up the skid road to where the tree stood on the site of where Charlie Queen afterwards built a hotel. I have walked up there, through the trees, before the fire, nothing to do of a Sunday afternoon, and had to go and explore the country; never went up purposely to see the tree. I know where it stood; it stood where Charlie Queen built his hotel." (Livery, not hotel. Queen's Livery stables, see Bailey photo.)

"Spratt's Ark was at the foot of Burrard Street; the skid road slanted from there up to the Hotel Vancouver, ran diagonally. The John Morton-Brighthouse clearing had just one shack. A man named Procter, maybe Porter, he married an Indian woman, was living in it; he was making spars for the British Admiralty about 1883 or 1884." (No. Spratt's Oilery had several buildings. Dr. Langis did not come 'til 1883. Procter lived in Stanley Park near Deadman's Island, I think. JSM)

"In 1883 I was at Port Arthur, in charge of a division (as medical officer on construction). I reached Victoria on 15 July 1884. British Columbia was pretty small in those days; about 3,000 at

Victoria, Port Moody about 125. I was up at Yale for quite a time, then they all came down and settled in Yaletown, up around Drake Street.

"I remember walking on the wharf at Port Moody with the Hon. Adolphe Chapleau; that wharf, and the (Neeping?) hotel at Fort William was one of the scandals of the C.P.R. construction. The government built the C.P.R., and they sent iron piles to build the wharf all the way from England, around the horn. The piles were lying on the Port Moody wharf in heaps; some may be there yet. The hotel in Fort William and the Port Moody wharf were items in the Pacific scandal; enormous waste of money; cost Sir John A. Macdonald defeat; McKenzie beat him.

"Sam Greer was done out of his land; the government gave everything to the C.P.R., even the Granville townsite.

"The squatters fought, but there was little they could do; some of them had to get out for the C.P.R. 'Jimmy' Orr, the member of parliament" (M.P.P.), "his place was two or three lots west of the corner on the north side of Cordova Street, about where Woodward's Garage is; they pulled his buildings down as fast as he could build them.

"The prettiest little house in Granville, before the fire, belonged to Gillespie, the logging boss. It was on the south side of Cordova between Abbott and Carrall, next to Joe Mannion; Sullivan's was across the street opposite."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

See Peter Clair's garden (photo) almost next door but after the fire—pretty lot of flowers. Site of (about) Beacon Theatre (1936).

"The 'C.P.R. Hotel' on Hastings Street was just a name; McPherson had it and a license; the C.P.R. had nothing to do with it, no interest."

5 JANUARY 1932 - THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886. DR. LANGIS'S SKELETON.

"I was away at the time of the fire, in New Orleans, from April or May 1886 to January 1887. I did not vote at the first election. I heard of the fire in New Orleans.

"My skeleton was that of a Swede who had hanged himself over back of Moodyville about two years before; he was buried on Deadman's Island; that was where we got the skeleton found after the fire under my office. They used to bury people at Deadman's Island, and Brockton Point too, where the gun is; there was no cemetery which I can recall on the north side near Moodyville. Several whites were buried on Deadman's Island; McCartney, one of the three brothers—he had the drug store on the corner of Abbott Street, southwest corner, on the street—his child was buried on Deadman's Island.

"I went over to Deadman's Island in April 1886 and at the time of the fire the skeleton was in McCartney's store, and after the fire they picked it up in the ashes and took it to the morgue. And do you know what I am told they said when they picked it up? 'Poor fellow; he must have been sick before he died; his back is all wired together.'

"I don't know how many were burned in the fire. We had no coroner in Granville; the district coroner was Charlie Hughes at New Westminster. My recollection is that the dead were buried in New Westminster; perhaps the coroner's records over there would show.

"I have forgotten. There was a little wooden building on the corner of Hastings and Abbott Street before the fire, right opposite Woodward's." (See fire map of 1885, C.P.R. map of 1886, in *Early Vancouver*, Volume 3.)

"The only one I recall being burned to death in the fire was Faucets; he was a soda water man; and then, there was a painter whose name I forget. I was away in New Orleans."

5 JANUARY 1932 - THE SMALLPOX SCARE.

"Oh yes, I should say it was a scare in 1893; we had thirty-two cases of smallpox, sixteen of them at Cedar Cove and sixteen at Deadman's Island. I was in charge at Cedar Cove and lost two; one was a woman, she was dying when she reached the hospital; the other was a man who volunteered—they said he had had the smallpox and was immune, but he drank, and he died. The people were so scared they would not let the Victoria boats land at the C.P.R. wharf, and passengers had to land at Hastings and walk back. The first case came from Victoria." (See Mrs. J.Z. Hall. See Mrs. Dr. Lefevre.)

"Mr. Gallagher is not quite correct about the first hospital; it was not quite in the angle of Alexander and Powell Street, but on the north side, between Campbell Avenue and Hawks Avenue. The second hospital was a frame building facing on Pender Street between Cambie and Beatty streets. It was opened, I think, 1890" (try 1888), "and pulled down when they built the Rotary Clinic."

NOTE ADDED LATER:

(Wrong. They turned it around—now the Labour Temple on Beatty Street, 1935.)

The first *City* Hospital faced Beatty Street. The C.P.R. Hospital was on Powell Street and was used by the City until they built their own.

See panoramic of Vancouver, 1890; also Dr. Robertson's in Volume 3 and J.B. Ray in Volume 3. JSM

"Gardner Johnson did not hurt his leg in the fire." (See A.E. Beck) "He broke his leg doing chain work on the survey gang with L.A. Hamilton.

"My records? I destroyed them, before I went to Parksville.

"The first telephone? That was in George Black's meat shop in front of the old jail."

JSM

10 JANUARY 1932 - MR. SAM GREER. GREER'S BEACH. MR. T. MATHEWS.

Memorandum of conversation with Mr. Thomas Mathews, one of the executors of the will of the late Mr. Sam Greer of Greer's Beach. I remarked to him that it had been stated that Mr. Greer had been "bought off" by the C.P.R. for \$40,000, and that he went to Florida and built a hotel with it. (See Greer's Beach, H.P. McCraney, 23 December 1931.)

"That is an unqualified fable," said Mr. Mathews. "Mr. Greer never received anything from the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Gideon Robertson, an old pioneer, told me before he died that he had, at one time long ago, been authorised by the C.P.R. to approach Mr. Greer with an offer of \$12,000, but that Mr. Greer had indignantly refused it.

"How could he have received \$40,000 or anything else from the C.P.R. and then be still fighting his cause continually up to 1923 or later? The explanation of Mr. Greer's residence in Florida is that—a thing I did not know for many years—he served in the United States Navy during the Civil War, and was entitled to a land grant, went to Florida, got his land grant and built a hotel on it. In 1909 he was appealing to Sir Richard McBride, premier of B.C., to assist him in reopening his claim to Greer's Beach.

"Mr. Greer did leave at his death some C.P.R. and Union Pacific Railroad stock; he had bought it. His estate, which I distributed, was less than \$7,000. I will show you his account in my old ledger.

"You see," pointing to the entry in the old book, "his estate was \$6,984.64, and it was divided as per his will. You see, Mrs. J.Z. Hall, his daughter, got \$790, and some of the others the same amount."

Query: What do you think of his case, Mr. Mathews?

"If his land had been of no value, he would have had it yet, and you can quote me as saying so."

Note: Mr. Mathews is a man of few words and of careful utterances.

"Why, there were, as far as I remember, 4,800 signatures of the petition to have him released from the penitentiary. I helped to get up the petition which went to Ottawa. I got a lot of them, but his daughter, Mrs. Hall, got most; she was a 'brick' of a girl. The signatures came from everywhere, Victoria, Nanaimo and New Westminster, as well as here in Vancouver.

"Block 182" (west of Trafalgar Street) "was owned by Hon. John Robson; at least, it was in his name, but it was always understood that there were others associated with him. Hon. Mr. Smythe was one, and some Victoria politicians and some C.P.R. men." (See *The Fight for Greer's Beach* in which Sir Frank Barnard, Major Dupont, Hon. Mr. Eberts, and T.H. White, then C.P.R. surveyors, are mentioned.)

"I have always heard that his first wife was a very fine woman, but she was dead when the Greer's Beach trouble started. His second wife, who was there, was a foreigner, German, I think."

JSM

11 JANUARY 1932 - 6TH REGIMENT, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN RIFLES 1899-1920. 7TH BATTALION, CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE 1914-1919. 1ST B.C. REGIMENT, (7TH BATTALION C.E.F.) D.C.O. 1920-1930. THE B.C. REGIMENT (D.C.O.R.) 1930. MAJOR G.W. MELHUISE, O.C., 6TH REGIMENT D.C.O.R.

"If the general order issued by the Militia Department in Ottawa in September 1920—in reference to the reorganisation of the old pre-war militia regiments, and their amalgamation with the disbanded overseas battalions to create units which would perpetuate the traditions of them both—was ever carried out in respect to the old 6th Regiment, the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, in Vancouver, then, as the last commanding officer of that old regiment, I have no knowledge of it, nor ever had. I have no recollection of ever attending any meeting of the officers, ex-officers of both organisations for the purpose of selecting a commanding officer, nor have I ever heard of any other officer of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. who did. What I do recall is an officer of the 11th Irish Fusiliers—General Odium's pre-war regiment—named Daykin, a comparative stranger, coming to my office in the Rogers Building and asking me to sign a letter which he himself had prepared. So far as I recall now, it was addressed to the headquarters M.D. No. 11, Victoria, and it said that Lieutenant Colonel John McMillan, our former quartermaster in the 6th, and also for a time quartermaster in the 7th, was a selection of the officers of the 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. as the commanding officer of the perpetuating unit, now the British Columbia Regiment (D.C.O.R.).

"I was astounded at his effrontery, and indignantly refused to sign anything of the sort. Colonel McMillan had not even returned from overseas; we did not know what he might want or desire, and besides, Daykin was never a 6th officer; he belonged to another regiment, the 11th, and I resented his interference very much indeed. He evidently was supported by someone else, someone in authority.

"Another incident I recall was a telegram which Lieutenant Colonel John W. Warden, D.S.O., O.B.E., V.D., one of our old officers, sent to some friend in high authority at Ottawa, protesting against the treatment being meted out to officers of the old 6th Regiment D.C.O.R., and bluntly stating that he thought it was the work of Brigadier General V.W. Odium, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., whom I may add was never a friend, nor even fair, to the old 6th Regiment D.C.O.R.

"The proper man to have reorganised the old 6th Regiment D.C.O.R. and 7th Battalion C.E.F. into a new regiment perpetuating the traditions of both, was Lieutenant Colonel Warden, a distinguished and illustrious officer of both units, and who was held in high esteem. But John had no money to speak of, and he told me how he resented General Odium suggesting to him that the position required a man of means and affluence.

"I am of the opinion that if the order as outlined in General Orders, September 1920 for the amalgamation of the two units, [had] been carried out as Ottawa intended it to be, instead of by some secret subterfuge which put in a commanding officer selected by, presumably, General Odlum and some of his cronies, the subsequent lamentable injustices suffered by faithful officers of the old regiment would never have occurred. The old 6th D.C.O.R. was one of the most splendid regiments in all Canada, but the manner in which its services were rewarded in post-war years do not commend themselves to me. Its esprit de corps was smashed to atoms to no purpose, and no one can point with much pride to the career of its successor during the period 1920 to 1930.

"Whatever General Odlum's judgments in war may have been, his judgments in peace time militia matters have always been mediocre, but in 1920 he had just returned, was at the zenith of popular acclaim, and he expected—and others expected too—he would achieve power and position in political life. His name was even mentioned for provincial cabinet rank, and for the ministry of militia and defence in Dominion politics; he was much sought after, and his wishes pandered to. But whatever it was, I am quite positive the meeting of all officers of both units to select a new officer commanding was never held; surely I should have heard of it if it had been. I was O.C."

16 JANUARY 1932 - "NORTH AMERICAN CHINAMEN." HASTINGS MILL STORE, NOW FOOT OF ALMA ROAD. NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF B.C., POST NO. 1. HONOURABLE S.F. TOLMIE, PRIME MINISTER OF B.C.

At the official ceremony of opening the museum of the Native Daughters of B.C., Post No. 1 at the old Hastings Mill store today, Premier Tolmie said as follows, in part, in reference to the expression, "North American Chinamen." He was speaking of the early days, and had mentioned that his family had occupied the same farm for 72 years.

"Canada was very remote in those days. To reach British Columbia meant a long trip via Chicago and San Francisco, and then an 800 mile voyage up the coast to Victoria. Canadians who came by this long and expensive route frequently had exhausted their resources on the way."

(Re above paragraph, comment by Mr. Gallagher: "All imagination.")

"It was the unwritten law then that no man should buy himself a drink" (at a bar.) "He either bought for 'the house,' for his friend, or if none other were present, then for the barkeeper and himself. Canadians acquired a reputation for 'horning in,' and simultaneously the epithet, 'North American Chinamen.'"

A large assemblage of distinguished pioneers and civic officials, including several ministers of the cabinet, the Mayor of Vancouver, and others were present. Dr. Tolmie's remarks were made in that inimitable style of pleasantry for which he is noted, gave no offence, merely added amusement, for there never was, nor ever will be, a more loyal son of British Columbia and of Canada than he is.

In the days of the (hotel) bar, the treating system was rampant; a man who bought a drink, paid for it and drunk alone was regarded askance as a queer 'guy,' or he was ill and needed it medicinally. New arrivals in the country were not always familiar with the almost unbroken and unwritten law, and sometimes violated it, to the astonishment of the onlookers. In my day, 1900-1917, they came mostly from the United Kingdom.

18 JANUARY 1932 - THE CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS. QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, 1897.

Excerpt, *World*, 28 June 1897: "The chain gang is being utilised in cleaning up and putting in shape the Cambie Street grounds for the sports on July 1st and 2nd. When the celebration is over some grass seed should be sown to complete the job."

GRANVILLE STREET. POST OFFICE.

Excerpt, *World*, 28 June 1897: "The west side of Granville Street between the Post Office and Georgia Street" (post office on corner of Pender Street) "should be looked after by the Board of Works Committee at once. The long grass should be cut down before the 1st of July in order to give the street a proper and business like appearance."

DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION, 1897. CAMBIE STREET GROUNDS.

Excerpt, *World*, 2 July 1897: "The naval forces" (H.M. Ships *Imperieuse*, *Pheasant*, and *White Swan*) "were mustered on the Cambie Street grounds, etc. etc. The total muster" (of militia and sailors) "was most creditable, some 700 men being in line" (column of march.) "The rope surrounding the grounds" (Cambie Street) "was entirely lined with people. The grandstand was fully occupied."

Apropos of the above, there is in the Archives a photo of a naval parade of five companies marching past, and a hobbyhorse merry-go-round tent in the photograph foreground, on the Cambie Street grounds. This is the Diamond Jubilee naval parade.

The absence from this march past of military men—other than those shown restraining the crowd from encroaching on the ropes—is probably accounted for by the fact that the Victoria and Vancouver artillerymen were having a reunion elsewhere in the city.

18 JANUARY 1932 - DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE. DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS, 1 JULY 1890.

Excerpt, *Daily News-Advertiser*, 2 July 1890:

"During the greater part of the day the heat was intense.

"The firemen came next with the two engines." (This refers to Vancouver's fire brigade in procession.)

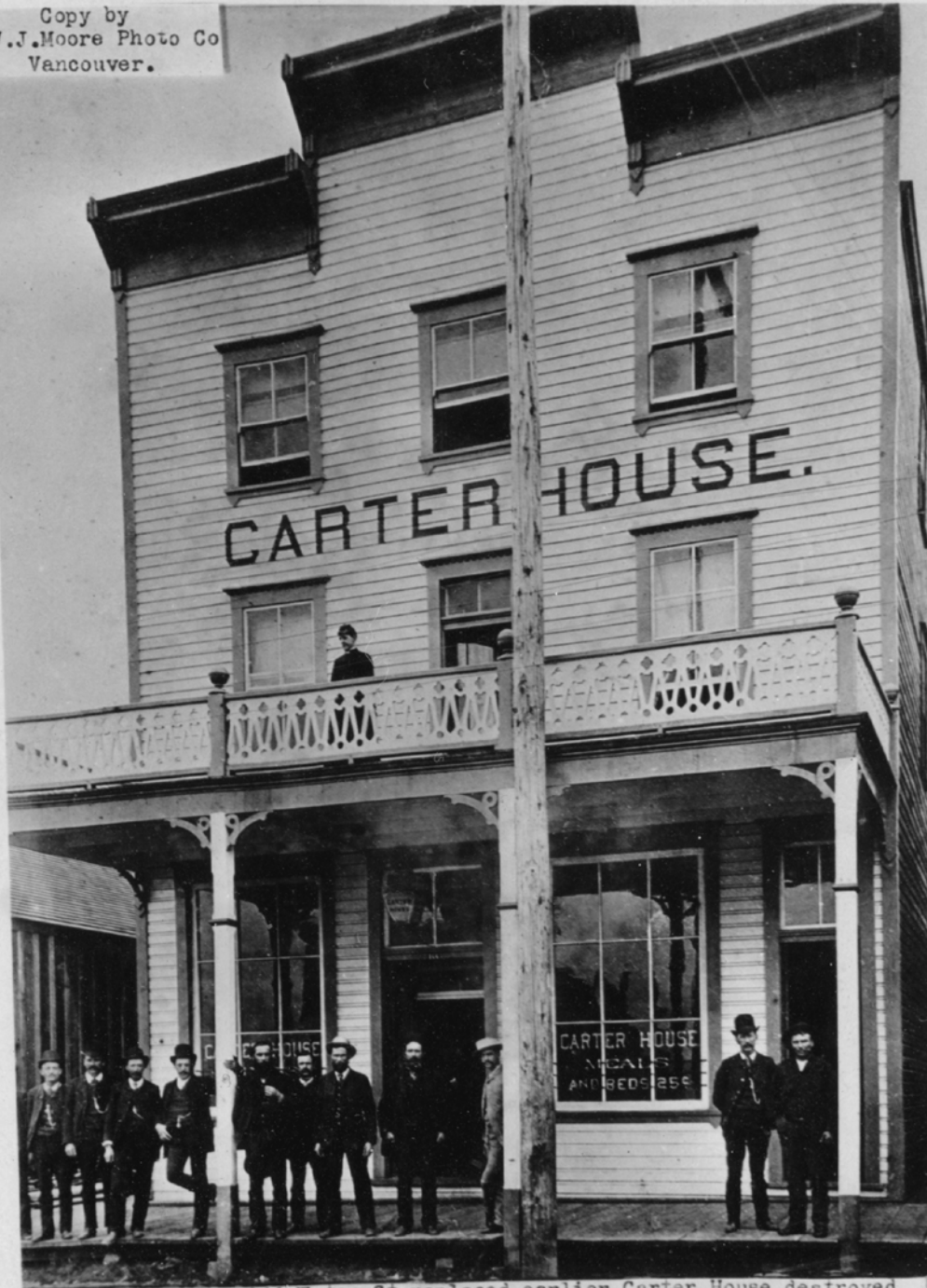
"The best gesture without doubt, and one which caused a good deal of amusement, was the Darktown Fire Brigade. It was composed of employees of the Hastings Sawmill, who manipulated the hose reel attached to that institution. The chief marched in front decked out in all the elaborate finery which is supposed to characterise his holiday attire. His stature was certainly greater than that of the average tall man, and to increase this he wore a hat which his great ancestor Ham might have worn during the Flood when high hats were the craze. His blazer was of the most blazing kind, and his nether garments had been fashioned from a barber's pole. To complete the outfit he wore a large sunflower on his breast, and blue spectacles on his nose.

"His followers were rigged out in equally unique style; the hose reel looked as if it had been through the wards. Indeed after inspecting it one saw the truth of their motto 'WE GIT DAR.'

"The Darktown Brigade was 23 strong."

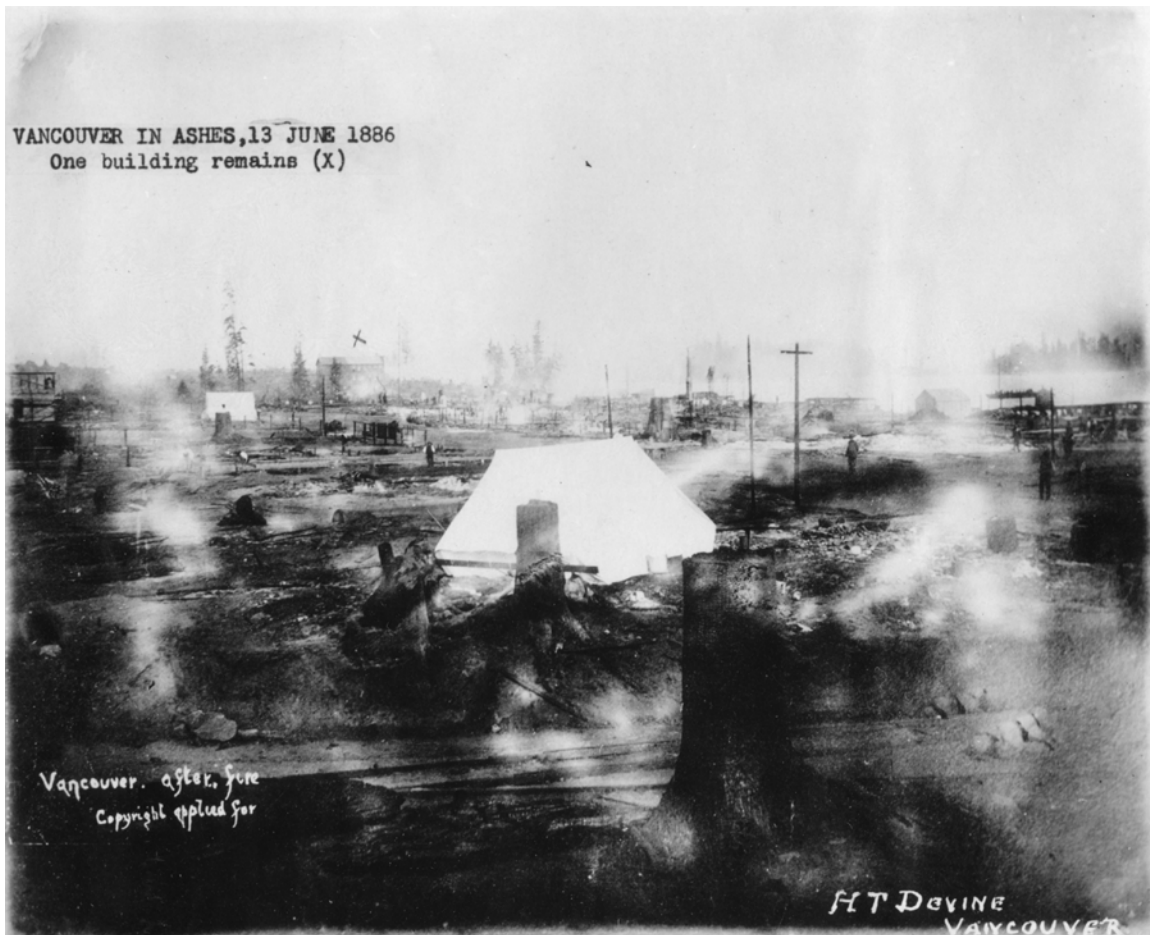
A photo of this unique body is in the Archives department. It was taken on the old Hastings Road between Gastown and Hastings Mill.

Copy by
W.J. Moore Photo Co
Vancouver.



Famous hostelry, 166 Water St., replaced earlier Carter House destroyed in great fire 1886 two weeks after opening, first three story building in Vanc'r. Demolished 1921-2. quartered police enforcing suspension city charter, Chinese Riots 1887. On verandah, Mrs (Margaret J) Carter, 3rd from left: C.E. Taggart, 4th Chas E Doering, 5th Lewis Carter, owner, 7th John L. Carter, brother. Copyright W.F. Findlay, 244 E 11th St.

For further details see conversations with pioneers from 1941. Note 5 telephone wires. Verandah removed, in early years after erection. Mr Carter, wife of proprietor and sister to W.F. Findlay's brother. Hotel was considered a "good family hotel", and had splendid view of water and mountains from front windows. Erection of this building commenced on Monday, day after great fire of Sunday, June 13, 1886.
J. 1932



Item # EarlyVan_v1_00105

24 JANUARY 1932 - THE CARTER HOUSE. THE CHINESE RIOTS. LEWIS CARTER. THE GREAT FIRE OF 1886.

The first Carter House was an early hostelry facing the sea and whose upper rooms gave a good view of the inlet, built before the fire of 13 June 1886 which destroyed it two weeks after it opened. Reconstruction was commenced within 24 hours on the first three-storey building in Vancouver; in those days, a three-storey building was a landmark. The famous hotel, in its heyday, gave accommodation to many historic characters, finally being demolished about 1921 or 1922, and the site now (1932) occupied by the Pacific Mills Ltd. It stood at 166 Water Street. The original verandah was removed some years after erection.

Mr. Lewis Carter, who had been a surveyor on the construction of the C.P.R. from Port Moody to Vancouver, cleared the ground with his own hands. A tremendous cedar stump, over twelve feet in diameter, had to be removed from the spot where the front door afterwards stood, and in removing its roots, water was struck and added to the difficulty, a fact which illustrates the low level of the land of Water Street in those days.

A photograph of the second building, taken soon after erection, shows a verandah—the fashion with all hotels at that time—and on it Mrs. Margaret J. Carter, wife of the owner. The third from the left is C.E. McTaggart, afterwards manager of the Vancouver City Market (destroyed by fire) opposite the C.N.R. station; the fourth is Chas. E. Doering, of Doering and Marstrand, brewers of Mount Pleasant; the fifth Lewis Carter, the owner of the hotel; and the seventh John L. Carter, his brother and manager of the hotel. A painted sign states, "Meals and Beds, 25¢."

Hotel verandahs went out of fashion, and it was removed in early years.

Photo [is] in Archives and in possession of W.F. Findlay of Mount Pleasant, a nephew and a pioneer.



Item # EarlyVan_v1_00106

24 JANUARY 1932 - THE FIRST VOLUNTEER SOLDIER OF VANCOUVER.

The first volunteer soldier of Vancouver was probably Corporal J.Z. Hall, afterwards a well-known citizen and real estate broker of Vancouver, and resident at "Killarney," Point Grey Road, Vancouver, and whose wife, now, 1932, a widow, was formerly Miss Jesse Columbia Greer, daughter of Sam Greer of Greer's Beach and a brilliant, public spirited woman.

Corporal Hall belonged to the British Columbia Garrison Artillery, and at first had a small stationery store in Granville. He journeyed to New Westminster to attend drills, sometimes walking, and sometimes reaching Vancouver in the early hours of the morning after attending drills. It is stated by his wife, Mrs. Hall, that he never missed a drill. His photograph, taken in the uniform of his corps in 1885, is in the Archives. He died in September 1925 or 1926.

The first telephone in Vancouver was in Mr. Hall's stationery store. Mrs. Hall states that he told her that he had a telephone in his store long before Tilley's generally reputed to be the first phone. It was a toll line; 25¢ per call.

The uniform of the B.C.B.G.A. shows a bearskin busby with white plume, and scarlet flap on the right side. The buttons are shining brass, the belt white with buckle surmounted with a grenade. The scabbard is for the long bayonet, and a beard is worn.

JSM

Herring, who was in this unit in early days, told me the tunic was artillery blue, and so were trousers, which had a broad red stripe down seams. He said, "I never saw a red coat in New Westminster after the Royal Engineers left."

JSM

CITY OF VANCOUVER, SURVEY OF SITE FOR CITY, CANADIAN PACIFIC LANDS, ALDERMAN L.A. HAMILTON.

Copy of letter:

Canadian Pacific Hotels
Vancouver, B.C.
4th Oct. 1929

J. Alex Walker Esq.
Town Planning Commission
Vancouver

Town Planning Commission
RECEIVED. Oct. 5th 1929

Dear Mr. Walker:

I was most gratified on returning to the hotel to find your note and the book "Of a plan for the City of Vancouver."

I am sorry I have to leave tomorrow by 9 a.m. train as I know I would have enjoyed a chat with you. I cannot say that I am proud of the original planning of Vancouver. The work however was beset with many difficulties. The dense forest. The Inlet on the north and False Creek on the south. The pinching in of the land at Carrall Street. A registered plan on the east and one on the west. My first plan was based on the cancellation of the plan to the west and "Lot 185." I had a new plan drawn making great changes in it. So made that all the streets leading westerly from the C.P.R. property would run without any jog with those in Lot 185. There were a number of owners in fact all but one consented to it. A Mr. Pratt (*Spratt*) who owned 4 lots on the waterfront where the lofty Marine Building is now being erected, had had a disagreement with the other land owners, and was determined to fight through the courts to prevent us altering the original plan. As we could not wait I had to adapt my plan as nearly as possible with the old

plan, but in doing this was only able to give a continuous line for the alternate streets. You can understand that I was obliged to switch my plan so as to have the principal streets to run northerly and southerly, inasmuch as they would thus lead to a large block of land belonging to the C.P.R. south of False Creek.

Expressing my regret at not being able to meet you.

I am, Yours truly

L.A. Hamilton

The explanation of the above address given by Mr. Hamilton is that he was in Vancouver attending a meeting of the Anglican Synod of Canada of which, for many years, he has been treasurer. His address is care Canada Trust Company, Toronto. Mr. J. Alexander Walker is the secretary of the Town Planning Commission.



Victoria, about 1929

Item # EarlyVan_v1_00107